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LE PELERINAGE DE L'HOMME COMPARED WITH
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF
JOHN BUNYAN



The Christian Pilgrimage is no phantasy, any more than the Gospel Promises. The one is contingent upon the other: the Promise makes the Pilgrim. A city to come has been held up to the affections and emulation of the world; a city that hath no need of sun, nor yet of moon to shine in it—whose walls are of *Jasper*, and foundations of precious stones laid by God; whose gates are pearls, and streets of shining gold. In the midst of it is a pure river of the water of Life, clear as crystal, and on either side the tree of Life, whose fruit is yielded every month. This is *the City* set in contrast to the *Camp* of this world, and this it is which makes the Pilgrim.

The Tongue of Time, by the Rev. Wm. Harrison.



THE ANCIENT POEM OF
GUILLAUME DE GUILLEVILLE
ENTITLED LE PELERINAGE
DE L'HOMME
COMPARED WITH THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF
JOHN BUNYAN

EDITED FROM NOTES COLLECTED BY THE LATE MR. NATHANIEL HILL
OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS AND AN APPENDIX



LONDON
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
196 PICCADILLY
1858



TO
John-William-Spencer-Brownlow Egerton,
EARL BROWNLOW,
THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED
BY THE EDITORS.



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NOTICE TO THE READER.

THE English quotations given in the following pages are taken from two different translations of De Guileville which are not known to exist in print, but of which two MSS. are found in the British Museum. Curiously enough, one of these is imperfect at the end, while the other, which is imperfect at the beginning, supplies the portion required. The former, Vitellius, C. XIII. is supposed to be translated by Lydgate—no account of the Tiberius, A. VII. has been discovered. Both have suffered by fire in various places; and some of the asterisks occurring in the following quotations denote the passages which have either been destroyed or rendered illegible. In some places, again, asterisks have been inserted where the great diffuseness of the English version rendered it advisable to omit some of the less striking descriptions and insert the substance of them in a prose summary.

The woodcut on the cover of the Pilgrim, with staff and cockle-shell and a clasped volume in his left hand, is taken from a rare book in the library of Queen's College, Oxford, entitled "*The Booke of the Pylgrymage of Man.*"



INTRODUCTION.



THE late Mr. Nathaniel Hill intended to have made the following Papers the groundwork of a larger publication on the "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" of BUNYAN, in which he proposed showing that Bunyan had been indebted, for many portions of his story, to some of the early Mediæval Romances.

The rough notes of Mr. Hill contain frequent allusions to the opinions put forth by Southey and Montgomery in their respective editions of that popular writer. When, however, these materials came into the hands of the present Editors, they could not but feel that the question of Bunyan's presumed plagiarism was one not likely to possess much interest for the public at large. They have not therefore deemed it advisable to print these references at any length; at the same time, they have judged the curious manuscripts, to which Mr. Hill's researches had directed their attention, well worthy of being brought before the public, on their own merits, apart from any influence they may perhaps have exercised on the composition of Bunyan's Work.

With this view, while noticing the "Pilgrim's Progress" only in a subordinate manner, they have devoted a considerable space to the Poem of *De Guileville*, the more readily as it is on this that Mr. Hill's views were principally grounded. So little is, indeed, known of our ancestors' daily life during the fourteenth century, and so welcome is any glimpse of their mental occupations or of their means of literary recreation at that remote period, that a work which enjoyed in its own day no little popularity may not, perhaps,

prove wholly unacceptable to readers of the present generation ; reflecting, as it does, considerable light on the ways of thought and the occupations of by-gone times.

Yet, though apparently so well known about the period in which he lived, the Editors have failed to discover anything that can be called a biography of this once popular writer.

The following brief sketch, preserved in the " Biographie Universelle," is all that they have been able to meet with.

It is as follows, (vol. xix. p. 168) :—

" Guillaume de Guilleville né à Paris vers 1295, prit l'habit de St. Bernard à l'abbaye royale de Chalis, en devient prieur, et y mourut vers 1360.

" On a de lui : *Le Romaunt des trois pèlerinages*, le premier est de l'homme durant qu'est en vie, le second de l'ame séparée du corps, et le troisième de Notre Sauveur Jésus Christ. Il avoue, dans le prologue, que c'est la lecture du *Roman de la Rose* qui lui a suggéré l'idée de son ouvrage. L'auteur suppose qu'ayant vu en songe la représentation de la Jérusalem Céleste il a conçu un vif desir de contempler en réalité une ville si remplie de merveilles."

But though they have not found any fuller description of De Guileville, they have met with some notices of those who translated or profited by his work, which may not be uninteresting to their readers.

And first, of " Dan John Lydgate," (whose translation of the first " Pelegrinage " of De Guileville will be found in the Appendix to this volume,) there is a curious record in the Harl. MSS. 4826. 1. to which allusion is made below, (see fol. 9.) This the Editors have thought it worth while to print *in extenso* as follows :—

" John Lidgat, borne at Lidgat in Suffolke, was a Monk of ye order of St. Benet in ye famous Abbey of St. Edmundes Bury, so yt sheweth Joseph Pamphilus was mistaken in his Cronicke, reckoning him among ye Augustin fryers. After hee had for a tyme frequented the Scooles of England and made a fayre Progresse in Learning, beeing desirous to acquaynt himself with ye manners and Language of strangers, he visited ye famous Univerfitye of Paris in France, and Padua in Italy, where he learned ye language of both nations, and studyed diligently in either Academy ; thus having well furnished himselfe with experience of ye worlde, umility, and learned disscipline, he

returned into his Country, and opened a Schoole of Humanity for Noble-mannes Children: and although he were most expert in neare all the sciences yet in the favour of youth and to instruct them in good artes, manners, and virtues hee spent his tyme wholly in those inferiour studies. Hee was not only an excellent Poet and eloquent Rhetorician, but an expert Mathematician and subtil Philosopher, and a good Divine. Hee was a great ornament of ye English tounge, imitating therein our Chaucer. To this end hee used to reade Dante ye Italian, Alan ye French Poet, and such like, which hee diligently translated into English—gleaning heer and there ye elegancys of other touns and enriching these with his owne. He wrote both in English and Latin, as well Prose as Verse, sundry treatises, many in number, excellent for learning, and among them these present—hee dyed about ye 60 yeare of his age, Anno Dm. 1440, (for Pamphilus is decieved in prolonging his lyfe to the yeare 1482,) Henry the Sixt, then reigning king of England and France, unto whom hee dedicateth his books—hee was interred in ye church of ye monastery of Bury, (now defaced,) where it is reported this Epitaph to have been engraven on his monument:—

Mortuus feclo, superis superstes
Hâc jacet Lidgat tumulatus urnâ
Qui fecit quondam celebris Britannæ
Fama Poësis.

Dead to ye worlde yet living in ye skyes
The learned Lidgate heere entombed lyes
Who whylom was assumed for to bee
The honour of our Englishe Poesye.”

With regard to the life and writings of John Bunyan, they are so well known as to require little explanation here—yet the Editors cannot refrain from quoting the following eloquent passages from Cheever's Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, which have, naturally, attracted much attention in the New World. They seem to echo back the sentiments of gratitude felt in America for the benefits of that Christian Liberty, the planting of which was in so great a measure due to the Pilgrim Fathers, one of whom expresses

himself in the following words:—"As we cannot but account it an extraordinary blessing of God in directing our course for these parts, after we came out of our native country, for that we had the happiness to be possessed of the comforts we receive by the benefit of one of the most pleasant, most healthful, and most fruitful parts of the world."

"The education of Bunyan," says Dr. Cheever, "was an education for eternity, under the power of the Bible and the schooling of the Holy Spirit. This is all that the pilgrims in this world really need to make them good, great, powerful; he has given an account of his own conversion, and life—especially of the workings of the grace of God, and the guidance of his Providence—in a little work entitled 'Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners.' It is powerfully written, though with extreme and studied plainness; and almost all the material obtained and worked into various shapes by his various biographers was gained in that book. In it you see at every step the work of the Divine Artist on one of the most precious living stones that ever His wisdom and mercy selected in this world to shine in the glory of His living temple. Nay, to lay aside every figure but that employed by the Holy Spirit, you see the refiner's fire, and the crucible, and the gold in it; and the Heavenly Refiner Himself sitting by it, and bending over it, and carefully removing the dross, and tempering the heat, and watching and waiting for His own perfect image. How beautiful, how sacred, how solemn, how interesting, how thrilling the process!"

"You follow with intense interest the movements of Bunyan's soul. You seem to see a lonely bark driving across the ocean in a hurricane. By the flashes of the lightning you can just discern her through the darkness, plunging and labouring fearfully in the midnight tempest, and you think that all is lost; but then again you behold her in the quiet sunshine; or the moon and the stars look down upon her, as the wind breathes softly; or in a fresh or favourable gale she flies across the fleeing waters. Now it is clouds, and rain, and hail, and rattling thunder-storms, coming down as sudden almost as the lightning; and now again her white sails glitter in heaven's light, like an albatross in the spotless horizon. The last glimpse you catch of her, she is gloriously entering the harbour, the haven of eternal rest; yea, you see her like a star that in the morning of eternity dies into the light of heaven. Can

there be anything more interesting than thus to follow the perilous course of an immortal soul from danger to safety, from conflict to victory, from temptation to triumph, from suffering to blessedness, from the City of Destruction to the City of God?"—CHEEVER'S *Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress*.

In conclusion, the Editors beg to express their sense of the kindness they have received from many friends during the preparation of the present work. Among these, they wish to name especially, Edward Levien, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., of the British Museum, through whose valuable assistance the following selection and arrangement of Mr. Hill's MSS. have been made, and at whose suggestion some old English translations of De Guileville's *Pelerinage* have been added to this volume: they wish, likewise, to mention the names of W. R. Hamilton, Esq. F.S.A., J. M. Atkinson, Esq., H. Fofs, Esq. and W. S. W. Vaux, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., Hon. Sec. of the Royal Society of Literature—and to offer their best thanks to many other friends who have kindly supplied them with drawings and copies of woodcuts from old and rare works.

In laying Mr. Hill's collection of papers before their readers, the Editors would fain believe that the result of his many years' assiduous labour will not be wholly thrown away, but that some few ears of corn may be gleaned from them, according to the saying of Chaucer:—

“ For out of the olde feldis as men faieth
Cometh all this new corne fro yere to yere
And out of olde bokis in gode faieth
Comith all this newe science that men lere.”

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Le Pelerinage de l'Homme and the Pilgrim's Progreſs.

FOR the better underſtanding why Bunyan was led to chooſe the allegorical mode of writing, we ſhould bear in mind that a taſte for this kind of compoſition had prevailed for more than three centuries before he wrote, and that the moſt favourite literature of his own time appeared in the form of emblems and allegory. Early in the thirteenth century, before the time of Dante, the Norman “trouvères” had produced their Epics on “La Voie de Paradis”—“La Voie d’Humilité”—“Le Pelerinage de l’Homme”—“Le Songe d’Enfer,” (from which Dante’s “Inferno” was evidently derived,) all written under the ſimilitude of a dream; and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries their admirers and imitators in this country made them familiar to the Engliſh reader through the medium of tranſlations. This ſpecies of compoſition had its origin in the monaſteries, and became the religious literature of the common people, in oppoſition to the chivalreſque compoſitions of the troubadours, and was popular beyond conception.

De Guileville and Bunyan both drew and embellished their compoſitions from the ſame ſources.

1. From the Scriptures, as appears from their numerous marginal references to them.

The primary ſource of all the Dreams and Pilgrimages to the Celeſtial Jeruſalem is to be found in the Viſion of St. John in the Apocalypse:—

“And there came unto me one of the ſeven Angels. And he carried me away in the ſpirit to a great and high mountain, and ſhewed me that great city, the holy Jeruſalem, deſcending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a ſtone moſt precious, even like a jaſper ſtone, clear as cryſtal. . . . And the city had no need of the ſun, neither of the moon, to ſhine in it: for the glory of

God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it."—*Rev.* xxi. 10, 11, 23, 24.

Of this origin Guillaume de Guileville furnishes us with sufficient evidence by quoting this very chapter in his description of the holy city, calling the "*jasper*" a "*carbuncle*;" and in the succeeding passage he places a precious *carbuncle* at the top of the pilgrim's staff, to enlighten him on his way, and says, "Le hault pommel est Jesu Christ."—*Pel. de l'Homme*, f. xxvii.

Philip, in his *Life of Bunyan*, mentions that "one Sabbath, whilst in prison, it was Bunyan's turn to expound the Scriptures, and he found himself empty, spiritless, and barren."

"Providentially, it so fell out at last," says he, "that I cast my eye upon the 11th verse of the 21st chapter of the Revelations; upon which, when I had considered a while, methought I perceived something of the *jasper*¹ in whose light you there find that this Holy City is said to come and descend."

2. From *chivalrous* literature;—witness the numerous adventures and combats with giants, dragons, goblins, sieges of castles, &c. De Guileville acknowledges that he founded his plan on the (dream) of the "*Romance of the Rose*;" and Bunyan knew, like his predecessors, the still lingering taste of the people for romantic history and adventure, and built his allegory on the plan of the Gothic romance,—a form so pleasing to our forefathers,—and thus introduced giants, lions, monsters, demons, and enchantments, into his edifice, which were familiar to him in the old chap-books. *Great-heart* was a *perfect knight* for the defence of the weak and feeble-minded.

* A red herring.

3. From the traditional literature of the people. De Guileville intersperses his poem with popular expressions, to suit it to the taste of the public, such as "*harengfor*,"^{*} &c.; and Bunyan's description of *Great-heart's* combat with the giants, *Despair*, *Grin*, *Maul*, and *Slaygood*, may evidently be traced to the chap-books,² the *Gestes of Guy of Warwick*, &c.

In his treatise on the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, Bunyan represents Dives as replying thus to Abraham:—"They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them.' This is the thing (to be short), My brethren are unbelievers, and do not regard the word of God. I knew it by myself, for when I was in the world it was so with me. The Scriptures, thought I then, what are they? A dead letter, a little ink and paper, of three or four shillings price. Alack! what is Scripture? *Give me a ballad, a news book, George on horseback, or Bevis of Southampton.* Give me some book that teaches curious Arts, that tells old Fables."—BUNYAN'S *Genius and Writings*, by the REV. ROBERT PHILIP.

The very mention of these ballads and chap-books of *George on horseback*, and

¹ Hampole, in his Poem entitled "*The Pricke of Conscience*," describing the Holy City, calls it a beryl.

² These were short story-books which were hawked about the country; the word "*chap*" being used in our modern word "*chapman*," and derived from the German *kaufen*, "*to purchase*."

Bevis of Southampton, and the habits of Bunyan's early life, prove how familiar this class of old literature was to him as well as to his readers.

But with regard to the originality of such works, it may be stated, as a general principle, that the faculty of *invention* is necessary to all who by means of their productions in art, science, or literature, would wish not only to inform, but to amuse those who come in contact with their works. *In what that faculty consists*, however, is a matter which is not perhaps so universally known as it should be.

"Invention has ever been esteemed the highest and most distinguishing attribute of man, as that in which 'human power shows likest to divine:' *though not creative, but founded on previous acquisitions*, it is *originative*, and seems to consist in the faculty of discovering and developing *novel combinations, extending the boundaries* of knowledge, and opening fresh sources of intellectual enjoyment. This is the true promise of *Genius*—the great privilege and characteristic of Bacon, Shakespeare, Newton, &c. (Milton, Bunyan, &c.) The *painter* must be indebted to the poet or the historian for *his theme*; but the *invention* of the picture, *as a whole*, must be as much his own as if it had altogether proceeded from his own conception."—*Lectures on Painting, (Royal Academy.)* Vide *Athenæum*, Feb. 25, 1843.

Mr. Eastlake, in speaking of those who imagine that the excellence of art or of writing in former ages depended for their excellence or originality on some technical advantages which have been lost, says, "Such persons *forget that materials and processes* are to the painter's art what notes are to the musician, or *letters to the author*. The *secret* lies in their combination; and it was that *combination* which made Handel, and Hayden, and Beethoven, and Mozart—as it made Shakespeare, or Milton, or Raphael, or Titian, or Rembrandt—superior to all others in their respective departments."

EASTLAKE on Oil Painting. *Athenæum*, Jan. 15, 1848.

"There n'is no newe guise that it n'as old."

The Knight's Tale, CHAUCER.

"For vnder a coloure, a truth may arise,
As was the guise, in olde antiquite,
Of the poetes olde, a tale to surmise
To cloke the trouthe, of their infirmite,
Or yet on ioye to haue moralitee."

Pastime of Pleasure, HAWES.

"Les abeilles pillulent de ça, et de là, les fleurs;
Mais elles en font après le miel, qui est tout leur."

MONTAIGNE.

Dryden, in the preface to his Fables, says, "Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families." In like manner, Bunyan's pedigree may be traced, in numerous instances, to the olden religious poets of England, such as Hampole, Piers Plowman, Lydgate, and

^a "A dream or vision."

all the authors of *Dreams* and "Swevens,"^a from the translations of De Guileville to Chaucer.

"Few things appear at first sight more easy, or upon trial are found more difficult, than the clear and orderly arrangement of many and varied particulars. To class them according to their several relations, so that they may follow each other in due subordination, would seem rather an exercise of patience than of intellect; to require industry, rather than a depth of thought, or an enlarged comprehension of the subject. But we soon learn how much easier it is to *collect* materials than to *form* them into a consistent whole."—GUEST'S *English Rhythms*, vol. ii. p. 1.

"L'étude littéraire donne un résultat donc bien des gens s'étonneront : c'est que *le génie n'invente pas*. Collier, muni de toutes ses preuves erudites, vous attestera que Shakespeare n'est qu'un sublime et délicat metteur en œuvre. Comme Molière et Corneille, il ne s'est jamais fait scrupule de prendre ses sujets et ses personnages partout, dans un roman, un conte, un drame, une ballade, une mauvaise comédie, une chronique rimée ou une chronique sans rimes. Les admirateurs de Shakespeare *n'estiment en lui que les qualités qu'il n'a pas* : c'est, disent-ils, *le créateur de Lear, le créateur de Hamlet, le créateur d'Othello*;—il n'a rien *créé* de tout cela.

"*L'invention*, vous dit-on de toutes parts, c'est la grande qualité, *c'est le génie* ! Voyons donc. Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Molière, Corneille, le Tasse, l'Arioste, Cervantes;—parmi les anciens Eschyle, Sophocle, Homère; ces noms semblent-ils assez grands? Et s'ils ne sont pas *inventeurs*, qui osera l'être? Qui marchera le front plus haut que ces hommes, proclamés par la voix populaire, par le cri des siècles et la vénération de tous, maîtres de la pensée, guides du troupeau humain, qu'ils éclairent en marchant sur les hauteurs?

"Qu'ont-ils créé? Commençons par Dante. De son temps, une tradition vulgaire a cours, moule commun, formule épique, aussi triviale que l'est aujourd'hui un vaudeville à tiroir; c'est une vision chrétienne, vue générale et mystique du triple royaume:—ici les damnés; là les bienheureux; plus loin les âmes qui expient leurs crimes dans le Purgatoire. *Tout le monde s'est servi de cette forme*. Le peuple ne connaît qu'elle; tant elle est usée et rebattue. Un moine, après bien d'autres moines, a décrit à son tour l'Enfer, le Paradis, et le Purgatoire. Un frère Alberic du Mont-Cassin a rimé sa vision qu'il a disposée en triple entonnoir, et traitée grossièrement, lourdement et sans génie. *Toute la charpente de la Comedia divina, est littéralement dans l'œuvre du frère Alberic*. Dante n'a fait *qu'une seule dépense, celle du génie*; dans la pierre brute il a trouvé l'or.

"Ainsi des autres *créateurs*; Eschyle et Sophocle sont dans Homère, qui lui-même est accusé d'avoir recoufû des chants plus anciens. L'ouvrage capital de Cervantes n'est qu'une parodie, par conséquent une imitation. Milton traduit de longs fragments de *la Sarcothée de Mafenius*. (This assertion is taken from *Lauder*, R. H.) Molière doit ses meilleures scènes, non seulement à Plaute et aux Italiens, mais à Cyrano de Bergerac.

"Qu'estimez-vous dans Shakespeare? Est ce *le Roi Lear*? Shakespeare a emprunté le roi Lear à une vieille tragédie publiée en 1594, jouée sur plusieurs théâtres: *The Pitiful Chronicle of King Lear*. Le fou, le roi, les deux filles, l'abdication du monarque, *tout*

se trouve dans ce vieux drame. Ce grand homme retravaillant de mauvais drames surannés, les a rajeunis de sa verve et ranimés de sa touche puissante.

“ Les faits constitutifs du roman et du drame font un fond *matériel* et commun dans lequel tout le monde va puiser. Le génie arrange et imite, étudie et approfondit, *il n'invente JAMAIS*.

“ Le génie consiste à mieux *comprendre*, à mieux pénétrer, à environner de plus de lumière ce que chacun fait superficiellement ou comprend à demi. Un des singuliers caractères de Shakespeare, c'est sa souveraine indifférence quant au sujet qu'il doit traiter. *Il n'y regarde pas* : l'excellent ouvrier sait tirer parti de tout. Il prend au hasard une pierre, un morceau de bois, un bloc de granit, un bloc de marbre. *Peu lui importe que son prédécesseur ait fait agir et parler* sur la scène un vieux roi déshérité par ses filles ; c'est un fait comme un autre, qui ne vaut ni plus ni moins. Shakespeare va trouver tout ce qu'il y a de larmes et de puissance dans *l'âme* de ce vieillard.

“ On court après *l'invention* aujourd'hui que l'originalité intime manque ; elle réside dans *l'artiste*, non dans les *matériaux* qu'il emploie. A tous les grands hommes c'est la *tradition*, c'est le peuple, c'est l'héritage commun des idées et des usages qui ont légué les *matériaux*. Ils les ont reçus tels quels ; puis ils les ont *fondus, transformés, immortalisés*.

“ Si ce que l'on nomme *invention*, n'était pas une qualité illusoire, il faudrait estimer à bien plus haut prix que *Dante* le premier moine oisif qui écrivit en style de carrefour la vision de Paradis et de l'Enfer ; les grossiers auteurs des canevas Italiens l'emporteraient sur Molière ; les écrivains inconnus de quelques chroniques, divisées en actes, éclipsaient Shakespeare.

“ Dans les *décadences littéraires* on prend pour *inventeurs* ceux qui, poussés par un certain ardeur de sang et une certaine fougue de *paroles* déplacent les mots et les images, et croient avoir fait voyager les idées. Ces gens se proclament *créateurs*. Montaigne, Shakespeare et Molière ne s'attribuaient d'autre mérite que celui d'étudier la nature, l'homme et le monde.

“ Le propre du génie, c'est de féconder.”—*Etudes sur W. Shakespeare, &c. par Philaréte Chasles*, 1851, p. 88.

Evidences of the popularity of de Guileville's Dream in England.

1. *The use made of it by Chaucer.* Chaucer's “*A, B, C*,”—also entitled, “*La Priere de nostre Dame* ;” made, as some say, “at the request of Blanch, Duchess of Lancafter, as a prayer for her private use, being a woman in her religion very devout,”¹—has usually been considered his own composition. It is, however, a translation from De Guileville's *Prayer to the Virgin*, published in 1330, of which the first three stanzas are given as a specimen. Each stanza, it will be observed, begins with a letter of the alphabet, and this alphabetical order is preserved throughout.

¹ Brit. Mus. MS.

De Guileville.



TOY du monde le refuy
Vierge glorieuse men fuy
Tout confus car ne puis mieulx
faire

A toy me tiens a toy mapuy
Relieue moy abatu fuy
Et vaincu par mon aduerfaire
Et puis qua toy ont tous repaire
Bien ie me doy vers toy retraire
Auant que plus feuffre dennuy
La luite nest pas neceffaire
A moy se tu trefdebonnaire
Ne me secours comme autrui



BIEN croy que par toy conforte
Sera mon cuer desconforte
Car tu es de salut la porte
Si ie me fuis tres mal porte
Par sept larrons pechez morte
Et foruoye par la voye torte
Esperance me reconforte
Qui a toy ennuyt me raporte
A ce que ie foye deporté
Ma dolente ame a toy iaporte
Sauue la ne vault plus que morte
En luy tout bien est avorte



CONTRE moy font grant action
Ma vergoigne et confusion
Que deuant toy ne doy venir
Pour ma trop grant transgression
Raison de desperation
Contre moy veulent maintenir
Mais pource que veulx plait finir
Deuant toy les faiz conuenir
En faisant replication
Cest que ie dis appartenir
A toy du tout et conuenir
Pitie et miseration

Chaucer.



ALMIGHTIE and all-merciful
quene
To whom all this world fleith
for succour

To have relese of finne of so'row oftene
Glorious Virgine of all flouris flour
To the I fle confoundid in errour
Help and releve almightie debonaire
Have mercy of mine perillous languor
Venquist me hath my cruill aduerfaire



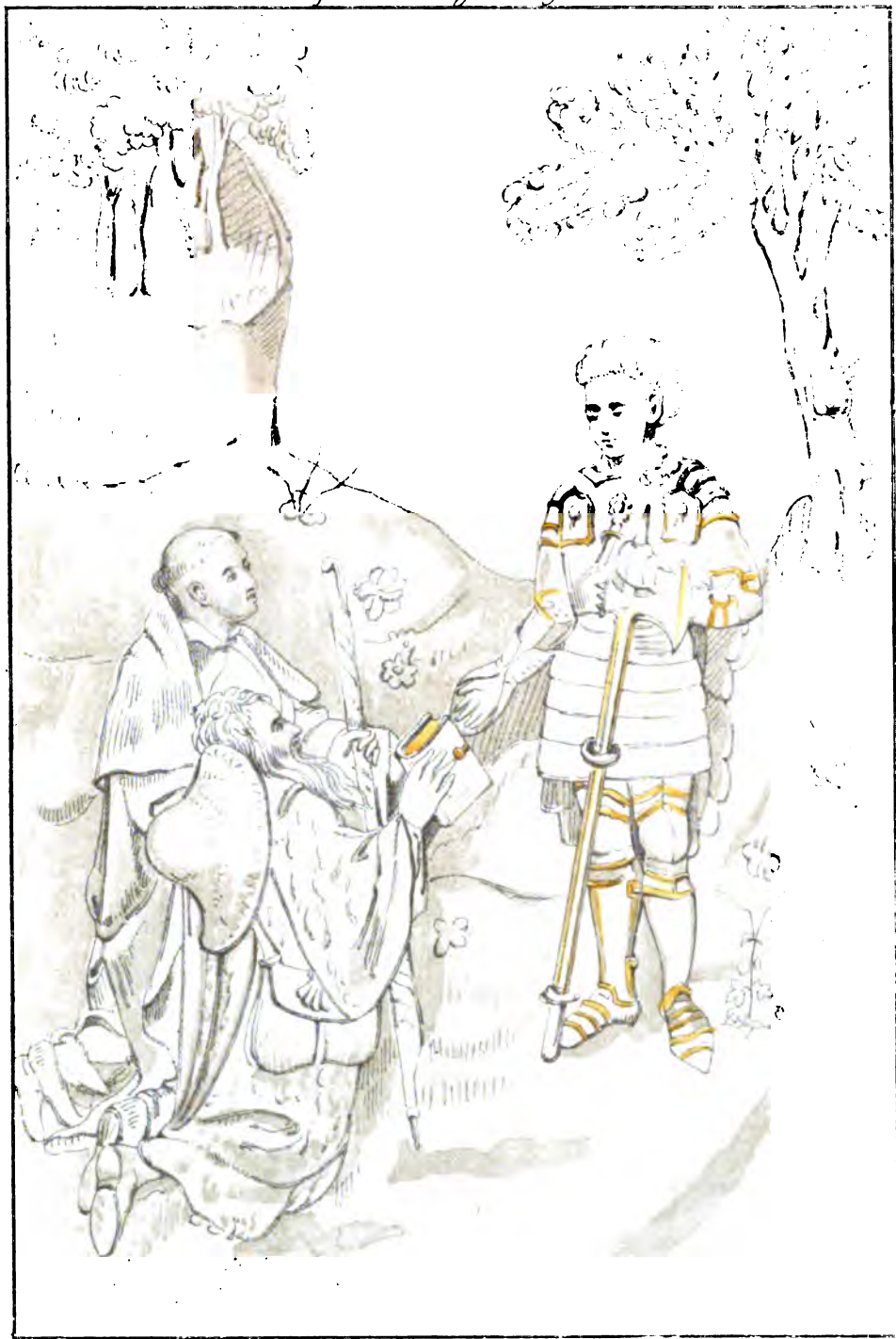
BOUNTIE so fixe hath in my
hert his tent
That well I wote thou wilt my
succour be

Thou canst not warnin that with gode
entent
Axith thine helpe thine hert is aye so fre
Thou art largesse of plaine felicity
Having and refute of quiete and rest
So how that Thevis sevin chasing me
Helpe ladie bright or that mine ship to
brest



COMFORT is none but in you,
Lady dere!
For lo! mine sinne and mine
confusioun,
Which ought not in thin presence for to
apere,
Han taken on me a grievous action,
Of veray right and disperatioun,
And as by right they mighten well sustene
That I were worthy mine damnioun,
Ne were it of thy mercy, blisfull Quene!

Lidgat presenting his booke called y^e Pilgrime, unto y^e Earle
of Salisbury.



Thomas Montacute Earle of Salisbury

2. Chaucer's evident imitation, at the end of his dream called "The Book of the Duchefs," of De Guileville's deſcription of being awoke by the convent-bell.

De Guileville.

Ce me ſembla en ce moment
Si que de leſpouementement
Efueille et deſdormy fu
Et me trouuay ſi eſperdu
Quauifer ie ne me pouoie
Si ia mort ou en vie ieſtoie
Juſqua tant que iouy ſonner
Lorloge de nuyt pour leuer
Et auſſi lors chantoient les cocqs
Pour quoy leuer me cuidoy lors
Mais ne peu car fuy retenu
De la grant penſee ou ie fu
Pour le myen aduentureux ſonge
Ou quel ſe quelque vne menſonge
Eſtoit meſlee ou contenue
Ou qui fuſt de peu de value

Chaucer.

Right thus me mett, as I you tell,
That in the caſtle there was a bell,
As it had ſmitten houres twelve,
And therewith I awoke my ſelue,
And found me lying in my bed,
And the book which I had read
Of Alcyone and Ceyx the King,
And of the goddeſſes of Sleeping,
I found it in my hand full even;
Thought I, this is ſo quaint a ſweven,
That I would, by proceſſes of time,
Fond (ſtrive) to put this ſweven in rhyme
As I can beſt, and that anon:
This was my ſweven, now it's done.

3. To theſe may be added the different Engliſh tranſlations of De Guileville, both in proſe and verſe, which are ſtill exiſting, printed and in manuſcript.

The moſt important of the metrical tranſlations is that by the "venerable monk Dan John Lydgate," mentioned above as being now in the Britiſh Muſeum Collection of MSS., and numbered Vitellius, C. xiii. It is, however, but little known; and, curiouſly enough, not even a ſingle paſſage of it has been quoted by Warton. Stowe, the only writer who has alluded to it, caſually mentions it, and has ſtated correctly the date of its tranſlation. It was made, as Lydgate himſelf informs us, in 1426, by the command of [Thomas de Montacute] the Earl of Salisbury, "being bound," as he ſays, "to be his man."

I mene the book, "Pilgrymage de Monde,"
Morall of vertu, of materys ful profonde,
Maad and compyled in the Frenche tonge,
Full notable to be rad and ſonge.
To every pylgreme vertuouſ of lyff,
The mater ys ſo contemplatyff
In all the book ys not loſt a word,
Thys conſyded full wyfly of my lord
Of Salysbury, the noble manly knyght
Wych in fraunce, for the kynges ryght
In the werre hath many day contunyde.

And of the tyme playnly, and of the date,
 When I began thys book to translate,
 Yt was a thousand by computacion
 After Cryste's incarnation
 Ffour hundryd and nouthur far nor nere,
 The surplus over fyxe and twenty yere ;
 My lord that tyme being in Parys,
 Wych gaff me charge by his dyscrete avys,
 As I seyde erst to settel myn entent
 Upon thys booke to be dyllygent, &c.

The following passage is curious, in a literary point of view, for the conclusive evidence it contains of the poem, quoted above, entitled "A, B, C, or a Prayer to the Virgin," having been previously translated by "hys mayster, Chaucer," which Lydgate says "he will ympen after hys translation (as he is bounde of dette), in order that it may enlumine :"—

"Thys lytyl book, rude of making
 With some clause of hys wryting."

He then proceeds as follows :—

And touchynge the translation
 Off thys noble oryson,
 Whylom, yff I shal nat feyne^a
 The noble poete of Breteyne,
 My mayster Chaucer in hys tyme,
 After the ffrenche he dyde yt tyme,
 Word by word, as in substance,
 Ryght as yt ys ymad in France,
 Ffull devoutly in sentence,
 In worschepe and in reverence
 Off that noble heavenly quene,
 Bothe moder and a mayde clene,
 And sythe he dyde yt undertake
 Ffor to translate it ffor hyr sake
 I pray this, that ys the beste
 Ffor to bring hys soule at reste
 That he may through hyr¹ — prayer
 Above the starrys bright —
 Of hyr mercy and hyr grace,
 Apere afor y hyr sonys face

^a "Not flatter."

¹ The missing words are quite illegible, from the MS. having been partially destroyed by fire.

With ſeyntys ever for a memorye,
 Eternally to regene in glorye,
 And ffor memorye of that poete,
 Wyth al hys rethorykes ſwete,
 That was the ffyrſte in any age
 That amendede our langage;
 Therefore, as I am bounde off dette
 In thys book I wyl hym ſette,
 And ympen thys oryſon
 After hys tranſlacion,
 My purpoſe to determyne
 That yt ſhal enlumyne
 Thys lytyl book rud off makyng
 Wyth ſome claufe off hys wryting,
 And as he made this oryſon,
 Off ffull devout entencion,
 And by maner of a prayere
 Ryght ſo I wyl yt ſetten here,
 That men may know and pleynly ſe
 Off our ladye the A, B, C.

In the MS. Vitellius, C. xiii., there is a blank left for the inſertion of the above-mentioned "A, B, C," or oraſon to the Virgin; but it is bound up with a volume of Lydgate's Poems, which belonged to Humphrey Wanley, and now in the Grammar School of Coventry, under the title of "A Preiour to our Ladye, made by Geffreie Chaucer, after the order of the 'A, B, C.'"—*Vide* Bernard's Cat. Tom. ii. p. 23.

In the official catalogue of the Cotton MS., in folio, this MS. of "The Pilgrim," tranſlated from De Guileville by Lydgate, is deſcribed as "A Poem in old Engliſh verſe, containing Directions for a Pilgrimage to Jeruſalem. It appears to have been written in French, by a monk of Calais (for Chaliz), and tranſlated into Engliſh about the year 1426." Thus the compiler of the catalogue leaves others in the ſame ignorance of the names of both author and tranſlator as that in which he himſelf was, although the introduction to the tranſlation contains three diſtinct proofs of its being the production of Lydgate. 1. The mention of his mayſter Chaucer as the "poete of Breteyne;" giving him the ſame title he had already uſed in the thirty-fourth chapter of his "Life of the Virgin Mary," where he calls him "poete of Breteyne, who uſed to amende and correcte the wronge traces of my rude penne." 2. His teſtimony that Chaucer tranſlated the "Hymn to the Virgin." And 3. That he was commanded to tranſlate "The Pilgrim" by the Earl of Salisbury, which is confirmed by an ancient illuminated drawing—probably coeval—of Lydgate preſenting this poem, called "The Pilgrim," to the Earl. See Harl. MS. 4826.

Notwithſtanding all this, and though Warton quotes Stowe's words, where he

speaks of "Lydgate's 'Pilgrimage of the World'" (the very title given to it by Lydgate), written "by the commaundement of the Earle of Salisburie, 1426," it is surpring that both he and Sharon Turner should have been so utterly unconscious of its existence as never to have quoted a line! At the head of it are the following verses:—

"Qui peregrinaris hunc per librum docearis,
Quæ bona vel dubia sit fugienda via."

"O worldly folk avyse yow be tymes,
Wych in thys lyff ben but a pylgrymage,
Lyk straungerys far fro yowr contre,
Unfranchyfed and voyde of libertie."

The popularity of De Guileville's works is further proved by the numerous English translations, both in verse and prose, still contained in our public libraries, which it has cost great pains to discover, as the catalogues are almost universally mute upon the subject. These translations influenced our literature down to the time of the Great Rebellion, which formed, as it were, a chasm between our ancient and modern literature.

A list of these, both in print and MS., is herewith given, in the hope that it may prove interesting to those who are disposed to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with De Guileville and his works.

MSS.

Among the Cecil MSS. at Hatfield is "*Ye Dreame of the 'Pilgrimage of ye Soule,'* translated out of Frensch into English, with some addicions, ye yere of our Lord M iii. 'and prittene.' (1413). This is a folio MS. on vellum, adorned with many humourously designed illuminations."—W. READER, *Gent. Mag. Nov.* 1843. p. 488.

Cod. MSS. of Samuel Pepys.—*The Pilgrim, Moral Discourse*, illustrated with drawings, and written originally about the year 1330, fol.—*Vide* Bernard's Cat. Lib. MSS. Angliæ et Hiberniæ. Folio, Oxford, 1697, V. 2. p. 209, No. 6797, Art. 78.

Cod. MSS. penes R. P. Joannem Morum, Ep. Norvicensem.—"*The Pilgrim, or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World;*" wherein the author sets forth the wretchedness of Man's Life without Grace. Written 1331.—*Vide* *ibid.* p. 390, Art. 64.

In the British Museum.—"*Grace Dieu, or a dreame of the pilgrimage of the Soule.*" On vellum. Written in 1413. Egerton, No. 615.—"*The Pilgrimage to Jerusalem,*" on vellum, *imperfect at the beginning*; xv. Cent. Cotton Coll. Vitellius, C. xiii.—"*The Pilgrim,*" on vellum, *imperfect*; xiv. Cent. Cotton Coll. Tiberius, A. vii.

At Oxford.—"*The Pilgrimage of the Sowle,*" in the library of University Coll.—"*The Dream of the pilgrimage of the soul, translated out of French into English,*" in the library of Corpus Christi Coll.

At Cambridge.—At Caius College, "*The Dreame of the Pilgrimage of the Soul, translated out of French, 1414.*"

In the Public Library.—"*The romaunce of the monk of Chailis, of the pilgrimage*

of the lyfe of the manhode, which ys maad for good pylgryme that in this world swich way wole holde that he go to good havene, and that he have of hevene the joye; taken upon the 'Romaunce of the Rose,' wherinne the art of love is al enclosed." *Imperfect.* On vellum. xv. Cent. This copy has the following Colophon:—

"Here endeth the Romaunce by the Monk of the Cisteaux, in France; of the pylgrymage of the lyffe of the manhood, which is made for good pilgrymes yt^a in this world such waye wol holde that w^d goo to good haven, and that they have heavens Ioye, ymagined after the manner of the Romans of the Roos,^b which al parte of love doth cloose, translated oute of frenshe in to Englyshe by oon that cleped him *Johan the preefte*, preyeth for the maker, the translatour, the wryter, the reders hereof and thys waye goon or in wille to goo."—*Vide* J. O. Halliwell's MS. Rarities of the University of Cambridge, 1841, p. 166.

^a That.

^b Romance of the Rose.

^c Either go this way or wish to go.

Printed Books.

"The Pylgremage of the Sowle: translated oute of Frenshe in to Englyshe." Printed by W. Caxton, at Westminster, 1483. *An imperfect copy.* This edition is in the library of Lord Spencer, at Althorp Hall, Northamptonshire.—*Vide* Dibdin's "*Bibliotheca Spenceriana*," vol. iv. p. 263.

A fine copy (but wanting last leaf) was purchased at the sale of White Knight's Library for £152 5s. by Mr. Evans.

According to Herbert, (the Antiquary,) copies were apparently in the libraries of Sir Hans Sloane, Mr. Brandon, and his own.

Vide for specimens, &c., Dibdin's Edition of "*Herbert's Ames' Typographical Antiquities*." (London, 1810.)

"The Peregrination of Mannes Lyfe," by Guillaume de Guileville, appears from the following lines of Skelton—

"Off mannes lyfe the perigrinacion
He dyde translate, interprete, and disclose"—

to have been translated by him. John Skelton was poet laureate to Henry VIII., but the translation referred to above has not come down to us. Warton, however, mentions it in his History of English Poetry, vol. ii. f. 489, in (Ed. 1844.)

The following French Editions may also be mentioned as existing in the Brit. Mus.:—

Le Romant des trois Pelerinaiges, 4to. Goth. Bartholde et Jehan Petit, Paris. *Sans date.*

Le Pelerinage de l'homme—avec des figures en bois. Fol. Goth. Anthoine Verard. Paris. *Sans date.*

"Le premier de l'homme durant quest en vie."

"Le second de lame separée du corps."

"Le tiers de notre Seigneur Jesus Christ en forme de monotefferon."

The following are examples of the illustrations contained in the Delft and Harlem editions:—



Facsimile of the engraving representing the Pilgrim turning his back on the *City of Destruction*, and looking up towards the *Celestial City*, as reflected in a mirror.

Delft Edition.



Facsimile of the engraving representing the meeting of the Pilgrim with the Celestial Lady.



Facsimile of the engraving representing the passage of the Pilgrim to the castle of the Celestial Lady, through water.

The Royal Library at the Hague contains a manuscript on vellum, of about the end of the xivth century; it is adorned with twenty-three miniatures. In the Prologue it is entitled, "*die pelgrimage von der menschliker creaturen*;" and it is said there that it was translated from the *Walschen* in the *vlaemischen tale*; which was composed by a holy monk in a monastery called *Chaalie*.

In the first dialogue of *gracie gods* with the *Pilgrim* it is said that *gracie* founded her house *ouer XIII. en XXX. (1330) iuer*; and in that part of the 1st Book where *redene* (reason) reads her commission to *rude verstanneffe*, this commission has been given in the year *M. CCC. en XXXI.*

The Dutch Edition is an extract from the MS. translation in prose; it was never printed *in extenso*.

The celestial lady who appears to the *Pilgrim* is, through the whole edition, called *gracie gods*.

In none of the woodcuts is the *Pilgrim* represented in armour or *fighting with drawn sword*; in one only he occurs *in armour*, which directly after he pulls off, not being able to bear it any longer. In the before-named woodcut the *Pilgrim* has no sword at all, and he is not in presence of any enemy. He is leaning on the *Palster*;^a only *gracie gods* is with him.

^a A Pilgrim's staff.

In the Royal Library at the Hague exists another edition of this story. It is in folio size, printed in double columns. Except some very little difference in spelling, the Delft edition has been faithfully copied in the Haerlem edition. One little part only is omitted in the edition of 1498; in the last chapter of the Haerlem edition the *Pilgrim* having breathed his last, *the author awakes from his dream*; this part is left out in the Delft edition. The woodcuts are the same in both editions.

The following attempt to translate a portion, C. 1., of the "*Boeck van den Pelgrim*," printed at Delft, in Holland, in 1498, was made by the *King's Interpreter*; imperfect as it is, it will be sufficient to show that the Dutch translator took it from De Guileville's Poem of the "*Pélerinage de l'homme durant quest en Vie, ou le Pélerinage de la Vie humaine*," which was afterwards done into prose by S. Gallopez, and printed at Lyons by Math. Hufy in 1485.

"Then she took a pourpoint or doublet made in a wonderful manner: * * * * * Will you know how it is called? Men call it Patience, which is made to bear pains and to begin great strides without murmurings or Anger, but to be therefore more thankful.

"The king Jesus had this pourpoint on, for thy sake, as he hung on the Cross, and was covered with this Doublet which is Patience, for he suffered all patiently.

"Thus it is well to remark that it is good, since that the great King had it on, thus should ye strive. Then take it, and put it on I advise, for of all arms it behoves first to know how to put it on, whoever will arm himself rightly."

In order, however, still further to show the concurrence—at least of ideas, if not of diction—between De Guileville and Bunyan, the following passages may be quoted from amongst many others of a similar nature:—

DE GUILLEVILLE. 1330.

Pour qui a bon ſens cōprendre
Tout ce que ce livre contient
Moralement le fault entendre
Et *non pas litteralement*
Car l'acteur là fait cointement
Tenant forme parabolique
Pour aguifer l'entendement
A tout chaſcun ſcientifique.

*Prologue, Ed. de B. et J. Petit, imp.
par Berth. Runboldt, s. d.*

une foiz
Lan mil trois cēs dix p trois foiz
Ung ſonge vy bien merueilleux
Lequel ainſi com ſommeilleux
Jeſcripz a mon reveillement.

Description of the Holy City.

Il neſt nulle cite ſi belle^a
Ne qui de rien lui ſoit pareille
Maſſon en fut ſeulement *dieu*
Nul autre ne feroit tel lieu
Car les chemins et les alees
Dor ſin eſtoient toutes pauees
En hault affis ſon fundement^b
Eſtoit et ſon maſſonnement

BUNYAN. 1678.

I have uſed ſimilitudes.—*Hof.* xii. 10.

Motto in title-page.

The Prophets uſed much by Metaphor
To ſet forth Truth: Yea, who ſo conſiders
Chriſt, his Apoſtles too, ſhall plainly ſee
That Truth to this day in ſuch Mantles be.

* * * * * Holy Writ
Is every where ſo full of all theſe things
Dark figures, allegories yet there ſprings
From that ſame book, that luſtre and thoſe
rays
Of Light, that turns our darkeſt nights to
days

BUNYAN'S *Apology for his book.*

Nay, I have leave,
(*Examples* too, and that from them who
have
God better pleaſed by their words and ways
Than any man that breatheth now-a-days)
Thus to expreſs my mind, thus to declare
Things unto thee that excellenteſt are.

Ibid.

As I walked through the wilderneſs of
this world, I alighted on a certain place
where was a den, and laid me down in
that place to ſleep: and as I ſlept, I
dreamed a dream.

*Chriſtian's deſcription of the Holy City
to Pliable.*

"There is an endleſs kingdom to be
inhabited, and everlaſting life to be given
us, that we may inhabit that kingdom for
ever.

"There are crowns of glory to be given
us, and garments that will make us ſhine
like the ſun in the firmament of heaven.

"There ſhall be *no more crying* nor

^a Heb. xi. 10.

^b Rev. xi. 12,
18, 19.

DE GUILLEVILLE. 1330.

De *vives pierres* fait estoit
 Et hault mur entour la clooit
 Dessus lequels *anges* estoient
 Qui tous temps le guet y faisoient
 Et gardoient tresbien que l'entree
 Nullement fust abandonnee
 Fors aux *pelerins* seulement
 Qui y venoient deuotement^a
 Leans auoit moult de *mansions*
 De *lieux* et *habitations*
 Illec estoit toute lieffe
 Et toute joye sans tristesse

^a John xiv. 2.^b Gen. iii. 24.

* * * * *
 Cherubin portier en estoit^b
 Qui ung glaive forby tenoit
 Bien emolu a deux taillans
 Tout versatile et tournoyans
 Dont il se scauoit bien aider
 Nest aucun tant se sceust targer
 Qui par la porte passer peust
 Que occis ou naure¹ ne fust
 Mesmement car executeurs^c
 Y auoit et tirans crueulx
 Qui tres durs tourmens pourpenoient
 Et tous les plus griefz quilz pouoient
 Moult y eut grant occision
 De pelerins de grant renom

^c Acts xiv. 22.

BUNYAN. 1678.

forrow, for *He* that is owner of the places
 will wipe away all tears from our eyes.

"There we shall be with *Cherubim* and
Seraphim, creatures that will dazzle your
 eyes to look on them. There, also, you
 shall meet with thousands and tens of
 thousands that have gone before us to that
 place. In a word, there we shall see the
 elders with their golden crowns; there
 we shall see the *Holy Virgins* with their
 golden harps; there we shall see men that
 by the world were cut in pieces, burned in
 flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the
 seas, for the love that they bare to the
 Lord of the place, clothed with immor-
 tality as a garment."

¹ *Worldly-wise-man* tempts *Christian* not to go up to the Wicket-gate, because of the dangers of the way, assuring him he is like to meet with *wearisomeness*, *painfulness*, *hunger*, *perils*, *nakedness*, *sword*, *lions*, *dragons*, *darkness*, and, in a word, *death*, and what not!

Christian arrived at the *Wicket-gate* (which he had left to follow *Worldly-wise-man's* counsel) saw written over it, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" he knocked, therefore, more than once or twice. At last there came a grave person to the gate, named *Good-will*, who asked who was there? and whence he came? and what he would have?

Christian. "Here is a poor hardened sinner; I come from the *City of Destruction*, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would therefore, Sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are *willing* to let me in."

"I am *willing* with all my heart," said he; and with that he opened the gate.

So when *Christian* was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said *Christian*, "What means that?" The other told him, "A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which *Beelzebub* is the Captain; from thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at them that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they enter in." Then said *Christian*, "I rejoice and tremble."

* * * * *
 Puis vne grant merueille vy
 De grans maistres et prelaz qui
 Aux crenaulx tout en hault estoient
 Monstrans semblant quilz enseignoient
 Plusieurs des pelerins daual
 Qui a grant peine et grant trauail
 Selon ce quapris ilz estoient
 Aeles pour voler leur faisoient
 Par eles de bon exemplaire
 Telles comme ilz les deuoient faire
 Que ces grans maistres leur monstroient
 Monstrant que moult chier les auoient

* * * * *
 ¶ Puis vy en vng autre coste^a
 Dessus les murs de la cite
 Vaillans hommes auctorizables
 Mais quant a moy peu congnoissables

* * * * *
 Entre lesquelz aduis me fu
 Que sainct benoist y recongneu

* * * * *
 ¶ La endroit sainct francoys auffi

* * * * *
 Moult dautres ie vy sur les murs

* * * * *
 Mais tant dire vueil briefuement
 Que nul nentroit en la cite^b
 Par quelque part quaye compte
 Qui de hors les murs ne laissast
 Lefcharpe ou bourdon que portast
 Acomply lors estoit leur veage
 Et fait tout leur pelerinaige

Before we proceed to give an analysis of, and to trace a parallel between, the two works of Bunyan and De Guileville, we must premise that the allegory, which becomes in the hands of the former a fascinating narrative, full of vitality and Christian doctrine, is in the work of the latter only a cold and lifeless dialogue between abstract and unembodied qualities.

^a "Lecharpe et le bourdon" represent the Certificate of pilgrimage. The latter is thus explained in the Dict. de l'Académie Française, "*Sorte de long bâton qui est fait au tour, avec un ornement au haut, en forme de pomme, et que les Pèlerins portent ordinairement dans leurs voyages.*"

* * * * *
 "Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them.

"Now, you must note that the city stood *upon a mighty hill*; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men *to lift them up by the arms, &c.*

"Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid me call at the gate, the which, when they did, some one from above *looked over the gate*: to wit, *Enoch, Moses, and Elijah*, to whom it was said, These pilgrims are come from the city of *Destruction* for the love that they bare to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his *Certificate*,¹ which they had received in the beginning."

^a Rev. vii. 9.

^b Rev. xxii. 14.

^a Rev. xxi. 2—
9.³
Heb. xi. 10, 33
—39.

^b Matt. xi. 12;
xix. 24; v. 3.
Ecclef. v. 15.

^c f. 3, b. Appen-
dix, f. iv. "And
I roos vp."

^d Ecclef. xlv. 8.
Baruch v. 2.

The poem of De Guileville opens by informing his readers that, in the year 1330, being then a monk in the monastery of Chaliz, he had a dream, in which he saw afar off, as if reflected in a mirror, similar to the "shining light" of *Evangelist*,¹ the celestial city of Jerusalem, and felt himself excited to go thither on a pilgrimage.^a He dwells on the wondrous beauty of its construction, on the elegance of its mansions, on the character of its inhabitants, and their happiness and blessedness after their trials and sufferings (even such a description as *Christian* gives to his unstable friend *Pliable* on their setting out); and particularly points out the little wicket-gate, which he recognizes for the one described by our Lord, as being so strait, that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter in thereat.^b "*Homme vestu n'y pouvait passer.*" He then bethinks himself that a *staff* and a *scrip* will be necessary for his journey, like those in the hands of the pilgrims he sees before him on his way. Anxious to supply himself with them, *he rushes out of his house, weeping and lamenting* to know how he shall obtain them in the manner *Christian* is described as doing, when he left home and made as if he would run. "I dreamed," says Bunyan, "and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, &c. I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read *he wept and trembled*, &c." His prototype thus introduces his pilgrim:—^c

Lors men yssy de ma maison^d

* * * *

Bourdon commanca a querir
Et *escharpe* qui neccessaire
Mestoit a ce quauoye a faire
¶ Ainsi comment querant aloye
Et *en pleurant me guermentoye*
Ou ce *bourdon* peusse trouuer
Et celle *escarpe* pour porter³
Une dame de grant beaulte
Et de *tresgrant nobilite*⁴
Je rencontray droit en ma voye
De qui au cuer me vint grant ioye
Fille sembloit dun empereur
Dun roy ou dun tresgrant seigneur
Vestement auoir dor batu
Et cincte estoit dun verd tiffu
Qui tout au long ce me sembloit

¹ In Bunyan.

² The texts referred to in the margin are those given by De Guileville in *his* marginal references. Extracts from the MSS. descriptive of the Holy City, &c. will be found in the Appendix.

³ See Woodcut I.

⁴ *Christian* describes *Evangelist* as "a man that appeared to me to be a very great and honourable person."



I



II



Le parrain du peletin

III



Le iouuencel et iouuenelle

IV

De charboucles feme eſtoit
 Sur le ſein auoit ung fermail
 Dor fin et deſſus vng eſmail
 Sur lequel vng eſtoille auoit
 Qui grant clarte par tout rendoit
 Ung coulon lui yſſoit du ſain
 Quelle applanioit ſur ſa main
 Son chef dor couronne eſtoit ^a
 Et tout en entour lenuironnoit
 Grant foiſon deſtoilles luiſans
 Moult fut certes cil bien puiſſans
 Qui telle lui auoit donnee
 Et qui ainſi lauoit paree
 Moult courtoiſe et de douce chere ^b
 Me fut grandement car premiere
 Me faulua en demandant
 Pourquoi nauoie meilleur ſemblant ¹
 Et pour quel cauſe ie pleuroye
 Et ſaucune defaulte auoie

^a Ezek. xvi. 12.

^b Song of Sol. iv.
3.

Adonc ie fuz comme ſurpris
 Pource que pas nauoye appris
 Que dame de ſi grant atour
 Daignaſt vers moy faire vng ſeul tour ^c
 Fors et ſeulement pour autant
 Que cil qui a bonte plus grant
 Plus a en ſoy dhumilite
 Grant douceur et benigne
 Car plus a le pommier de pommes
 Plus bas ſencline vers les hommes
 Et ne ſcay ſigne de bonte
 Si grant comme eſt humilite
 Qui ne porte ceſte baniere
 Na vertu ne bonte entiere

^c Eccluf. iii. 18.

The ſame gracious ſalutation is made by *Evangelist* to *Chriſtian* whilſt he is weeping. "I looked then," ſays Bunyan, "and ſaw a man named *Evangelist* coming to him, who aſked, 'Wherefore doſt thou cry?' 'Be cauſe I fear,' replies *Chriſtian*, 'that *this burden* that is upon my back will ſink me lower than the grave, and I ſhall fall into Tophet.'"

A ſimilar reply is made by De Guileville's pilgrim (taken by De Guileville from

¹ Being, like *Chriſtian*, in a bad plight.

Ephesians iv. 17—24; for he, like Bunyan, built his poem on the Scriptures, and quoted his texts in the margin), who complains to *Gracedieu* when he feels that the burden of his sins and the weight of his body prevent him from rising to the skies :—

* f. 39, b. Appendix, f. v.
"Certys quoth I."

A larmoyer et a plorer^a
Commencay et a soupirer
A dire hélas
Adonc me dist grace quas tu
Pourquoy te desconfortes tu
Certes dis je pource je pleure
Car de present en moins dune heure
Jay perdu trestoute ma joye

* * * *
Ainsi comme ung cinge acroche
A ung bloqueau et atache
Lequel en hault ne peut monter
Que tost ne faille reualer
Ainsi *mest* ung *bloquel pesant*¹
Le corps et ung retenail grant
Il me rabat quant vueil voler
Et retire quant vueil monter^b

^b Eph. iv. 17—24—

* * * *
Le corps corrompu et pesant
Griefue lame et opprime tant
Que la tient en chetiuoison
Et luy fait perdre sa saison
Par quoy merueille ce nest pas
Sen plorant je dy dieux hélas
Desconforte moult grandement
Je suis et doy estre dolent

The Pilgrim having said to *Gracedieu* that he is in search of the heavenly city, which he had had a sight of in a glais, but that his grief was he had no means of getting thither, she replies, if his search be sincere, she will be his guide; having been sent into that country by the Lord of the way to guide halt and lame, but willing pilgrims in the way of salvation, to relieve the fallen, to support the lame, to strengthen the doubtful, and to open the eyes of the blind. *Gracedieu* then proceeds to warn him that he is going to travel through a country beset with difficulties, trials, enemies, and adversities; and, as he will doubtless often be in trouble and stand in need of help, he must always call upon her.

^c f. 4, Appendix, f. vi. "To pylgrymes."
John i. 9.
² Sam. xxii. 7.
Titus ii. 11.

Je suis celle que tu dois querre^c

¹ This *bloquel pesant* is the burden on the back of *Christian*.

Quant tu vas en estrange terre
Jenlumine les non voyans
Et donne force aux recreans
Je relieue les trebuchiez
Et radrece les foruoyez
Je suis *grace dieu* appelle
Par le coulon blanc designee

She bids him keep in view the straight and only entrance,¹ that wicket-gate, which none ever entered till they had put of their own clothing²—that is, *mortality*; and then only by her grace and favour.

The Pilgrim humbly thanks her, and prays that she will guide and support him on his journey. *Gracedieu* then kindly leads him towards her house—a magnificent building, which had been founded 1330 years ago.

Lors elle me prist en celle heure ^a
Et tost me mena sans demeure
Vers une maison quelle auoit
Qui sienne estoit comme disoit
Et la me dist que trouueroie
Tout ce de quoy mestier auroie
Laquel maison auoit fundee
Selon son dit et maffonnee
Treize cens et trente ans auoit
Comme bien lui en souuenoit
¶ Ceste maison.voulentiers vy
Et a la veoir fuz esbay
Car toute en hault en lair pendoit
Et entre terre et ciel estoit
Tout ainsi que sel fust venue
Du ciel haultain est descendue
Il y auoit clochiers et tours
Et moult estoient beaulx ses atours
Ainsi comme fust vng lieu royal
Et sur tous autres principal ^b
Deuant vne riuiera auoit
Ou passaige ne nef nauoit

^a "Tho hyr lyft."
Appendix, f. vi.
Psalm cxii. 3.

^b Ecclus. xxvi.
16.

This is the church of Christ, for the expounding of the Scriptures; it is, in fact, the

¹ As *Evangelist* says to *Christian*, "Keep that light in your eye."

² Bunyan says, "They had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them."

Interpreter's house of Bunyan. But the Pilgrim is alarmed at finding himself stopped by a stream without bridge or ferry, and *desponds*.¹

"Dolent en fu et fort pleuroie."

This stream, in De Guileville's dream, represents the water of baptism² at the entrance to the church, but is transformed by Bunyan (agreeably to his views) into the Slough of Despond, the duration of which he gives as 'above these sixteen hundred years'—the age of the Christian church in *his* time.

Gracedieu expostulates with the Pilgrim on his want of firmness before so small an obstacle, when he has so many greater waters to pass through before arriving at the celestial city. He then inquires why it should be necessary to bathe in this water? To which she replies, that, as sin came into the world, it is necessary to be cleansed from it—that water is an emblem of purification, and that a *King* has passed through this Jordan. Then a person appears who *helps* him out to the other side,³ and, being purified, he is admitted into the house of Grace. Here a number of pilgrims are assembled, and Moses—or the *Law*, the *Legality* of Bunyan—in despite of *Gracedieu*,⁴ who reproves him, offers them many things for their relief on the journey—such as ointments for curing their wounds after their conflicts with their enemies.

Moses is succeeded by personifications⁵ of *Reason* or *Prudence*, and *Nature*, corresponding to *Worldly-wise-man* in Bunyan, who is '*obstinate*'⁶ and railing. These are followed by *Sapience* or *Discretion*, by *Repentance* or *Piety*, and by *Charity*⁷ or *Love*; the latter presenting to her auditory the last Will and Testament of Him who, for love of mankind, died upon *the Cross*; which runs thus:—

"I, who am the way, the truth, and the life, make this my last *testament*, and voluntarily bequeath my soul to my Father, to be in his safe keeping, whilst I descend into hell to release those who love me. My body I bequeath to be interred in the *sepulchre* Joseph has made, and to the pilgrims who keep in the right way, in order that they may be nourished by it, and helped on their way. My heart I leave to those who love and keep my commandments. To John I leave the care of my mother, and my blood I leave for the *salvation* of all those who had compassion on me."

A *cross* is here represented with the letters *P A X*, at the angles.

Ces trois lettres font affauoir^b
Qua trois choses doit auoir paix
Icelluy a qui est laisse
Ce beau oyel et oëtroye

^a John xiv. 6, 21.
¹ Cor. xi. 24.
John xix. 27.
Matt. xxvi. 28.

^b f. 18. Appendix, f. xx. "And evermore."
John xiv. 27.
2 Cor. xiii. 11.

¹ *Christian* also *desponds* at the sight of the lions, and thought of going back, till *Watchful*, the porter, cried unto him, saying, "Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained."

² See Woodcuts II. and III.; and cf. the account of *Baptism*, Appendix, f. vii.

³ As *Help* comes to the assistance of *Christian* at the Slough of Despond.

⁴ "Law and Grace" is a favourite work of Bunyan's.

⁵ See Woodcuts V. VI. VII. and VIII.; Appendix, f. xi—xx.

⁶ *Obstinate* accompanies *Christian* and *Pliable* over the plains, and rails at them both.

⁷ *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Prudence*, and *Charity* inhabit the palace called Beautiful, and entertain *Christian*.



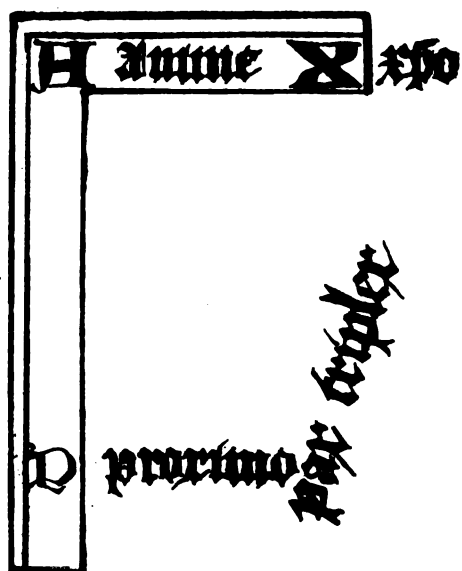
V



VI



VII



VIII

Cest que premierement en hault
 Du X est mis en eschauffaut
 Par qui ie suis signifie
 Briefuement et en sobriete
 Il doit auoir parfaicte paix ^a
 En tel maniere que tous faiz
 Commis et faiz oultre mon gre
 Si soient restraints et amende
 Apres en langlet bas affis
 Du A est colloque et mis
 Par qui lame de foy entent
 Doit auoir paix entierement ^b
 A celle fin que point ny morde
 Sinderefis ne ne remorde
 Apres encor a son prochain
 Qui par le P mis primerain
 Est entendu doit paix auoir
 A quoy le doit moult esmouuoir
 Le mesme degre ou il est
 Car point plus hault ne plus pas nest
 Tous deux en vng degre les mis ^c
 Quant au commencement les fis
 Tous sont mortelz et lun et lautre
 Vers et fiens est lun si est lautre
 Rien ny vault cueur selon ne fier
 Ne riens orgueil ne riens danger
 Tous passeront par vng pertuis ^d
 Groz et menuz grans et petis
 Or facent tant que ce ioyel ^e
 Ne perdent pas par leur orgueil
 A son prouchain chascun ait paix
 Si fera le patron parfaiz
 Tel que doit estre par raison
 Cest vng *seing* de tabellion ^f
 Duquel doiuent estre signez
 Tous bons testamens et marquez
 Et de ce *seing* publicquement
 Ay ie ce present testament
Signe et tabellionne
 Puis que lent escript charite
 Paix ay donne a toute gent
 Or la garde chascun deuement

^a Rom. xiv. 17.

^b Psalm lv. 18.

^c Heb. xii. 14.

^d Strait gate.

^e Rom. xii. 18.

^f Seal of engrossment.

"Now I saw in my dream," says Bunyan, "that the highway, up which *Christian* was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called *Salvation*. Up this way did burdened *Christian* run till he came to a place on which stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre; and, just as he came up with the cross, his burden loosed from his shoulders, and fell from his back into the mouth of the sepulchre. Then was *Christian* glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, 'He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death.'"

And it is here that *Christian* sees the 'three shining ones,' who saluted him with "Peace be to thee;" and the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee" (here is peace and pardon); the second stripped him of his rags; and the third set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll (the above testament) with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate.

In the dream of De Guileville, as soon as *Charity* had made an end of her oration, many of the pilgrims appeared very desirous of accepting her proffered conditions, and addressed themselves first to her, and afterwards to *Repentance*. But he also perceived many unfortunate ones amongst them, who, secretly concealing themselves from the eye of *Charity*, and eluding the observation of *Repentance*, addressed themselves exclusively to *Moses* for relief, to whom he granted it without exception. But it happened ill for them; for, as soon as they had left him, they looked as if they had come out of a miry slough,

"Yffys du boubier ou dun noir sac a charbonnier;"

like *Pliable*, 'bedaubed with dirt,' or had been 'dipped into a sack of charcoal.' They were black, filthy, vile, says De Guileville—*enbordiz et encore tous familleux*; but when they were tired of this relief they returned trembling, and begging to accompany the other pilgrims. So *Christian*, after having 'turned out of his way, to go to *Mr. Legality's* house for help,' from his brethren, stands trembling before *Evangelist*; and Bunyan, from his familiar knowledge and love of Scripture, from the resources of his genius, and his acquaintance with the human heart, has wrought out a striking picture of the insufficiency of the law to take off the burden of sin. Hence, when *Evangelist* meets *Christian*, and shows him that no man can be justified by the deeds of the Law, that *Mr. Legality* was a cheat, &c. *Christian*, like the trembling pilgrims, falls down at *Evangelist's* feet as dead, and prays to be put again into the right way.

The monk of Chaliz afterwards introduces a long allegorical description of the Eucharist, and the Pilgrim expresses a wish to be furnished with some of this spiritual provision, to support him on his journey, and eagerly desires to proceed. *Gracedieu* replies, that she has everything necessary for him, and for his journey, in her palace;¹ but that he must wait, before he sets out, until she has shown him the curiosities contained therein, or, as Bunyan has it, 'the rarities of the place;' and that afterwards he shall receive a staff and a scrip, with provisions to put into the latter. She then leads him into a cabinet, where she points out to him a great collection of precious jewels;

¹ The Church, or House of the Interpreter.



IX



X



XI



XII

(and here Bunyan must have revelled in allegory to his heart's content, for every article is described with the same mystic and symbolic precision as in Durand's "Rationale of the Church.") The first things shown to him are the scrip and staff, which *Gracedieu* takes out of a casket of curious workmanship. The scrip, or scarf, is made of green silk, with fringe of the same colour sprinkled with *scarlet* spots, like gouts of blood.

"These,"^a said *Gracedieu*, "are things necessary for thy journey: look well to them, for thou wilt stand in need of them. The name of the scrip is *faith*, and in it thou wilt carry thy provisions; and if thou wouldst know more of its virtues, consult the prophet Habakkuk, and St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chap. x. where thou wilt learn that the just indeed *live by faith*."¹

¶ Voy cy lescharpe et le bourdon
Que promis tay ie ten foiz don
Mestier tauront en ce voyage
Garde les si feras que saige
Lefcharpe si est foy nommee
Sans laquelle nulle iournee
Tu ne feras ia qui rien vaille
Car tout ton pain et ta vitaille
Doys en tous temps dedans auoir^b
Et se tu veulx cecy fauoir
Par autre dit que par le myen
Saint paul ten informera bien
Qui racompte quil est escript
Que iuste de lescharpe vit^c
Lequel mot en abacuh prift
Qui ou second chapitel gift
* * * * *
Le sang esmeut et achoisonne^d
De prendre cuer et faire ainfi^e
Que les glorieulx martirs qui
Trop mieulx amerent a respandre
Leur sang pour leur foy fort deffendre^f
Quaucunement leur feust ostee
Pour la vertu quaauoient goustee

^a f. 23, b. App.
f. xxi. "Thys
lady goodly."

^b Rom. x. 4—6.

^c Hab. ii. 4.
Rom. i. 17.

^d f. xxiii. b.

^e Heb. xi. 33.

^f Eph. ii. 8.

¹ See Woodcut IX.

Gracedieu further enlarges on the *scrip* by saying, "It is true that in olden time these scrips were plain and simple in their form, and without these emblems; for then it sufficed that faith should be pure and holy. But since many errors and heresies have crept in, and each foolishly would believe of his own fashion, (some being *Arians*, some *Pelagians*, and others such as I will not name,) it became necessary to establish a unity of belief, and these twelve clochettes will serve to keep thy faith awake."

Bunyan tells us that the shepherds, from the top of *Mount Error*, showed the pilgrims the bodies of *Hymeneus* and *Philetus* dashed to pieces at the foot of the hill.

Cest pour te donner exemplaire
 Que se tu trouues qui souftraire
 La te vueille point ne offer
 Auant occire et decouper
 Te laiffes plus tost que ten voyes
 Descharpey car trop y perdroies

This allocution of *Gracedieu* to the Pilgrim, with an allusion to the 'glorious martyrs,' as an example for him to follow, corresponds with the exhortation of *Evangelist* to *Christian* and *Faithful*, before they arrive at the town of *Vanity* :—

"My sons, you have heard, in the words of the truth of the gospel, 'that you must, through many tribulations, enter into the kingdom of heaven;' and again, that 'in every city bonds and afflictions abide you:' and, therefore, you cannot expect that you should go long on your pilgrimage without them, in some sort or other. You have found something of the truth of these testimonies upon you already, and more will immediately follow; for now, as you see, you are almost out of this wilderness, and, therefore, you will soon come to a town, that you will, by-and-by, see before you; and in that town you will be hardly beset with enemies, who will strain hard that they may kill you: and be you sure, that one or both of you must seal the testimony, which you hold, *with blood*: but 'be you *faithful* unto death, and the King will give you a crown of life.' He that shall die there, although his death will be unnatural, *and his pain, perhaps, great*, he will yet have the better of his fellow; not only because he will be arrived at the Celestial City soonest, but because he will escape many miseries that the other will meet with on his journey. But when you are come to the town, and shall find fulfilled what I have here related, then remember your friend, and '*quit yourselves like men!*'"¹ The same counsel is given by *Gracedieu* in the above passage to the

¹ Ridley thus addresses Latimer at the stake :—

"Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it."

"And now *the chariot of fire*, which was to transport the martyrs to glory, began to be illuminated. A blazing faggot was placed at Ridley's feet, upon which Latimer addressed him, with a degree of composure which passes all understanding, in those memorable words of almost prophetic import :—'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, *and play the man*; we shall this day light such a candle in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'"²—*Lives of Eminent Christians* by the Rev. R. B. HONE.

Similarly, in a stanza under the woodcut of the trial of *Faithful* in the 33rd edition, (see plate f. 33), Bunyan writes :—

"Now Faithful, *play the Man*, speak for thy God;
 Fear not the wicked's malice, nor their rod:
 Speak boldly, man, the truth is on thy side,
 Die for it, and to life in triumph ride."

Again, Bp. Ridley says to Latimer in prison :—

"Hitherto, you see, good father, how I have, in words only, made (as it were) a flourish before the fight which I shortly look after; and how I have begun to prepare certain kinds of weapons to fight against the adversaries of Christ; and to muse with myself how *the darts of the old enemy* may be borne

Pilgrim, and she says that he is to *serve as an example*, and to suffer himself rather to be *killed and cut in pieces*, than lose his scrip, or his *faith*. And this counsel is followed by the fellow-traveller of *Christian*, when he is condemned, in the town of *Vanity*, "to be put to *the most cruel death* that could be invented. They, therefore, brought him out to do with him according to their law: and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then *they lanced his flesh with knives*; after that they stoned him with stones, then *pricked him with their swords*; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake!" Thus came *Faithful* to his end.

"Now," continues Bunyan, "I saw in my dream that *Christian* went not forth (from the town of *Vanity*) alone; for there was one whose name was *Hopeful*, who joined himself unto him; and entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion. Thus one died to make testimony to the truth, and another rises out of his ashes to be a companion with *Christian*."

In like manner, the *second companion* of De Guilleville's *Pélerin*, given to him by *Gracedieu*, is the Pilgrim's *staff*, whose name is *Hope*; on which she bids him *lean with confidence*, telling him it will sustain him in all slippery places.

This staff is light, strong, and straight, and is made of Shittim wood, which is imperishable; and on the top is reflected the whole country, as far as the Celestial City itself—the whole illuminated by a brilliant carbuncle.

Or entens bien de ce bourdon^a

Qui est bon en toute saison

Car trebucher ne peut celluy

Qui fermement sappuye a lui

A lui appuyer te deuras

A tous mauix pas ou tu iras

Esperance le dois nommer

* * * *

Le hault pommel est *Jesu Crist*^b

Qui est comme la lectre dit

Ung miroer du tout sans taiche

La ou chascun peut voir sa face

Ou tout le monde se mirer

Doit toujours . . .

^a f. 27. App. f. xxii. "But ffyrst tak." Gen. xxxii. 10. Prov. xxiii. 17, 18.

^b John xii. 16. Wisdom vii. 26.

The Pilgrim now proposes to proceed on his journey; but he is told by *Gracedieu* that he must first be armed at all points, in order that he may be proof against the many

off, and after what sort I may smite him again with the sword of the Spirit. I learn also hereby to be in use with armour, and to essay how I can go armed."

This language may be compared with *Christian's* fight with *Apollyon*, and many of the expressions of these two martyrs remind us of *Christian* and *Faithful* in the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," and show us also how intimate Bunyan was with Fox's "*Book of Martyrs*."

^a Ifaiah xi. 5.
Luke xii. 35.

^b f. 30, b. App.
f. xxiii. "Come
ner."
¹ Kings xxii. 30.
Numbers xxxii.
29
Zech. viii. 9.

^c Rom. vi. 13;
viii. 18.
Heb. x. 36; xi.
34.
Rev. ii. 11; xiii.
10.

^d f. 31.

^e Ifaiah liii. 7.

^f Psalm cxxix. 3.

dangers which he will meet with by the way. She puts on him the girdle of *Righteousness*,^a to keep him in the path of rectitude and temperance; and also furnishes him with a writing, or scroll,¹ (containing the *credo* written in Latin rhymes,) which she enjoins him to consult to take the film from his eyes.

We now come to the prototype of the armoury contained in the 'stately palace called *Beautiful*,' which Bunyan thus describes:—"The next day they had him into the armoury, where they showed him all manner of furniture, which the Lord had provided for pilgrims—as sword, shield, helmet, breast-plate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here *enough* of this *to barneſs out as many men*, for the service of their Lord, as there be stars in the heaven for multitude." Armour² of precisely the same description is earnestly recommended by *Gracedieu* to the Pilgrim.

Or regarde diſt-elle hault^b
A ceſte perche ſil te fault
Pour chercher armes loing aller
Aſſez en voys pour bien tarmer
La font heaulmes et gambefons
Gorgerettes et haubergeons
Targes et *quanque* failir peut
A cil quil deffendre ſe veult

She firſt preſents to him a '*gambefon*' or coat of mail called *Patience*, ſaying, "This was wrought by the great armourer above, who, without tools, created the ſun and ſtarry hoſt; it is of ſuch excellent temper that it will be proof againſt all kinds of adverſity and tribulation, and will withſtand to the death. It was worn by our Lord on the Croſs—by holy martyrs ſince—and will reſiſt, like an anvil, all the ſtrokes of thine enemies."^c

^d Ce gambezon veſtit ieſus^d
Quant pour toy fut en croix pendus
Sur luy fut poinçtoye et poinçt
Et meſurey a ſon droit poinçt
Tout ſouffrit et tout endura^e
Nul mot ne diſt ne ne ſonna
Enclume ſe monſtra et fu
A chaſcun coup dont fut feru
Et lors fut ſur luy monnoyee
Ta ranſon batue et forgee
Deſſus ſon doz la monnoyerent^f
Les crueulx feures et forgerent
Par quoy tu doys bien ſuppoſer
Puis que le roy ſen vout armer

¹ *Chriſtian's* roll, which he loſes in the arbour.

² See Woodcut X.

Quil est bon et bien esprouue
Et grant loz est den estre arme

"And now put on this helmet, which is *Temperance*, to defend the eyes from folly and vanity, the ears from murmurings and detraction, and the heart from evil imaginings. It is the helmet called, by St. Paul, the helmet of *Salvation*."

¶ Le heaulme comme dois fauoir^a
Est atemperance de veoir
Descouter auffi de odorier
Choses qui te puissent greuer
Car sicomme cœuure et refraint
Le heaulme tes sens et refraint
Tout ainssi atrempance sert
De garder loeil que trop ouuert
Ne soit ne trop abandonne
A folie et a vanite
Car se loeilliere assez nestoit
Estroicte entrer dedans pourroit
Telle *sagete*^b qui occire
Pourroit (the arrows of Satan.)

"This '*gorgette*' is called *Sobriety*,^c which is akin to *Temperance*, and is to prevent gluttony. These gauntlets^d are the third part of *Temperance*, and their name is *Continence*: therefore, take example of St. Bernard. So be sure to arm thyself carefully, as did formerly *Saint Guillaume*, Abbot of Chaliz, who knew how to fast even at a feast.¹

"But the best weapon of all is this sword, for if thou hadst no other armour this would suffice.^e Its name is *Justice*, (Righteousness,) and a better blade was never forged or girded on the loins—and it far exceeds those of an Ogier, a Rowland, or an Oliver."

Par son nom *iustice* elle est dicte^f
Entre les autres plus eslite
Et la meilleur quonques ceignist
Roi ne conte ne ne tenist
Ducquee ne fut lespree *ogier*
Celle de *roland noliuier*
Si vertueuse ne puissant
Si noble ne si excellent

"This sword thou must wear to defend thyself against those who attack thee, and against thy hidden enemies in particular—for there is nothing worse, or more perilous, than a concealed foe. And here, also, is the scabbard, the true name of

^a f. 32. App. f. xxiii. "Thys helm."
Isaiah lix. 17.
Eph. vi. 14—17.
Prov. iv. 23.
Psalm xxxv. 2;
cxix. 37.
Job xl. 24.

^b Dart.

^c 1 Pet. v. 8.
Wisdom ix. 11.

^d Psal. cxliv. 1.
James iv. 8.

^e Ezek. xxxviii.
4.
Psalm xxxv. 27.
Prov. x. 2.
1 Mac. iii. 3,
58.
Ecclus. xiii. 13.

^f f. 32, b. App. f. xxiii. "Take a sword."

¹ De Guileville's object in adding this last paragraph seems to be to introduce the names of St. Bernard and St. Guillaume, the former as the founder of his monastery, the latter, probably, as his ancestor.

^a John xviii. 11.
Pl. cxxxvi. 23,
24.
Luke xviii. 10.

^b Prov. xxxi. 17.
Joshua xiv. 11.
Song of Sol. iv.
4.

^c 1 Kings iv. 29;
xi. 4.
Prov. ix. 6.

^d 2 Cor. vi. 7.
Hab. iii. 19.
1 Pet. ii. 5; iv.
12.
Rom. xii. 16.
Gen. viii. 21.

^e 1 Sam. xvii.
38—50.

which is *Humility*, for it must conceal thy *justice* or *vengeance*.^a Remember the *Publican* and the *Pharisee*. The name of the girdle is *Perseverance*, and of the buckle, *Constancy*, &c. But forget not the shield^b—for without this no one can defend himself well—it serves to protect both the warrior and his arms. The name of this is '*Prudence*,' (Wisdom or Understanding,) and it was once worn by King Solomon; but when he lost it he lost his honour along with it, and, in comparison with it, all his other golden shields^c were not worth a red herring:—

(Toutes ses autres targes dor
Et ses escus ung baren for
Des onques puis ne luy valurent.)

"And now," continues *Gracedieu*, "it is time to arm." So the Pilgrim proceeds to accoutre himself; but when he is panoplied^d he complains that the armour is too heavy for him, pleads his ignorance of the use of arms, and implores her to allow him to follow the example of David, who found himself obliged to put off the armour he had essayed to wear before going to combat the Philistine. She consents: but warns him that he has not, like David, the courage to encounter the enemy armed only with his staff and five stones in a scrip.^e

Gracedieu then leaves the Pilgrim, and, in her absence, he sorely laments his having refused her good counsel. During his lamentations she returns, and, severely rebuking him for his want of energy, when there is no enemy to combat, she presents him with the identical pebbles that David had in his scrip when he fought against Goliath.¹

In Bunyan's narrative, the damsels of the Palace called *Beautiful* "showed *Christian* some of the engines with which some of the Lord's servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses' rod; the hammer and nails with which Jael slew Sisera; the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps, too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they showed him the ox's goad, wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him also the jaw-bone with which Samson did such mighty feats. They showed him, moreover, the *sling and stone with which David slew Goliath of Gath*."

Bunyan shows these treasures to *Christian*, but wisely prefers sending him on his pilgrimage armed at all points. De Guilleville allows his pilgrim to go forth armed merely, like David, with a shepherd's sling; and then, by a less happy allegory, furnishes him with an attendant, (called *Memory*),² who is to carry and produce the armour which he had refused to wear, whenever he found himself in the presence of an enemy.

Having thus provided him with the necessary means of defence, she tells him it is now time to apply himself to his journey, as soon as he has stored his scrip with a

¹ The 1st stone, called "Memoire de la mort Jesu," is "un Rubiz."

2nd. "Remembrance de la Dame, une pierre blanche, La *Blancheur*."

3rd. "Sainte eternelle Gloire, un *Saphir* azure."

4th. "Memoire du feu d'Enfer, Abefton, couleur de fer."

5th. "La Sainte Escripture, qui en foi a telle verdure. Cest une *esmerauld* moult fine."

² See Woodcut XI. Appendix, f. xxiii.

supply of the *bread* (of life) necessary for his support during his long journey, and then *accompanies him on the way*, giving him good counsel on the best mode of defence against his enemies, and bids him be of good courage.

Gracedieu also exhorts the Pilgrim to be vigilant, and constantly on his guard against an enemy of which he seems to be the least aware, though he carries that enemy about with him—that is, his own carnal desires. She also explains to him the conflict, which never ends, between the flesh and the spirit—shows him the best means of combatting the carnal will by fasting and prayer, and counsels him, with the Apostle, to take upon himself the whole armour of God, that he may be able to withstand in the evil day. Thus she exhorts him to *perseverance* in the great struggle; and to impress this more powerfully on his mind, she calls his attention to an ant-hill which lies in their path, and shows him (as the *Interpreter* does in the Pilgrim's Progress) that, like the persevering ant, which rolls, again and again, down the slippery sand-hill, but, ultimately, attains her object, so he, by struggling against temptations, will conquer, if he will only persevere: whilst, to the indolent, the wise man says, “Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and learn wisdom.”¹

Bunyan says:—“Then *Christian* began to go forward; but *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Charity*, and *Prudence*, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. Then said *Christian*, ‘As it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down.’ ‘Yes,’ said *Prudence*, ‘so it is; for it is a hard thing for a man to go down into the valley of *Humiliation*, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore,’ said they, ‘are we come out to accompany thee down the hill.’ So he began to go down, but very warily, yet he caught a slip or two.

“Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when *Christian* was gone down to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

“But now (in this valley of *Humiliation*) poor *Christian* was hard put to it, for he had gone but a little way before he espied a *foul fiend* coming over the field to meet him; his name is *Apollyon*. . . . Then *Apollyon* said, Prepare thyself to die; for I swear, by my infernal *den* (he speaks as the fiend of hell of *Wicliff*), thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul; and with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but *Christian* caught it on his shield. Then did *Christian* draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him, (that is, to assail the enemy, as *Wicliff* says;) and *Apollyon* as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail!”

Wicliff, who, doubtless, was a favourite author of Bunyan's, has also left us, in a tract entitled “The Lantern of Light,” a description of an armoury, the phraseology of which seems likely to have suggested many of the peculiar expressions which occur in the description of *Christian's* battle with *Apollyon*.

“Peace-makers in Christ's Church move men to the rest that Christ promised to his

¹ “Whilst *Christian*,” says Bunyan, “was sleeping in the arbour, one comes and awakes him, saying, ‘Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise.’”

disciples when He was here among them, John xi. 4. Christ hath left among us peace, that we should love together, hating sin and loving virtue; for thus He loved us. For there is no charity unless sin be hated and plucked up by the roots, in us and all others.

"These *peace-makers* stand armed at all pieces, for dread of their enemies, in the armour of Jesus Christ, that Paul teaches, Eph. vi. Six armours, the Apostle rehearſes, that arm the ſoul, five to defend, the ſixth to *affail*. 1. A girdle of chaſtity, (truth.) Take up this girdle, that ye may ſtand perfect in the peace of your ſoul, againſt all fleſhly ſtirrings. 2. An habergeon of righteouſneſs that is thickly mailed, for falſehood ſhould not enter to grieve God or man, or diſturb this true peace. 3. Leg-harneſs, (*gambiere*,) or ſhowing of affectionſ in the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt, and then they are diſpoſed to make peace among men. Not as the world aſketh, but that they ſtand perfectly in all adverſity, with Chriſt and his Goſpel to the death-day. 4. A ſhield of faith. In this they ſhall quench *all the fiend's burning darts*, that are his temptations. Then may no deadly blow ſteal upon that man who hath the ſhield of true belief hanging on his heart. 5. A helm of health, (or helmet of ſalvation,) which is called truſty hope; for it bears off *the ſtrokes the fiend throws at man's ſoul*, with pitileſs *gins*; the one is obſtination, or hardneſs of heart; the other is deſperation, or *wanhope*. But whoſo hath the helm of hope, though ſtrokes light on him, they ſhall in no wiſe burſt his head-piece, or ſink into his ſoul. Therefore, he liveth peaceably in hope of God's mercy. 6. Is the ſword of the ſpirit, that is God's word. With this ſword Jeſus Chriſt *affailed the fiend of hell*, when Chriſt ſaid, 'Go, Sathan;' and he fled *away*. For this ſword is full ſharp, and biteth on both ſides; it parteth, at a ſtroke, the ſoul from the body; and it parteth, in this life, virtue from ſin; and it ſhall part at doomſday the good from the evil. God give us grace to take this ſword, for all that take up this ſword, and ſtand in this armour, Chriſt, our Captain, bleſſeth them, and calleth them his children, Matt. v.: 'Bleſſed are the peace-makers, for they ſhall be called the ſons of God.' And Chriſt ſaith, 'Love ye your enemies, do ye well to them that hate you, and pray for your purſuers and your ſlanderers. That ye may be the ſons of your Father that is in heaven.'"

It may be obſerved that Wicliff's ſixth arm is one of *offence*; and it is with this "*two-edged ſword*" that *Chriſtian* (who had previously acted only on the *defenſive*) *affails*, wounds, and makes *Apollyon ſpread forth his dragon wings, and ſpeed himſelf away*.

Spencer alſo, in the expoſition of his "*Faerie Queene*," refers to the ſame Epiſtle as Wicliff:—

"A faire lady (*Una*) in mourning weedes, riding on a white aſſe, beſeeches the Faery Queene to aſſign her a knight for the deliverance of her parents; a perſon deſires the adventure; but the lady tells him, unleſs the armour ſhe has brought would ſerve him, (that is, the armour of a *Chriſtian* man, ſpecified by St. Paul, Eph. vi.,) that he could not ſucceed in the enterpriſe."

From this text, and the viſion of St. John in the Apocalypſe, are derived all the allegories of De Guileville, Wicliff, Spencer, &c.—down to Bunyan; and this flight

Supereſt quod ſupraeſt.



ADVE deceitfull worlde, thy pleasures I detest;
Nowe, others with thy shewes delude, my hope in heaven doth rest

Inlarged as followeth.

EVEN as a flower, or like vnto the grasse,
Which now dothe stande, and straight with sithe dothe fall,
So is our state: now here, now hence wee passe,
For, time attendes with shredding sithe for all.
And deathe at length, both ould, and yonge, dothe strike:
And into dust dothe turne vs all alike.

Yet, if wee marke how swifte our race dothe runne,
And waighe the cause, why wee created bee;
Then shall wee knowe, when that this life is donne,
Wee shall bee sure our countrie right to see
For here wee are but stravngers, that must flitte:
The nearer home, the nearer to the pitte.

O happie they, that pondering this arighte
Before that here their pilgrimage bee past
Resigne this worlde: and marche with all their mighte
Within that pathe, that leades where ioyes shall last.
And whilst they maye, there, treasure up their store,
Where, without rust, it lastes for evermore.

This worlde must chaunge: That worlde shall still indure
Here, pleasures fade: There, shall they endlesse bee;
Here, man dothe sinne. And there, hee shall bee pure,
Here, deathe hee tastes: And there, shall neuer die.
Here, hathe he grieve: And there shall ioyes possesse,
As none hathe seene, nor anie harte can gelle.

Peregrinus
Christianus
Loquitur

Iacob 1.
Ecclesiast. 14.
Iſaia 40.

2 Corinth. 5.

Via veritas
vita
Ioan. 14.
Math. 6.

Apocal. 6.
Apocal. 21.

1 Corinth. 15.
Apocal. 21.
1 Corinth. 2.

introductory exposition of De Guileville's allegory will show that it contains sufficient *subject-matter*, as well as *personages*, to have suggested to Bunyan the outline, at least, of his own.

Mr. Montgomery (in his Introductory Essay to the Pilgrim's Progress) has suggested that a print in Geoffrey Whitney's book of Emblems, published in 1586, representing a Christian pilgrim spurning the world, may have given Bunyan his first idea of his Christian pilgrim.

We cannot doubt that the popular book of emblems were great favourites of his, and we here insert the facsimile of one, (with three small prints taken from an old edition of the Pilgrim's Progress,) which is sufficient of itself, to his inventive imagination and natural love of allegory, to have excited him to write the appalling details of the Christian's progress through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But a parallel still stronger may be found where perhaps it would be least expected, and that is in the "Valley Perilous" of Sir John Mandeville.—See his "*Voyage and Travaille to Hierusalem*," chap. 28.

"SPIRITALE XIANI MILITIS CERTAMEN."

The engraving of the Christian Warrior is one of those emblematic prints so constantly issued by the artists of the Low Countries at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. They were spread very generally over Europe by the book and printfellers of Holland and Germany; and it was no unusual thing for the English bookfellers to employ these copperplates or woodcuts to illustrate the works they published. Jerome Wierix, the designer of the present engraving, was born in 1548, and passed an industrious life in the production of a large number of engravings, remarkable as well for vigour of design as for extreme elaboration of finish. His Christian Warrior is here armed in accordance with the words of St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, (chap. 6,) and is surrounded by the various dangers and temptations which hinder his progress to the New Jerusalem, seen dimly in the distance. The Spirit of God hovers over him,¹ and he treads under foot the sins of the flesh;² beside his right arm, Christ, as the "corner-stone," has crushed the head of the Serpent. The World, arrayed in attractive garb, appears before him, holding in one hand a money-bag, in the other a

¹ The dove, the token of the Holy Spirit, hovers over the head of the *Christian*. So, in De Guileville, this token of love is often sent to relieve the "pelerin" by *Grace Dieu*—like the key *Christian* finds in his bosom to open the gate of *Doubting Castle*.

² Bunyan says, "One of the wicked ones got behind him, and, whispering, suggested grievous blasphemies to him."

Diabolus assaults him with flaming darts at his breast; but *Christian* had a shield in his hand with which he caught them. "Then," says Bunyan, "did *Christian* draw—for he saw it was time to bestir him."

The *World* is *Madame Bubble*, so truly described by *Standfast*. (2nd Pt. p. 165.)

The *Flesh* is *Madame Wanton*, (Bunyan, p. 82;) *Death* denotes the valley itself.

In these and other features of the Engraving there are many points of resemblance to Bunyan.

drinking-cup, whilst cards and dice are at her feet. Behind him the Devil aims his arrows, and in front Death prepares his scythe for the inevitable blow. In the background, and in advance of his path to the city of rest, Sin awaits to obstruct him, and remorselessly thrusts forth "the worm of conscience"¹ to his view. Between the different figures in this Plate are a great number of texts of Scripture taken from the Vulgate.

It has been already suggested² that, independently of De Guileville's writings, the works also of the author of "Piers Plowman's Vision,"³ "Hampole's Pricke of Conscience," and similar old English poems, furnished to John Bunyan his idea of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is indeed natural to suppose that this was the case, not only from the method in which the latter author treats his subject generally, as, for instance, in the personification of the vices, &c. but also from the particular way in which he introduces it to the reader, under the similitude of a dream.

In order, however, to show how close this similitude is, it will perhaps be best to quote such passages from those earlier writings which bear most closely upon the point—and the reader will thus be enabled to judge for himself as to the extent to which Bunyan was indebted to his predecessors both for the "plot" and treatment of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The *Vision of Piers Plowman*, then, contains a series of visions, which the author imagines himself to have seen, while he was sleeping, after a long ramble on the Malvern hills in Worcestershire.

Than gan I to meten a marvelous sweuen
That I was in wildernes wyft I never where
As I beheld into the aste^a on highe to the sonne
I saw a tower on a toft rychlych ymaked
A *depe dale* beneth a dungeon therin
With *depe diche* a darcke and dreadful of syght

* * * * *

And thus I wente wide wher walkyng myn one^b
By *wilde wildernes* and by a *wodes fyde*
Blisse of the briddes^c broughtte me a *slepe*
And undir a lynde upon a launde^d lened I a stounde
To lythe the layes the lovely fowles made

^a East.

^b Mine own self.

^c Happy melody uttered by the birds.

^d Reclining on an open plot of ground under a lime-tree.

¹ But why must they be thought to 'scape that feel
Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel,
Which conscience shakes?—*Creech's Juw.*

² See *supra*, p. 3.

³ There has been some dispute as to who the author of *Piers Plowman's Vision* really was. On the whole, however, it appears almost certain that it was written by Robert Langland or Longland, a secular priest, who was born at Cledbury Mortimer, (co. Shropshire,) and was a fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. According to Bale he finished his book in 1369; and Wood says of him, "Robertus Langland, Johannes Malvernus nonnullis appellatur; fertur autem inter sui seculi poetas maxime facetos excelluisse."—*Wood's Hist. and Antiq. Univ. Oxon.* l. 11, p. 107.



THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

Mirthe of ire mouthes made me ther to ſlepe
 The merveilous metets^a me mette than
 That ever dremyd wyghtte in world as I wene
 A much^b man as me thoughtte and lik to my ſilve
 Com and callid me be my kinde name
 What art thou coth I tho that thou my name knoweſt
 That thou woſt wel coth he and no wyghtte better
 Wot I what thou art *Thoughtte* ſeide he thanne
 I have ſuwid^c thee this ſevene yere ſey thou me no rather

^a Dreams.

^b Humble.

^c Sought.

Similarly, in the 2nd Part of Pilgrim's Progreſs, Bunyan ſleeps and dreams in a wood—and he fancies an aged gentleman comes and enters into converſation with him, whoſe name is *Sagacity*.

Walter Maſes, who flouriſhed in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I., in his ſatire on the miſuſed learning and corrupt ſtate of the church, entitled “Apocalypſis Goliæ Episcopii,” (Harl. Lib. No. 978,) fancies in his viſion, that, as he is lying in a grove, he ſees the form of *Pythagoras* ſtanding before him. In like manner, Dante ſees *Virgil*,—and De Guileville's Pilgrim ſees *Ovid*.

Again,—a tranſlation of Walter Maſes's *Apoc. Goliæ*, written about the year 1623, opens in a ſimilar manner to that of “Piers Plowman.”

When as the ſunnes hot lamp out of the Bull
 Darted his burning beames unto the full
 I tooke the way to a woodes ſhady grove
 The gentle weſt winds favour for to prove
 Juſt at the middle of a ſummers day
 Under Joves tree as all along I lay
Pythagoras his forme I ſaw ſtand by &c.

A ſimilar exordium precedes a poem which was exceedingly popular throughout the Middle Ages, from the tenth century downwards, entitled, “Debate of the Body and the Soul.”

Als I lay in a winteris nyt
 In a dronkening before the day
 Vor ſouth I ſau a ſelly fyt
 A lady on a bere lay

It may be remarked alſo, by the way, that a decided ſimilarity occurs between the preamble of Lydgate's *Temple of Glas* and Dante's *Inferno*.

Me dyd oppreſſe a ſodayne dedely ſlepe
 Within the whiche methought that I was
 Ravyſhed in ſpyrite into a Temple of Glas
 I ne wyſt howe, ful ferre in wylderneſſe
 That founded was all by lyyckelyneſſe

Not upon stile but on a craggy roche
 Lyke yfe yfroze
 Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
 Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura

* * * * *

*I non so ben ridir, com' io' v'entrai
 Tant 'era pien di sonno, &c. (Dante, Inferno.)*

In the midway of this our life below,
 I found myself *within a gloomy wood*,—

* * * * *

*How first I enter'd it is hard to say,
 In such deep slumber were my senses bound. (Wright's Transl.)*

The mention of Dante's *Inferno* will call to the recollection of the lovers of ancient English poetry the names of three of our northern middle-age poets, who have, in their *Dreams*, had similar *Visions*. The first of these was Richard Hampole, a doctor of divinity, better known as "the hermit of Hampole," who, about the year 1349, wrote his poem called "*The Prycke of Conscience*," divided into *seven* parts—the number of *Limbes* in Dante's *Inferno*, and of the deadly sins—in which he treats of *Death*, of *Judgment*, of the torments of *Hell*, and of the joys of *Heaven*; subjects often treated by both poets and painters under the title of the *Four Last Things*; or, as the Italians call the celebrated frescoes of *Orcagna*, in the Campo Santa of Pisa, the four *Novissima* or *Ultimamenti*.

Hampole, in *his Inferno*, gives a shuddering description of the torment of those he calls "the *syn-folke*," in that monkish legendary hell of fire and ice, described by Dante in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, and since adopted by our two greatest poets, Shakespeare and Milton. Thus Hampole's description is:—

The syn-folke schulleth as I haue afore y-told
 Ffele outrageous hete and afterwards to much colde
 Ffor now he schulleth *freoze* and now *brenne*
 And so be ypynd that non schal other kenne
 And also be ybyte with dragonnes felle and kene
 The whuche schulleth hem destrye outrigte and clene
 And with other vermyn and bestes felle
 The whuche beothe nought but fendes of helle &c.

"One of the torments of the damned, in Dante's *Inferno*," says Warton, "is the punishment of being eternally confined in lakes of ice:

'Eran l'ombre dolenti nell ghiaccia
 Mettendo i denti in nota di cicogna.'

"The ice is described to be like that of the Danube or Tanais. This species of

infernal torment, which has been adopted both by Shakespeare and Milton, has its origin in the legendary hell of the monks. The hint seems to have been taken from an obscure text in the book of Job, (xxiv. 19,) dilated upon by St. Jerome, and the early commentators. The torments of hell, in which the punishment by cold is painted at large, had formed a visionary romance, under the name of St. Patrick's Purgatory or Cave, long before Dante wrote."—*Warton's Hist. Eng. Poet.* v. 3, p. 208.

In Act III. Sc. 3, of "Measure for Measure," Shakespeare makes Claudio exclaim :—

Aye, but to die, and go we know not where !
— and the delighted spirit
To bathe in *fiery floods*, or to reside
In thrilling *regions of thick-ribbed ice*, &c.

And Milton thus describes that "dismal world :"—

The parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging *fire*, to starve in *ice*
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

Par. Lost, B. II. l. 600.

Sir David Lyndesay of the Mount is another of our northern dreamers who has left us descriptions of the infernal and purgatorial regions, and the exordium to his poem called "*The Dreme*," produced in 1528, is modelled upon those of his predecessors.

The poet ascends the cliffs on the sea-shore, and *entering a cavern, high in the crags*, sits down to register in rhyme some merry matter of antiquitie. He compares the fluctuation of the sea with the instability of human affairs ; and, at length, being comfortably shrouded from the falling fleet by the closeness of his cavern, *is lulled asleep* by the whistling of the winds among the rocks, and the beating of the tide. He then has the following vision.

He sees a lady of great beauty, and benignity of aspect, who says she comes to soothe his melancholy by showing him some new sights. Her name is *Remembrance*. Instantaneously she carries him into the centre of the earth. Hell is here laid open—which is filled with popes, cardinals, abbots, &c. and a long satire on the clergy ensues. She then gives the poet a view of *Purgatory* :—

A lytill above that dolorous dungeoun
We enterit in ane cuntrie full of cair

^a Weeping and howling.


^b Many an unhappy fore, or trouble.

Quhare that we saw money ane legioun
Greitand^a and gowland with money ruthfull fair^b
Qhat place is this quod I of blis so bair

But the most extraordinary production of all that have appeared under the similitude of a *Dream* is that of William Dunbar, a native of East Lothian, about the year 1470, who, under the title of "Dunbar's Daunce," has given us a picture of the *Inferno*, in a *burlesque* style, in which he exhibits groups of figures worthy of Callot's pencil. Burns must have taken him as his model.

The poet in his *Dreme* sees a display of hell, and Mahomet or the Devil commands a dance to be performed by a select party of fiends: immediately the seven deadly sins appear, and present a mask or mummery.

The method which they take to introduce their allegory to the reader was so strictly adhered to by the ancient *Dreamers*, that we are naturally led to suppose it must have been founded on some conventional plan. The following passages from De Guileville's *Pilgrim*, and Chaucer's *Dream*, called the "Book of the Duchefs," form a curious parallel in support of such an inference. Chaucer dreams, whilst he is in his bed, in the same manner as De Guileville describes himself to have done—and the illuminated MS. of his poem represents him as sleeping on his bed in the cell of his convent. Chaucer is also aroused from his dream by the turret-clock of the castle, as De Guileville is awoken by the sound of the matin-bell:—

OURTANT le dy car vne foiz
Lan mil trois cens dix par trois fois
Ung songe vy bien merueilleux
Lequel ainfi com sommeilleux
Jescriz a mon recueillement

Thus also Chaucer:—

So when I saw I might not sleepe
Now of late this other night
Upon my bed I fate upright
And bade one reachen me a booke
A *Romaunce* and it me tooke
To rede and drive the night away

After the reading of the Romance he falls asleep; and, according to his usual custom, dreams:—

Methoughten thus that it was May
And in the dawning where I lay
Me met^c &c.

^c Dreamed.

De Guileville thus deſcribes his "*reveillement* :—

Ce me ſembla en ce moment
Si que de leſpouementement
Eſueille et deſdormy fu
Et me trouuay ſi eſperdu
Quauifer ne me pouoie
Se ia mort ou en vie ieſtoie
Jusqua tant que iouy ſonner
Lorologe de nuyt pour leuer
Et auffi lors chantoient les cocqs
Pour quoy leuer me cuiday lors
Mais ne peu car fuz retenu
De la grant penſee ou ie fu
Pour le myen aduenteux ſonge
Ou quel ſe quelque vne menſonge
Eſtoit meſlee ou contenue
Ou qui fuſt de peu de value

And Chaucer follows in a ſimilar ſtrain :—

Right thus me mette as I you tell
That in the caſtell there was *a bell*
As it had ſmitten houres twelve
And therewith I awoke myſelue
And found me lying in my bed
And the book which I had read

He adds :—

Thought I this is ſo quaint a ſweven
That I would *by proceſs of time*
Fond to put this ſweven in rhyme
As I con beſt *and that anon*

But this is only an echo to what De Guileville ſays at the opening of his poem :—

SOUUENTEFOYS il aduient bien
Quant on a ſonge quelque rien
Quon y penſe ſur leſueille
Et ſil ne ſouient au premier
De tout le ſonge proprement
Bien aduient que ſon y entent
Quapres a plain il en ſouient
Et tout a memoire reuient
Au leuer on eſt ſommeilleux

Et sont les sens si pareceux
 Que son songe point on nentent
 Si non *en groz* sommierement
 Mais quant on fest bien aduise
 Et on ya apres pense
 Lors en fouient il plus a plain
 Mais *quon naïtende au lendemain*
 Car trop attendre *le feroit*
Oblier et nen souuiendrait

There is, moreover, a similarity between the "Envoye," or "way of sending forth their books," of Bunyan and De Guileville, which appears to be sufficiently deserving of a passing remark: though it must, of course, be regarded as a circumstance perfectly fortuitous. De Guileville informs us that the first rough sketch of his *Pilgrim* had been stolen from him, and numerous copies circulated by the culprit—of which he thus complains:—

Afin que ie ne lobliasse
 Et quapres le *recorrigeasse*
 Quant mieulx esueille ie seroye
 Et que pense plus y auroie
Ce que ie cuidois moult bien faire
 Se ie neusse eu en *ce contraire*
 Car sans mon sceu et volonte
 Tout mon escript me fut *oste*
Par tout diuulge

Not being able to root out the copies of his original sketch, he resolves on publishing an *amended* edition of his dream, and sending it forth with an "Envoye" tied round its neck!

Tout entour le col luy pendray
 Pource quenuoyer le voudray
 Par tous les lieux ou a este
 Sans mon voloir et sans mon gre

And he thus addresses his book:—

¶ Doncques songe tu ten yras
 Par tous les lieux ou este as
 A tous tes *prouuains*^a ie tenuois
 Pource que bien y scez la voye
 De par moy va les tous tailler
 * * * * *
 Va doncques tost ou ie tenuois
 Car mieulx y scez que moy la voye

In like manner, Bunyan sends forth HIS *Second-Part*, with an "Envoye" round its

^a The *offsets*, or copies of his 1st MS.

neck! to "every place in which his *first pilgrim had already shewn his face*," and thus denounces the numerous counterfeits of it in circulation.

Bunyan. "Go now, my little Book, to every place
Where my *first Pilgrim* has but shewn his face :
Call at their doors, &c."

Book. "But how, if they will not believe of me,
That I am truly thine—'cause some there be
That *counterfeit* the Pilgrim, and his name ;
Seek, by *disguise*, to seem the very same,¹
And by that means have wrought themselves into
The hands and houses of I know not who."

Bunyan. "'Tis true, some have of LATE, to counterfeit
My Pilgrim, to their own, my Title set ;
Yea, others, half my name and title too,
Have stitiched to their books to make them do ;
But yet, they, by their features, do declare
Themselves not mine to be, whose e'er they are."

* * * * *

"Wherefore, my Book, let no discouragement
Hinder thy travels ; behold, thou art sent
To Friends, not Foes—to Friends that will give Place
To thee, thy Pilgrim's, and thy word embrace.
—Go then, my little Book, and shew to all
That entertain and bid thee Welcome shall,
What thou shalt keep close shut up from the rest,
And with what thou shalt shew them may be blest
To them for Good, and make them chuse to be
Pilgrims, by better far than thee and me."

This close similarity in the mode adopted by the early poets and dreamers, whether English or foreign, of "sending forth" their books, amounting almost to an identity of expression, can by no means be regarded as accidental. Though the subjects of their Dreams differed essentially, they were all formed in the same mould. From Jean de Meung, Rutebœuf, and De Guileville, down to Piers Plowman, Chaucer, Lydgate, and Hawes—they all followed in each other's wake ; and Bunyan, in admiration of his model, constructed and launched his unrivalled *argosy*, saying :—

O, let my little bark attendant sail,
Enjoy the triumph and partake the gale.

¹ This may refer to the publication of a pretended "*Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress*," published by Thomas Malthus, a year before Bunyan published his own. Vide Southey's Life of Bunyan, p. lxxvii. and Offer's edit. of the Pilgrim's Progress, p. cxxiv.

Le Pelerinage de l'Homme and the Pilgrim's Progreſs.

Stephen Hawes, in his "Paſtime of Pleaſure," published in 1506, which he entitles "The Courſe of Man's Life in this World," thus addreſſes his book, in what he calls an "*Excufation* of the Author," a title much like the preamble to the 1ſt part of Pilgrim's Progreſs, which Bunyan calls "The Author's *Apology* for his Book."

Go, little boke ! I praye God thee ſave
From miſſe metrying by wrong impreſſion,
And who that ever liſt thee for to have,
That he perceyve well thyne intencion,
For to be grounded without preſumption,
As for to eſchewe the ſynne of ydlenefs ;
To make ſuch bokes I apply my buſines.
Beſeeching God for to give me grace,
Bokes to comyle of moral vertue.

The following is from Lydgate's Poem in honour of St. Edmond, the patron of his monastery at Bury St. Edmond's :—

Go, littel boke, be ferfull, quaaak for drede,
For to appere in ſo hye preſence.

And Chaucer thus addreſſes his Book, at the cloſe of his poem of "The Flower and the Leaf :"—

O little book ! thou art ſo unconning,
How dar'ſt thou put thyſelf in preſ^a for dread ?
It is wonder that thou waxeſt not red,
Sith that thou wot'ſt full lite^b who ſhall behold
Thy rude language, full boiſtouſly unfold.^c

Theſe paſſages are not only ſufficient indications of the ſources from which Bunyan drew his deſcription, at the *opening* of his allegory, of the place in which he choſe to dream, (a den or valley,) and the mode he adopted of "ſending forth" his book, in the form of the ancient "Envoye," but alſo good evidence of his taſte for, and attachment to, our old vernacular literature.

^a In public, or in the crowd.

^b Little.

^c Roughly diſplayed or unfolded.



APPENDIX.



Appendix.

Containing the Description of the Holy City, &c. and Explanation of the Woodcuts from Vitellius C. xiii., also Translations of the original French quoted in the Analysis.

The Woodcuts are copied from "Le Pelerinage de l'Homme," imprime en Goth. par Anthoine Verard, fol. Paris, 1511.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOLY CITY.

THE seyde yer ho lyft take kep^a
I was avysed in my slep
Excyted eke and that a noon
To Jerusalem for to goon

Gretly meved in my corage
Ffor to do my pylgrymage
And ther to steryd inwardly
And to tell the cause why
Was ffor me thouht I hadde a fyght
With inne a merour large and bryght
Off that hevenely ffayr cyte
Wych representede vnto me
Ther of holy the manere
With inne the glas ful bryht and cler

And werrayly as yt so thouhte me
Yt excellde off bewete^b
Al other in comparyfon
Ffor god hym fylff was the mafown^c
Wych mad yt ffayr at ys devys^d
Ffor werkman was there noon so wys

Yt to conceyve in hys entent
Ffor al the weyes and paament
Was ypavyd all off gold
And in the sawter^e yt ys told
How the ffyrst ffundacyon
On hyllys off devocyon
The mafounry wrouht ful clene
Off quyke stonys bryht and schene
Wyth a clofour rounde a bowte
Off enemyes ther was no dowte
Ffor awngell the wach ykepte
The wych day nor nyht ne slepte
Kepyng so strongly the entre
That no wyht kam in that cyte
But pylgrymes day nor nyht
And ther were many manfyouns
Placys and habytacyouns
And ther was also al gladnesse
Joye with ovten hewynesse
And pleyntly who that hadde grace

^a The said year
(let whoever list-
eth give heed.)

^b Beauty.

^c Mafon.

^d After his own
plan.

^e Pfalter.

^a Slain.^b Better refuge.^c Slaughter.^d Together.^e Affected with.^f He who heeds these things is esteemed wife.^g Follow.^h Banners.

Ffor to entre in that place
 Ffond on to hys plesaunce
 Off joye al maner suffysaunce
 That any hert kan devyse
 And yet the entre in swych wyfe
 Was strongly kepte ffor komyng in
 Ffor the awngel cherubin
 Off the gate was cheff porter
 Hauing a swerd flawmyng as cler
 As any ffyr evene at the gate
 And who that wold erly or late
 Passen the wal he was yflawe^a
 There ne was noon other lawe
 Ne bet helpe ne bet refut^b
 The vengeaunce ay was execute
 In the passage thyder ward
 The weye was so streiht and hard
 Ffor giauntys with ther felonye
 And with ther mortel tormentye
 Devyseden on ther entent
 Fful many wonderful torment
 Lyggyng awayt fro day to day
 To slan pylgrymes in ther way

Makyng ful grete occysion^c
 Off pylgrymes of grete renovn
 Off men and wommen both yfere^d
 Whos martyrdom as ye shaal here
 Was ful grevous to endure
 Ffor somme of hem I yow ensure
 Wern out of ther skynnes flawe
 And somme by ful mortel lawe
 Were hew as bokys kan remembre
 Asonder partyd every membre
 Crucefyed of blood al red
 And many other lost hys hed
 Off somme the bowelys wer out rent
 And somme on hote colys brent
 Ffretynge salt cast in among
 Ffor to make ther peynys strong
 Myd the ffyry flawmys reed
 Somme boyled in oyle and led
 And fore bete that yt was wonder
 Somme sawyd evene asfonder
 Nerff and bon asfonder rent
 And ther entraylles aforn hem brent

The fellouns wern on hem so felle
 That yt ys pyte for to telle
 And ther ys no man now a lyve
 That kan the penys halff descryve
 Nor a sermon ther off make
 That they suffrede ffor the sake
 Off crist ihu vnto the deth
 Ffor love tyl they yald vp the breth
 Myd ther mortal peynes smerte
 Ffor ther ys noon so hard on hert
 So despytous nor so ffelon
 That he wold ha compassyon
 Ben agryfed^e off pyte
 And specyally ffor to se
 That they suffrede for no synne
 But only off entent to wynne
 The love off cryst and ffor hys sake
 All they han up on hem take
 Seyng how full long aforn
 Cryst to suffre was yborn
 And fforbar not to be ded
 And sythen he that was her hed
 Suffrede paynys deth and woo
 The membrys wolde endure also
 And ffolowe ther hed in al thyng
 As feyn Gregori in his wretynge
 Recordeth pleylnly who taketh hed
 Of al those wyfe ys had^f
 For wyth the membrys as was due
 After ther hed lyft to sue^g
 Wyche by example went afore
 To whom theentre was not forbore
 Ffor swych as deyde ffor hys love
 By wyketys entrede in above
 Vp the gate hih a lofte
 Thogh there was passage was not foffte
 The porter lyft hem nat to lette
 And ther pencillys^h vp they sette
 On cornerys wher them thouhte good
 All steined with ther oune blood
 And whan that I perceyved yt
 I conceyvede yn my wyt
 That who schold ther with inne
 Entre by fforce he most yt wynne
 By manhood only and by vertu
 For by record of feyn Mathew

The hevene as by hys sentence
 Wonnen ys by vyolence
 Crysoftom recordeth ek also
 Who lyfte taken hede ther to
 That gret vyolence and myght
 Yt ys who that loke aryght
 A man be born in erth her downe
 And ravyshe lyk a champyon
 The noble hih heavenly place
 By vertu only and by grace
 Ffor vertu doth to a man assure
 Thyngs denyed by nature
 Thys to seyne who lyft lere
 That vertu makyth a man conquere
 The hih hevene in many wyfe
 To wych kynde may not suffyse
 To cleyne ther pocession
 But she be guded by reson
 Wych to vertu ys maystresse
 To lede hyr also and to dresse
 In hyr Pylgrymage ryght
 Above the sterrys cler and bryght
 Ffor other weye koude I not se
 To entre by in that cyte
 Ffor cherubyn erly and late
 Ay awaytynge at the gate
 Was redy euer and ther stood
 Whos swerd was bloodyd with the blood
 Off crystys holy passyon
 Whan he made our Redemption
 Mankynde to restore agayn
 The wych wey whan I hadde feyn
 I was astonyd in my syght
 But I was comforted anoon right
 Whan I sawh the swerd mad blunt
 Off cherubin the wych was wont
 To brenne as any flawnbe bryht
 But now the sharpnesse and lyht
 Was queynte^a to do no more vengauce
 By vertu off crystys gret suffraunce
 Wych shal no more for man be whet
 * * * * *
 Afterward yt ys no flayle
 Me thouhte I sawh a gret mervayle
 Vp on tours dyuers estatys
 Off doctours and prelatys

Shewyng as by contenance
 By speche and by dallyaunce
 Techyng pylgrymes to knowe
 That wer yn the vale lowe
 How with travaylle and peyne
 And how also they sholde atteyne
 To make hem wynges ffor to fle
 Hih alofte to that cyte
 By wynges of example good
 Yiff they ther lernyng vnderstood
 Wych they tauhte hem in ther lyff
 By doctryne contemplatyff
 Outward shewyng as by cher^b
 Ther love was to hem ful enter
 Ffovndyd vpon charyte
 Amongys wych I dede se
 Gret nombre of thys Jacobins
 Off chanouns and of Awstynys^c
 Folkys ful diuers of maner
 Both temporal and seculer
 Off clerkys and relygyous
 And other ordrys vertuous
 Mendykantys ful nedy
 That day and nyht werrych besy
 To gedre ffetters bryht and shene
 And make hem wynges ffor to ffeene
 And gan a noon withal ther myght
 To foren up and take her flyht
 Hih in to that ffayr cyte
 And hiher vp they dyde ffele
 Above Cherubin that aungel cler
 For they wer out of hys daunger
 By the techyng and the doctryne
 And by examples ek dyvyne
 Wych these maystres hadde hem tauht
 Wherby they han the hevene kauht
 And ffonde ther in gret avauntage
 To fforthre hem in ther pylgrymage
 And how hem fylff they sholde guyde
 And vp on the tother syde
 Vnder the wal of the cyte
 I sawh off gret autorite
 Ffolkys wych dyde entende
 To helpe her ffrendys to ascende
 By ful gret subtylyte
 To make hem entre the cyte

^a Quenched so as to do.

^b By their countenance or gesture.

^c Austin friars.

^a Ladders.^b Each one.^c St. Benediſt.^d I knew not.^e Get again.^f Affirm.^g For ever his
ſcarf and ſtaff,
i. e. faith and
hope.^h Owe.ⁱ Reaſon.^k Moved.^l I cared for no
other joy.^m See as in a vi-
ſion.ⁿ Better.^o Before.

And ther to dyde her byfy cure
By ſcalys^a thorgh the ſtrong cloſure
And as me thouhte a mong echon^b
That ſaint benet^c in ſoth was on

Wych as I rehers ſhal
Ffor to ſcale that hih wal
That was ſo myhty and ſo ſtrong
With hym brouht a ladder long
In the wych men myhte ſe
¹XII grees off humylyte
By wych thorgh deuocyon
Ffolk off hys relygyon
Aſcendys vp gre by gre
With oute lette to that cyte
And the ryht weye han take
Monkys greye whyte and blake
Aſcending vp with oute ſſeer
And ſeyn ffraunceys I ſawh ek ther
And many another I beheld
Off dyuers ffolkys that vp ran
Off whom the namys I not kan^d
Nor how they dyde hem fylff aſſure
Over the wallys to recure^e
On eche party rounde aboute
Ffor I in ſoth that ſtood withoute
Myghte not be holden al the paas
But on the party that I was
Wych was to me gret dyspleſavnce
But I dar ſeyn^f in ſubſtaunce
That ther was noon off no degre
Wych entre myhte the cyte
But leſt withoute lowe don
Ffor al hys ſherpe and bordoon^g
But thentent off hys vyage
And ffyn ek off hys pylgrymage
Wer ſet of herte fynally
Ther whyde perpetuely
With ſeyth hope and charyte
To lyve at reſt in that cyte
Ffor other thyng in hert and thouht
To her deſyre they wolde nouht
Ffor as the phyhſofre ſeyth

To whom men moſten eyven^h ffeyth
That al folk wherſo they wende
What they do ys for ſom ende
And for that ſkyleⁱ more and more
I was ſteryd^k wonder fore
Ffor to take my journee
Lyke a pylgryme to that cyte
Off more joye I nat kepte^l
And me thouht ek as I ſlepte
And in my dreem did ek mete^m
That ellys I myghte ha no quyete
And thus feel penſyff in my guyſe
A noon I gan me to a vyſe
And thought in my avyſion
I fſailede a ſherpe and bordon
Wych al pylgrymes ouhte to have
In the wey hem fylff to ſave
And ſo the pylgrymes hadde echon
In ther vyage but I allone
They wer echon by ffore purveyd
Betⁿ in ther wey to be conveyed

And I roos vp and that anoon
And fro my hous gan out gon

Off entente forth to procede
But than at erſt I gan take hede
That to myn entencion
I myghte ffynnden a bordoun
And a ſherpe wyche off uſage
Ffolk han that gon on pylgrymage
Nedful to me and neceſſarye
Ffor wych cauſe I dyde tarye
Or I myghte gynne my journee
To holde my wey to that cyte
Ffor wych I went complaynyng
Oute off my fylff tryſt and wepyng
Cerchyng tofor^o and ek behynde
Sherpe and bordon for to fynde
And whil I dyde my beſynneſſe
²A lady of ful gret ffayrneſſe
And gret nobleſſe ſoth to ſay

¹ This is an alluſion to the foundation of twelve monaſteries by St. Benediſt, and his reſtriction of the number of monks in each to twelve brethren and no more.

² See Woodcut I.

I dyde mete vpon the waye
 Ffor god wold I you behete ^a
 Sone that I sholde hyr mete
 Off grace for my owne prowth ^b
 Ther off I hadde joye ynowh
 And my hert gret gladnesse
 Ffor she as by lyklynesse
 Was douhter of som Emperour
 Somme myghty kyng or govenour
 Or off that lord that guyeth al
 Wych ys of power most royal
 And thys lady gracyous
 Most debonayre and vertuous
 Was yclad by gret deliyht
 In a furcote al of whyt
 With a Tyffu gyrt off grene
 And endlong ful bryht and shene
 Sche hadde a charboucle ston
 That round abowte hyr body shon
 Was noon so reche as I was war
 And on hyr breft a nouche ^c she bar
 I trowe that nowher was no bet
 And in the awmaylle ^d ther was sette
 Passyngly a reche sterre
 Wych that cast hys bemys ferre
 Round a bowte al the place
 Ther was fwyth habondaunce off grace
 Out of whos bosom mylde ynowh
 Ther kam a dowe whyt as snowgh
 Wyth hys wynges splayng ^e oute
 Plauynyge round hyr honde aboute
 Thys lady of whom I han told
 Hadde on hyr hed a crowne of gold
 Wrouht of sterres shene and bryht
 That cast aboute a ful cler lyht
 He was ful myghty who taketh hede
 That sette yt ferst upon hyr hed
 And made yt ffyrst by gret avys
 Off gret Richeffe and gret prys
 Thys lady that I spak of here
 Was curteys and of noble chere
 And wonderly of gret vertu
 And ffyrst she gan me to salue
 In goodly wyfe axynge of me

What maner thyng yt myght be
 Or cause why I shold hyr lere ^f
 That I made so hevy chere
 Or why that I was ay wepyng
 For lak of eny maner thyng
 Wher of when I gan take hede
 I ffyl ynto a maner drede
 Ffor unkonnyng and leudnesse ^g
 That sche of so gret noblesse
 Dysdenede not in hyr degre
 To speke to on so pore as me
 But yiff yt were so as I gesse
 Al only of hyr gentyllenesse
 For gladly wher ys most beute
 Ther ys gretteft humylyte
 And that ys verrayly the sygne
 Swych ar most goodly and benygne
 An apple tre with frut most lade
 To folk that stonden in the shade
 Mor lowly doth hys branches loute ^h
 Thon a nother tre withoute
 Wher haboundeth most goodnes
 Ther ys ay most of meknesse
 None so greet token of bewte
 As ys parfyt humylyte
 Who wanteth hyr in hys banere
 Hath not vertu hool and entere ⁱ

* * * *

¹ And then I gan to wepe anon ^k
 Sihe and forowe and feyn allas
 What shal I don now in thys cas
 Or to what party in certeyne
 Shal I drawn off thys tweyne

GRACE DIEU.

Quoth Grace Dieu what may thys be
 Why wepyst thou what cyleth the
 So thyfylve to dysconforte

* * * *

The PYLGRIM.

Certys quoth I I may wel wepe
 For yiff ye lyst to take kepe

^a Affure you that
 it was God's will
 that I should soon
 meet her.

^b Profit.

^c Necklace.

^d Enamel.

^e Spreading.

^f Inform.

^g Ignorance and
 surprise.

^h Bend down.

ⁱ Whole and en-
 tire.

^k ("A larmo-
 yer," &c. f. 39,
 b.
 Vitell. C. XIII. f.
 154, b.)

¹ The French references are to Verard's Edition.

^a Let down or
abased.

^b Follow or re-
main closely at-
tached to.

^c Vitell. C. XIII.
f. 14.
"Je suis celle."

^d Regard or re-
spect.

^e Dove.

^f Since.

^g Make known.

^h "Lors elle me
prist en celle
heure." f. 4.

ⁱ Astonished.

My joye my myrthe and my plesaunce
Myn elthe and al my suffysaunce
Bodeynly me han forfake
I may compleyn and forowe make
For whilom above the skye
I was wont to fle ful hyhe
And hadde also ful glad repayre
With bryddis fleying in the hayr
In my most lusty fresch sefon
But now I am avalyd don ^a
And fynde by gret adverfyte
Al that ys contrayre unto me

* * * *

Cheynd ryht as ys an ape
On to a clog and must yt sue ^b
And fro thenys may nat remue
For my body gret and large
Ys the clog that me doth charge
And letteth with hys grete wheyhete
That I may nat fien an hyhte
For ever with hys mortal lawe
Don to th erthe he doth me drawe

* * * *

A body corrupt yt ys no nay
Greveth the body [spirit?] nyht and day
Kepeth hym in captyvte
Yt may not gon at lyberte
Nouthur wakyng nor a slepe
For wych certys I may wel wepe
And feyn alas and fory be
Off my gret adverfyte

. . . . ^cTo pylgrymes day and nyht
I enlumine and give lyht
To al pylgrymes in ther way
As wel in dyrknesse as be day
So they lyfte rewarde ^d me
And lyfte that I her guyde be
And yiff they erryn in her weye
Ageyn I han hem wel conveye
I wyl hem helpen and redresse
Ffor I am she in sothfastnesse
Whom thou owest seke of ryght

In straunge lond with al thy myght
I zive lyht to folk echon
That out of hyr waye gon
And releue hem on and alle
Lette vp folkys that be falle
Ffrom al myscheff and from al blame
And *Grace dieu* that ys my name
Fful nedful in ech contre
And by thys dowe ^e wych thou dost se
Wych I bere with wynges fayre
Humble benygne and debonayre
I am tokeynyd who lyst seke
With hyr goodly eyen meke
And so thou shalt me calle in dede
Whan thou hast on to me nede
And that shal be ful offte sythe ^f
That I may my power kythe ^g
Telpe the in thy pylgrymage
Ffor fynally in thy vyage
As thou gost to that cyte
Thou shalt haue offte aduerfyte
Gret mescheff and encombraunce
Empechementys and dysturbaunce
Wych thou mayst nat in no degre
Passe nor endure withoute me
Nor that cyte never atteyne
Thogh thou ever do thy payne
Withoute that I thy guyde be

¹ Tho hyr lyft no lenger byde
But took me in the same tyde ^h
And made me wt hyr for to gon
To an hous of hers anoon
Wher I sholde fynde indede
Al thyng that I hadde of nede
She was hyr sylf yn sothnesse
Off thylk hous cheff foundereffe
Ffor on hyr word yt was fyrst groundyd
And by hyr wysdom bylt and foundyd
The yerys of the malownry
Thyrte hundred and thyrty
And ffor the ffayrnesse and bewte
I hadde gret wyl that hous to se
Abayshed ⁱ for yt was so fayr

¹ See Woodcut II.

Ffor yt heng hih up in the hayr
Twen hevene and erthe flood the place
As yt hadde only by grace
Ffrom the hevene descendyd down
So flood that hevenely mancyon
With stepls and with toures hihe
Frefshely arrayed to the eye
As a place most royal
Above al other princypal
Wych flood vp on a ffayr River
The water ther of holfom and cler
But ther nas passage in that place
Nor shepe wherby men myhte passe

BAPTISM.¹

^a The pilgrim having been exhorted by
Gracedieu to enter her housse by the waters
of Baptism, he thus replies :—

The PYLGRYME.

Ffor wych to gracedieu I sayde
And to hyr thus I abrayde^b
Madame me semeth in my thouht
That ive ben in perel brouht
Ffor I kan sey no passage
To passe by nor avauntage

I kan nat swymmen yt stondeth so
Wherfor I not what I may do
And yiff I entre I am in doute
How euer I schold komen oute
Ffor wych tentre I stonde in drede
I haue of helpe so gret nede

GRACEDIEU argueth.

What menyth thys what may thys be
That thou art now as semeth me
So fore a dred of thys Ryver
Wych ys but lyte smothe and cler
Why artow ferful of thys stream
And art toward Jerusaleem
And mustest off necessitye
Passen ferst the gret see

Or thou kome ther to her ys al
And dredyft now thys Ryver smal
And most kouth^c ys thys passage
To chylde that be yong of age
And offier han thys ryver wonne
Than folk that ben on age ronne

For other weye ys ther noon
To Jerusaleem for to goon

And ek I wyl the telle a thyng
Ther passede onys her a kyng
Ffyrst assuryng the passage
Unto euery maner age

To walschen hym yt was no nede
But that hym lyst off lowly hede
Schewe example by hys grace
How other folkys sholde passe
Wher by the same went
Wherfore tel me thyn entent
Yiff thou thys ryver lyst atteyne
And I shal anon ordeyne
A fergeaunt of myn inspecial
Wych offyccer the helpe shal
For to passe the water cler
And wardeyn ys of the Ryver
He shal the walshe he shal the bathe
And make the passe the more rathe
And to put the out of doute
He shal croffe the round aboute
Make the sur as thou shalt se
From al tempestys of the se
Tescap the wawe of euery streem
And make the wyne Jerusaleem
By conquest and fynally
That thou shalt drede non enmy

The Pilgrim inquires the necessity of this
washing.

In answer to this inquiry Gracedieu thus
speaks—

² “ When God had created Adam and Eve,
your first parents, He bestowed such favour up-

^a Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 15, b.

^b Upbraid.

^c Well known.

¹ See Woodcut III.

² A summary of her answer is given in prose.

^a Pſal. xviii. 20.

^b Prov. xiii. 6.

^c 1 Cor. xv. 22.

^d Gal. v. 17.

^e Gen. ii. 8.

^f John i. 17.

^g Rom. v. 19.

^h Deut. vi. 5.
Lev. xix. 18.
Matt. xxii. 37—
39.
Mark xii. 30.
Luke x. 27.

ⁱ John xiv. 21.
ⁱ Pet. i. 22.

^k James i. 14.

^l Titus iii. 5.

^m Chaff.

ⁿ Remains.

^o Mark iv. 28.

on them as enabled them to live without infirmity, and without necessity of death. He granted them uprightness, and power to keep that uprightness in freedom of will,^a so that the body then obeyed the soul,^b tendering it subjection as it ought in reason to do.

“God intended this Righteousness as an inheritance to their posterity; but Adam and Eve forfeited it by their disobedience. Then death became their portion;^c and as they no longer obeyed God they lost the command over themselves;^d for he who will not render subjection to a higher authority can no longer claim obedience.

“Adam was placed in Paradise, to dress it and to keep it;^e its felicity did not consist alone in delicious fruits and cooling waters, but in the uprightness which caused Adam and Eve to love their Creator better than themselves,^f and each other as themselves.

“But since human nature received so great a wound by their disobedience,^g that this Righteousness became effaced from it, the good God renewed it when He commanded Moses,^h saying, ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength,’ and thy neighbour as thyself.

“Adam possessed this love by nature, the performance of it was therefore easy to him; but after his disobedience it became very difficult to his posterity, so that without my assistance it is impossible for you to do right; but if you make an effort to direct your course to the right haven

‘de tirer tousiours a bon port’
and to recover the power of lovingⁱ with a pure heart, your gracious Redeemer will ac-

cept your service as a duty done unto Himself, and will pardon that which is wanting; and though the flesh will still tempt you to evil, you must battle strongly against this sinful inclination;^k you will always find resistance necessary, but I will be with you to enable you to withstand against your enemy, that it shall not overcome you,^l which I cannot do unless you will submit to the washing” (of Baptism).

The Pilgrim does not acknowledge this necessity, saying, that if his parents had been cleansed from original sin, he must also have inherited their cleansing.

GRACEDIEU replies:

¹ Than quod she to me agayn
Tak hed when men sewen greyne
The husk the chaff yt ys no nay
But fyrst be clene put away
Or yt be throwe upon the londe
And sowe abroad with manhys hond
Whit and pur yff thow take hede
And afterward whan yt doth fede
Upon the tyme off hys ryping
And the selson of gadryng
Men fynde ageyn the same corn
Huskid as yt was befor
And ther to clothyd newe ageyn
By which example in certeyn
Thogh thy fadris wer by grace
Off ther orygynal trespase
Purged clene and frely quyt
The caff^m and the strowh abyttⁿ
Reneweth ay and ever shal
Of the synne orygynal
Up on the greyn wych of hem spryngeth
The huske alway with hem they bryngeth
Al folkys as thow shalt lere

¹ Lors me respondit elle or voy
Comment en terre on seme ble
Et quel apres il est trouue
On ly meît despoille et nu
Et on le retreuve vestu
De paille et de nouvelle cote
Qui estre te doit vne note^o
Que se tes parens sont prouez
De leurs originels pechez

Pource nest mie que tout tel
Nayes peche originel
Ceste paille tousiours reuint
Avec chascun quant nouuel vient
En ce monde et en ceste terre
Telement qua chascun fault querre
Riuere ou preigne laument
Sil veult auoir son purgement

That kyndely be sown here
In this world fro day to day
The huske with hem abytt alway
And severyth not in no manere
Tyl they be wasshed in the ryvere
Wherfor by short conclusioun
They nede eche on purgatioun

The Pilgrim acknowledges that he can no longer make any objection, lamenting that it is out of his power to assist himself; an advocate arrives, who undertakes to speak for him and to aid him to pass the river

"Et celluy Guillaume auoit nom
Pas ne scauoie son surnom."

¹ The PYLGRYME.

Tyl at the laste an aduocaat
Kam to me tho in my nede
Without gerdoun ^a other mede
And for I hadde of speche lak
Wonderly goodly for me he spak
Proffrede for to helpe of grace
To make me the Ryver passe
And that I myght over gon
And that I wer ek wasshe anon
In al that ever he coude or myghte
And Guyllyam ffor sothly he hyhte ^b
Hys surname I not ne knew
And thus he spak to Gracedieu
Myn almesse ^c with your grace

¹ LE PELERIN.

¶ Adonc cest aduocat me prist
Et ie lui dis quil mappelaist
Tout ainsi com lui et nommaist
Et que tantost me fist passer
Leue pour moy dedens lauer
Celui vint tost et ainsi fist
Mais quelque chose auant il dist
Sur moy qui auoit tel vertu
Qu'en ce point aduis il me fu
Que de moy vng oïfel ysty
Qui estoit noir et a hault cry
Disoit en lair iout perdu
Cest official mal venu
Soit qui ainsi moste mes droiz
Et maintenant et autrefois
¶ Puis lofficial me baigna ^a
Et dedans leue me laua
Trois fois me croisa et si me oint

I wol fulfyllen in thys place
And yiff ye wyl I calle shal
Off your hous the Offycyal
Ffor yt ys now ryght good seson
After your oppynyoun
That he mak by your bydding
Off thys pylgrym the wasshyng
Wher of ye han so mych seyd
Quod she I am ryght wel assayd
And ther withal benygne of look
The advocate anon me took
Of Charyte by gret plesaunce
After the custome and usaunce
And made calle of fyrst of al
To helpyn hym the offycyal
Bad hem also among hem alle
After hys name me to calle
The he shold ek don hys deuer ^d
To helpe me pass the ryver
That I were wasshen and noon ryght
And so he dyde withal hys myght
And many thynges as he abrayde
Over me methouhte he sayde
Wordys that hadde gret vertue
As he was taught of gracedieu
When thorgh me thouht and that anon
That I saw ther fro me goon
A foul that was of colour blak
And in his lydene ^e thus he spak
Crying men herd hym every cost ^f
I wys quod he I have al lost

Gracedieu ne men mentit point
Et quant ie fuz oultre passe
Et laduocat sen fut ale
Qui me fist si grant courtoisie
Quoblier iamaiz ne doy mie
Lors en sa maison gracedieu
Me mena ou moult a beau lieu
Et la me fist elle semblant
Plus bel que nauoit fait deuant

GRACEDIEU.

¶ Puis dist elle que es laue
Et que la ruiere as passe
Et de toy est hors lennemy
Qui ia y auoit fait son ny
Maintes choses te monsterreray
Dont ton prouffit tresgrant feray
Se tu as volente daprendre
Et adroit y veulx bien entendre

^a Reward.

^b Truly he was called.

^c Alms.

^d "Devoir," behest.

^e Song or narrative.

^f Everywhere.

^g f. 6. b.

^h John iii. 5.

^a Same.

And from me now ys taken al
 By thys ylke ^a offycyal
 He hath my clothys fro me rauht ^b
 And thre tyme he hath me kauht
 And in the ryver plunged me
 Croffyd as men myghte fe
 Anoynted in the streemes cold
^b Snatched away.
 Lyk as gracedieu me tolde
 I fonde she lyede never adel
 And when that I was fayre and wel
 The Ryver passyd than anoon
 And th advocat ek was gon
^c Vitell. C. xiii.
^f 31.
 Wych only of gentrye
 Hadde don to me gret curtoysye
 That shal never out of mynd
 Than Gracedieu most good and kynde
 Ladde me forth in my repayre
 To a place ryght inly fayr
 And never she made me to fore
^d And always
 continue thus
 together.
 So good chere syth I was bore
 Nor was so benygn of hyr port
 Unto me to don confort
 Now syth quod she that yt ys sene
 Thou art washed and made al clene
 And art passyd the ryver
 Without a pereyl or daunger
^e In good or evil
 circumstances.
 Thyn enemy fled out of thy brest
 Wher he aforne hadde made hys nest
 I shal the shew of gret delyt
 Pful many thyng for thy profyt

^f f. 8. b.¹ See Woodcut IV.LE IOUENCEL ET IOUENCELLE.¹

LE PELERIN.

^s Gen. xii. 10.

Ung pelerin soudainement
 Vy venir deuers orient
 Et de lautre partie a droit
 Une pelerine venoit
 A lofficial sont venuz
 En disant sans attendre plus
 Ensemble nous voulons aler
 Et ensemble peleriner
 En ierusalem la cite
 Mais que vous ayez volente
 De nous enseigner que ferons
 Et comment seurement yrons

^h Gen. i. 27, 28.

LE PRESTRE.

ⁱ f. 7. b.

Lors leur dist il cest grant seurte
 Que soyiez deux en verite
 Mais que bien vous vous entramez ^s

¹ ORDRE OFF MARYAGE.^c

The PYLGRYME.

And tho myn eye as I vp caste
 I sawe komen wonder fatte
 A pylgrym al fodeynly
 Holdyng hys weye fynally
 As methouht in hys entent
 Drawynge into the oryent
 And even in the opposyt
 I sawe ek kome by gret delyt
 A woman wych that was also
 A pylgryme ek and both two
 Her wey took in especyall
 Towardys the offycyal

(He) tolde hem yiff they wolde gon
 They moste of herte be alon
 Tweyne in on and on in tweyne
 Both in joye and ek in peyne
 And so to gydre ay perfevere^d
 Tyl that deth make hem dyffevere

And that your trouthe on outhere fide
 Perpetually in on abyde
 To your last that yt endure
 And that ye shal to me assure
 Both be feyth and ek by oth
 And beth wel war for leff or loth^e

Et loyaulte vous vous portez
 Et ce que promettez par foy
 Tresbien a certes deuant moy
 En gardant bien que vous ferez
 Car s'apres vous vous parierez
 Et ne tenez vo conuenant
 Je vous promettez ne tant ne quant
 Ne vous vaudra vostre voyage
 Ne tout vostre pelerinage ^h

LEVESQUE.ⁱ

... dy moy
 Je te prie se le scez pour quoy
 Ma len fait la teste cornue
 Et baille la verge poinctue
 N'est ce pas pour punicions
 Des maux faiz et corrections
 Je crois que les mauvais hurter
 Je dois des cornes et bouter
 Et de laiguillon les fort poindre
 Plus que de doulx oingement oindre

That ye for no varyaunce
 Ne breke not your assuraunce
 Ffor yiff ye don ye be forsworn
 And ek I warne you to forne
 Yiff that ye don in dede or thouht
 Fful lytel shal awaylle or nouht
 Than^a vnto yow your vyage
 Your labour nor your pylgrymage
 Yet wer welbet to my entent
 That ech of you allone went
 Sool by hym sylf^b and not trespae
 Than be found in any place
 Untrewe to hys companye
 For gret forfet and folye
 Yt ys a man for to be founde
 Untrewe to hym that he ys bounde

^c Reason¹ is consulted by the Bishop, who says:—

² Tell me, I beg of you, why the mitre is horned, and the crozier pointed? Are they not intended for the punishment and correction of evil?

And off my staff ek with the prykke
 I shoul chastyng folkys that be wykke
 Rather than lyke as ye me tolde
 Hertofore how that I sholde
 Enoynte hem with the oyntment

RESON answereth.

My fayre frend quod tho Reson
 Tak hed in thy discrecioun
 Understonde me euery del
 I wot that thouw menest wel
 And knowe platly^d thy menyng
 Mesure ys good in euery thyng
 Both thy hornys and pyk also
 Belonge to the bothe two
 For punysshynge and for chastyfynge
 Off folkys rebel in werchyng^e
 Yet fyrst thouw sholdest hym dyrecte^f

And with fayrnes hem correcte
 Swych as thouw sey day by day
 Erryn from the high ryhte way
 And yiff thouw founde hem obstynat
 That longeth yt to thy estat
 To punyys hem by thy offyce
 And vpon hem don ek justyce
 Legally for ther offence
 The lawe yeldeth the lycense
 But ferste thouw sholdest trete hem fayre
 Be goodly ek and debonayre^g
 And don alway ful gret labour
 To shewe sweetnesse asfor Rygour
 And thogh the prykke of Rygour be^h
 For chastyfynge the yoke to the
 Be alway war touchyng ryht
 Whan thouw chastyfyst any whyght
 Do yt never by swych duresse
 But yt be meyntⁱ ay with swetnesse
 Medle with al the unctyon
 Off pyte and compaffyon
 In thyn entente to be mor clene
 Thogh thyn hornys be sharp and kene
 To punyyshe folk by righteoufnesse
 Thouw sholdest ay the poynt so dresse
 In thy Rygour of equyte
 And in herte to have pyte
 On hem that thouw haft justesfyed
 Let mercy with ryht be so alyed
 And think how many day toforn
 Or^k thouw haddest any horn
 That he to whom thouw art vyker
 And chose to be hys offycer
 Was humble meke and debonayre
 Charytable and not contrarye
 Off whom thouw shalt example take
 To-forn or thouw thy domys make^l
² Hornyd he was by apparence
 Not usyng hem by vyolence
 Thys was that holy Moyfes^m
 That ledde al Israel in pesⁿ

^a Then.

^b Sole, alone.

^c Vitell. C. xiiii.
f. 26. b.

^d Plainly.

^e People who
dislike working.

^f Matt. xviii. 15.

^g Ecclef. xlii.
10.

^h Psalm xxiii. 4.

ⁱ Mingled.

^k Before.

^l Form your
opinions.

^m Erat Moyfes
vir mitissimus.
Numb. xii. 3.

ⁿ Peace.

¹ See Woodcut V. for a representation of the meeting between the "Bishop" and "Reason." Cf. also the note to the preceding page ("dy moy, &c."), where part of their dialogue is given.

² The English MS. is here nearly illegible.

³ The "horns," so often painted on the head of Moses, represent merely "the glory," or halo, which we see in the pictures of our Saviour, the Virgin, the Saints, &c.

^a Ex. xiv. 21, 22.^b John x. 11.
¹ Pet. v. 2.^c Flock.^d Perfectly.^e 1 Tim. i. 15.^f Bridge.^g Rom. xv. 14.^h Hosea xii. 6.ⁱ 1 Cor. iv. 14.^k Heb. ix. 5.^l Prov. i. 20.^m Prov. xxix. 7.ⁿ Ecclef. vii. 5.

Myddys thorgh the large see^a
 And with hys yerde thys was he
 That passed the floodys raage
 And made hem have good passage
 Underfondeth thys lesson
 Ye that han in subieccion
 Peplys onder your prelacye
 To learn how ye shal hem guye
 Thogh ye be hornyd to sych outward
 Shewe as they wer styffe and hard
 Let hem not growen in your herte^b
 To make your shep^c so fore smerte
 Thogh ye shewe outward dredful
 Be the in your hertys mercyful
 * * *

Take example off thy staff
 Wych Grace dieu vnto the gaff
 Thogh the poynt be sharp and kene
 Yt ys vpward^d pleyn smothe and clene
 The myddys ryht as any lyne
 Aboue crookyd to enclyne
 * * *

Schowe hem euer of love a sygne

¹ From *pons*, "a bridge," and *facio*, "to make."

² Reason thus exhorts the priest:—"A sword to-day is given to you, which was used anciently by the Cherubin to defend the entrance into Paradise."

"This sword (of Judgement) is perilous to those who do not understand how to use it rightly; the edge must be used to strike those whose sins deserve severe rebuke, the flat part of the blade in mercy towards those who have sinned from ignorance and require to be admonished."

"He is foolhardy who would exercise vengeance in anger, or judgement upon suspicion; and this sword is also wrongly given to him who blindly cannot discern good from evil."

"Mercy, which is designated by the flat part of the blade, should therefore always be first tried; namely, good counsel, true admonition, and earnest exhortation, in order to remove evil by condemning it, and to spare in striking. This is the doctrine of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which delivers us from eternal death."

"The sword was delivered unto you *flaming* by *Grace-dieu* for this reason, that whichever way you turn it, either in judgement, or exhortation, or punishment, or correction, you should exhibit it enflamed with love and charity, for love is the burning fire which enflames it; and fearful would be the reverse should the fire of anger burn with destructive violence, for that fire proceeds from hell."

Nul ne fiert se premierement
 Du plat du glaive feru na
 Et quauant bien aduise na
 Cellui quil veult ainssi ferir

And in thy draught be ay benygne
 Voyde off rancour and felonye
 Than dost thou trewly occupye^a
 The staff wych thou hast on honde
 For thou shalt wel understande
 Yt tokeneth who that can concerne
 That thou shalt therewith governe
 The peplys I dar wel specefye
 Commytted to thy prelacye
 Make hem passe thys thy charge
 The Ryuer of this world ful large
 Thy staff to ther avauntage
 Shal conducte ther passage
 Sych are the pyk profound and depe
 In to the wawes hem to kepe
 And with al thys thou most take hede
 Off plank or bregge^f yiff they nede
 Yiff they ffayll thou shalt on make
 As thou art bounde for her sake
 And for that cause folkeys al
 Pontifex¹ they doth the calle
 Making a bregge thys to feyne
 The passage that they may atteyne²

Et par tel cop faire mourir
 Par le plat du glaive sentent
 Bon et loyal aduiseement³
 Veritable monicion
 Virile predicacion⁴
 Qui fiert les maulx en espurgant
 Et les espargne en les ferant
 Cest la parole iesu crist
 Ou le respit de la mort gift
 De ce plat vfer vous deuez
 Quant voz subgetz errer voyez⁵
 Exorter souuent et prescher
 Fait mainteffoys peche laisser
 Sainssi les pouez garantir
 Mieulx vault que du taillant ferir
 * * *

Et pource est il droit quayez nom
 Tant par euvre que par renom
 Cherubin plain de grant science⁶
 Et de tres viue sapience
 Car se cherubin vous nesties
 Moult de maulx faire vous pourriez⁷
 * * *

En main aussi diracondeux⁸
 Rest ce glaive bien perilleux
 Car flamboyant il fut baillie
 Par grace dieu et octroye
 La cause se sauoir voulez
 Si est car quant vous le tournez
 Soit en jugeant ou en preschant⁹
 En punissant ou corrigeant
 Monstrer le deuez enflambez

NATURE.¹

* I ha the governance *

Off fyr of hayr as ye may se
Off erth and off the large se
Off ther accord and ther debat
I leve no thyng in on estat
But make eche thyng by declyn
Ffor to drawe to hys fyn
I make alday thynges newe
The olde refrefshyng off her hewe
The erthe I clothe yer by yer
And refrefshe hym off hys cher
With many colour of delyte
Blewh and grene red and whyt
At pryme tēps with many a flour
And al the soyl thorgh my fauor
Ys clad of newe medwe and pleyne

And hilles hih ek spyce and greyn

And in to trees ek I brynge
Ther lusty blofmys whyte and rede
And in ther branchys ek I sprede
Abrood my frefshe vestymentys
And with myn vncouth paramenty
I clothe hem wyth buddys glade
Wych with wynter ded I made
Thorgh constreynt of hys coldys kene
Tornyng to ruffet al the grene
Wt fretyng of hys bytter cold
But al that wynter maketh old
And with hyr stormys doth desteyne
I make yt frefshe and yong ageyn

And off the feld the lyllyes ffayre
And off herbys many a payre
That winter slowh with hys constreynt

* Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 53. b.

De bon amour et charite
Car amour est le feu ardent
Qui le doit faire flamboyant
Et moult grant meschance seroit
Se le feu dyre lenflammoit
Car tel flamme denfer vient
Qui trop au glaive mal aduient

The sword, as thus described by De Guileville, appears also to be an illustration of Proverbs xxv. 21, 22.
"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."

This text is quoted by St. Paul in his address to the Romans. Rom. xii. 19—21.

"Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

The following lines may perhaps serve to illustrate this idea:—

See yonder Blacksmith urge the roaring blast,
And on repeated heaps the embers cast;
Th' increasing heat the stubborn Iron feels,
And to the blacksmith's art its toughness yields.

So the obdurate heart, by favours won,
At last repents the evil it has done;
Fain would obtain thy friendship, pardon sue
For all the malice it has borne towards you.

HON. W. CUST.

Thus the "sword" of De Guileville typifies the wrath of God against sinners; whilst the "flame" (by

which the hardest metal is melted) shows the softening influence of Divine Grace upon the heart, even although it may previously have been as inflexible as steel.

¹ See Woodcut VI.

² Maistresse suis des elemens
Des impressions et des vens
De faire variations
Et diverses mutations
En feu en air en terre en mer
Riens en estat ne laisse efter
Tout faiz tourner et tendre a fin
Tout varier soir et matin
Nouvelles choses faiz venir
Et vieilles choses departir
La terre de mes robes est
Paree en prin temps ie la vest
Demy party dherbe florie
De rouge de vert de soucy
Et de toutes belles couleurs
Quon peut trouuer en belles fleurs
Aux arbres donne paremens
Et contre leste vestemens
Puis si les refais despoiller
Contre lier pour les tailler
Autres robes autres cotelles
Telles comme devant nouvelles
Il nest bruyere ne geneste
Nabriceau que ie ne reueste
De mes robes bien floretees
Et tresgalement desguisees
Oncques ne vestit salomon
Tel robe que fait vng boisson
Et ce que fais par loisir fas
Car hastiue ie ne suis pas
Toute mutation ie he
Qui est faicte en hastiue

³ Gen. i. 21.

And made hem of ther colour ffeynt
 Ffor no cost me lyft not spare
 But thar rycheffe I do repare
 Whan hete off cold hath the victorie
 That Salomon in al hys glorie
 Was not clad I dar wel say
 Half so freshly as ben they
 Nor hys robes wer nat lyche
 Off colour to the busches ryche
 Wych Ive clad in my lyffree
 Fro yer to yer as ye may se
 And who that taketh hed ther to
 Al thyng that men se me do
 I do by leyser by and by
 I am not rakel or hasty
 I hate in myn oppynyouns
 Al sodeyn mutacyouns

^a Vitell. C. xiii.
 f. 57.

¹ GRACE replies thus to NATURE:—^a

Ye resemble who loke wel
 On to the wylde swyn savage
 Wych that rometh in hys rage
 In the woodys large and grene
 And ne kan no ferther sene
 But to the frut that he hath founde
 And the acorns on the grounde
 Ffor to felle hys hongry mawe
 Ffor he in hys swynys lawe
 Off hys rudnesse bestial
 Ne kan no ferther se at al
 Toward the hevene nor the tre
 Wher he receyveth hys plente

^b Do not have a
 grudge against.

¹ GRACEDIEU.

Vous semblez bien le porc sauuaige^c
 Qui mangeue souuent au boscaige
 Le gian et point na le regarde^d
 Dont il luy vient ne de quel part
 La teste en terre et les yeulx
 Et point en hault ne vers les cieulx
 Regarde dont ce bien luy vient
 Au gian tant seullement se tient
 Aussi point ne me congnoissez
 Ou ne me congnoistre faignez
 De qui tenez tout ce quaez
 Ne rien fans moy vous ne pouez

^c f. 14.

^d Matt. vii. 6.

^e Psal. cxxiii. 2.
 Philipp. ii. 13.

^f Isaiah ii. 12.
 Isaiah xxix. 16.
 Job xxii. 12.

That bar the frut for hys repaft
 Al that ys from hys mynde paff
 Ffor to the acorn al only
 And to hys ffoode synally
 Yt set hys herte and al hys thought

Undoth your cyn derke and blynde
 The eyen of your entement
 And by good avysement
 The lyddys off your eye uncloseth
 Knoweth wel and nat supposeth
 I am lady hool and entere
 And ye be but my chamberere
 Thys shal ye fynde al openly
 Yiff ye look avysely
 Leve your wordys hih alofte
 And lerneth for to speke soffte
 And renounceth al your rage
 Ffor he sholde me don hommage
 Off justyce and equyte
 Ffor that ye holde ye holde of me

Yiff the round firmament
 The planetys and ech spere
 And the bryht sterrys clere
 Yiff I hem maade to cesse echon
 Than wer your power clene agon
 Abatyd and set asyde
 Wher upon lat be your pryde
 And grutchet nat ageyne me^b
 Syth I ha the soveraynte
 Lordshepe and domynacion
 And yt were abusyon

Ouurez doncques discrettement
 Les yeulx de vostre entendement^a
 Car se bien ouurez la paupiere
 Moy la dame et vous chamberiere
 Trouuerez tout apertement
 Et lors parlerez doucement
 A moy et hommaige ferez
 De quanque de moy vous tenez
 Car ainsi comme esiaie dit^f
 Cest grant orgueil et grant despit
 Quant encontre le charpentier
 Se veult la coignee redrecier
 Et quant de son potier se deult
 Le pot et arguer le veult
 De facon et se plaint de luy
 En luy disant ie te reny

Sych as wryteth yfaye ^a
 And in his book doth specefye
 A gret despyte both fer and ner
 Yiff ageyn the carpenter
 The ex ^b were bold by surquedye ^c
 Ffor to holden chaumpartye
 Yt wer a thyng ageyne kynde
 In holy wryt as ye shal fynde
 And a thyng off gret dysdene
 And yiff the pot sholde also feyn
 To the potter that hym wrouhte
 And hys forme about brouhte
 Yiff he pleynede ^d off hys making
 Touchyng hys fasson and werkynge
 Yt wer a thyng not convenable
 And evene lyk in cas semblable
 Ye argue ageyne me
 Wych in effect nat ellys be
 Ffor al your fotele ^e argument
 But myn handwerk and instrument
 Wych I ha mad to helpen me

* * * * *
 Anoon thys lady dame nature
 Whan she had herd hyr tale along
 Knowyng that she had do wrong
 And hyr compleynt to specefye
 Was ygrounded on folye
 Ful humblely in hyr degre
 She ffyl anoon upon hyr kne

Nature cryede MERCY
 The fyrst word that she gan seye
 Nature off mercy gan hyr preye
 And with humble cher and fface
 She confessede hyr trespase
 And to hyr sayde most mekly
 Ma dame quod she ful follyly ^f
 I have governeyd me to yow
 And ful ungoodly spoke now
 Wher off I repente fore

And certys I ne shal no more
 Offende yow in no manere
 Nouthur in speche nor in chere
 So that of mercy and pyte
 Ye wyl as now forgyve yt me
 That I ha don al outterly
 And that ye wyl so graciously
 Off alle that ever me afterte ^g
 No thyng reservyn in your herte
 Only off your benygne grace
 But clene forgete my trespase

Repentance and *Cbarity* ^h then appear to the
 Pilgrim, the former holding a hammer and rod
 in her hands, and a broom in her mouth, and
 she thus describes herself:—

ⁱ I am the ffayre louyd but lyte ^j
 Off my port demur and fad
 Debonayre and gretly drad
 Off fele folkys ^k that me se
 And trewly I am ek she
 Now adayes lytel preysyd
 And yet ful worthy to be reysed
 Off prys to folkys that be dygne ^l
 Rygerous and ful benygne
 To al that be vertuous
 Happy also and right grewious
 The graciously of synal pleasaunce
 I am called dame penaunce
 I smyte hertys vp and don ^m
 And make hem by contricion
 Wyth salte terys thys the cas
 To forewe crye and feyn allas
 That they euere dyde amys
 Ye shal yt fynde and thus yt ys
 Off ther trespacys they repente
 And feyn in al ther beste entente
 A Lord God how off thy grace
 How shal I han off my trespase
 Allegement withoute the ⁿ

^a Isaiah.

^b Axe.

^c Proudly to wage
war against the
carpenter.

^d Complained.

^e Subtle.

^f Stupidly, con-
fusedly.

^g Escaped.

^h But little be-
loved.

ⁱ Many.

^j Worthy.

^k Down.

^m Thee.

ⁿ f. 15.

¹ See Woodcut VII.

² Je suis la belle peu amee ^a
 La debonnaire trop doubtée
 La peu prifée peu plaissant
 Penitence suis appelée
 De ce maillet iamoliay

Jadis saint pierre et le froissay
 Qui si dur pierre avoit este
 Que son bon maitre avoit nie
 * * * * *
 Et grande amertume et douleur
 De la magdaleine ainfi fis

- ^a Job x. 20.
^b Ezra x. 11.
^c Guilt.
^d Soft.
^e Matt. xxvi. 75.
^f "Juice" of his weeping, i. e. his tears.
^g Strong.
^h Luke vii. 38.
ⁱ Isaiah i. 16.
 Prov. xi. 20.
 Ezek. xvi. 30.
 Ecclesi. iii. 26;
 vii. 17.
 Jer. xxiii. 29.
^k Matt. xii. 43,
 44.
 Romans x. 10.
 Psalm xxvi. 8.
^l 2 Cor. vii. 1.
^m Walk.
ⁿ Ecclesi. vii. 2.
^o f. 14. b.

But thou grant off thy pyte ^a
 That I may al outterly ^b
 Off my gyltes ^c ha mercy
 So that I do no more amys
 Now good lord thou grante thys
 Thus I maken hem crye offte
 And with thys hammer I made soffie
 Seyn petrys hert and yt to brak
 That yt wente al vnto crak
 Wych fyrst was hard as any ston
 But I made yt nefshe ^d anoon
 Whan he hys mayftee fyrst forfook
 But whan I the hammer took
 I smet hym so with repentaunce ^e
 And made hym nefshe with penaunce
 That the jows of hys wepyng ^f
 Yssede out in compleynyng
 Off verray forewe and bitternesse
 He felt theroff so gret dystresse
 In hys greuous hertly ^g payne
 And also Mary Mawgdelegne ^h
 With thys hamer I smot so
 That hyr herte I rooff atwo
 Wych was fulhard with synnes old
 But wt strokys manyfold
 I made hyr tender yt ys no doute
 That the terys yssede oute

Repentance adds that the heart of man ⁱ resembles an earthen vessel full of loathsome corruption; this vessel must be broken in pieces, for it is not sufficient to look upon sin in the abstract, but each particular sin must be done away with. There is also a worm contained therein, called the "worm of conscience." None could endure to live gnawed by the

fangs of remorse were not the hammer of *contrition* capable of destroying it.

Repentance thus explains the use of the broom, ^k saying, "In the house of which *Grace* is the mistress, and I the attendant, there are six doors; five ^l of admission:

' La porte dodorer, doyt ou descouter,
 Du goust, du tast, et du regard.'

"By all these sin can enter; so if I were to turn my broom in their direction my labour would be lost; but the sixth is the single outlet for transgression:

' Cest la bouche au pauvre pecheur.'
 ' Thys gate ys called the mouth of man.'

"Towards this door I employ my broom to sweep, heap up and clean.

' Et mon balay si est ma langue
 Et mon furgon et ma palangue.'

' And my bysme that al thys doth
 Ys myn owne tonge in soth.'

"For, as long as I am servant ⁱ to *Grace*, I am determined to allow nothing to remain within the dwelling that can injure it, even in the smallest hole or crevice."

^j I go to every place
 Now here now ther aboute I trace ^m
 By verray pleyn confession
 Withoute fraude or deception
 Ther may nothing me scape fro
 For gracedieu wyl yt be so ⁿ
 For she ne wyl nowher abyde
 But yt be clene on euery syde
 Whos chambre and whos mansion

¹ These five gates are the same as those described in Bunyan's "Holy War."

"The famous town of 'Manfoul' had five gates, in at which to come, out at which to go, and these were made likewise answerable to the walls,—to wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of the gates were these: Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate."

There is an interesting little work on this subject, entitled "The Five Gates of Knowledge," by George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E.

² Rien na dedans ne fus ne ius
 Ne en anglet ne en pertuz
 Que tout ne vueille remuer
 Cherchez tracer et hors geſter
 Par entiere confession
 Sans fraude et sans deception
 Car ainſi le veult gracedieu
 Qui na cure fors de net lieu
 Et conscience est la maison
 La chambre et habitation
 Ou elle fait ſa demourree
 Quant la trouue ainſi baliee

Dwelling and habytacion
Ys trewly withoute offence
A verray clene conscience

Part of the text from Rom. x. 10, is here referred to: "with the mouth confession is made unto salvation;" but the context is omitted.

"The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—Rom. x. 8—10.

Bunyan shows more strikingly that the Gospel must first influence the heart, before the mouth can utter its feelings. "For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

"Then the *Interpreter* took *Christian* by the hand, and led him into a very large parlour that was full of dust, because never swept; the which, after he had reviewed a little while, the *Interpreter* called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began abundantly to fly about, that *Christian* had almost therewith been choked. Then said the *Interpreter* to a damsel that stood by, 'Bring hither the water, and sprinkle the room;' which, when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure.

"Then said *Christian*, What means this?"

"The *Interpreter* answered, This Parlour is the heart of a man, that was never sanctified by the sweet grace of the Gospel: the dust is his original sin, and inward corruptions, that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first is the law; but she that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the Gospel. Now, whereas, thou sawest, that as soon as the first

began to sweep, the dust did so fly about, that the room by him could not be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choked therewith; this is to show thee, that the law, instead of cleansing the heart, by its working, from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increases it in the soul, as it doth also discover and forbid it, but doth not give power to subdue. Again, as thou sawest the Damsel sprinkle the room with water, upon which it was cleansed with pleasure; this is to show thee, that when the Gospel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then, I say, even as thou sawest the Damsel lay the dust, by sprinkling the floor with water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean, through the faith of it; and consequently fit for the king of glory to inhabit."

The Pilgrim's Progress.

Repentance thus continues in De Guileville:—

Vnto my bysme ^a [human hearts] submitted be¹
Off lownesse and humylyte
That they be swept clenly at al
And that the hammer breke smal
Pfyrrt by trewe contricyon
And verray iuste confession
Than a noon my yerde ^b I take
And amendys for to make
By repentaunce in divers wyse
With my yerde I hem chaftyse
Put hem to penaunce of entent
To brynge hem to amendment

Various modes of penance ^c are then enumerated, such as visiting the poor and sick, performing pilgrimages, fasting, &c. *Repentance* says that no sin can be passed over without punishment by rods; those must be beaten who have consented to commit sin.

² And therefore thys yerde I holde
Wych namyd ys of iuste reson

^a Besom or broom.

^b Rod or staff.

^c Dan. iv. 27.
Ecclus. xvi. 12.
Pf. xxxvii. 28.

¹ Sa mon balay soubzmis il est
Et se bien balie en est
Et quant le voy ainsi contrit
Et bien confes comme iay dit
Adonc pour le bien chaftier

De mes verges le batz et fier
Peine luy donne et batement
Afin que preigne amendement
² Des verges se voulez le nom
Diçtes sont satisfacion

^d f. xvi. b.

* Sufficiently.

Trewe fatysfaccion
And sothly yiff I shal not feyne
Satysfaccion ys to feyne
Affeth^a that ys mad for synne
And that a man haue withinne
As myche forewe and repentaunce
As he hadde ffyrst plefaunce

Here the doctrine of Penance appears distinctly as something more than Repentance; and the superior views of Bunyan shine forth with the splendour of the Gospel in contrast with the human idea of self-justification by mortifying the flesh, and a strange aspect is presented of the high Christian privileges of Prayer, attending to the wants of the poor, the sick, and miserable, when they are classed as part of the punishments of sin.

Our Saviour says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In De Guileville, *Repentance* beautifully adds, "that she is commissioned to succour all the weary and heavy laden; to those pilgrims anxiously trying to follow the narrow path she offers the consolation appointed by our Lord

^b Rom. xi. 5.
Luke xxii. 19.

^c Long ago.

Himself at the last Supper, which He partook of with his disciples when he took bread and blessed it, and she gives the assurance that it will sustain the faith of all his followers^b who partake of this Sacrament in remembrance of Him, but of which none can be worthy recipients who have not first submitted to her inflictions and become contrite, and cleansed from their offences."

Again; we must observe that the view taken by De Guileville of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is partial: he speaks of the bread only, whereas our Saviour says,

"Take, eat; this is my body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."—*St. Matt. xxvi. 26—28.*

CHARITY.¹

* * * *

I made feyn martyn yore agon^c
Al be that he hadde but on
Hys mantel to kutte a tweyne

Car satisfacion vault tant
Que faire assez ou tout autant
De peine sans nul contredit
Comme au peche eut delict

^d f. xvii.

¹ CHARITE.

Je suis la mere des vertus^d
Celle qui reuest les gens nudz
Qui sainct martin fis despoillier
Pour poure vestir et aïser
Je suis nourrice d'orphelins
Hotteliere de pelerins
Qui les maux dau truy faiz les myens
Et a tous communs sont mes biens
Sans laquelle sainct paul disoit^e
Que riens nauoit qui ne mauoit
Et quelque bien faire ne peust
Si non quaveques soy il meust
Aussi certainement ne fait
Car sans moy nest aucun bien fait
Mon nom se sauoir le voulez
Charite vous m'appellerez^f
Car charite tient en cherte
Ceulx qu'autres ont en grant vilte
Je repais les gens familleux
Et visite les langoureux
Je suis celle qui dau truy bien

^e 1 Cor. xiii. 3.

^f 1 Cor. xiii. 6, 7.

^g 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

^h Eph. i. 7.

Suis ioieuse comme du mien
Celle qui debonairement
Seuffre tout et paisiblement
Celle qui descouter nay cure
Susurracion ne murmure
Celle qui oncques ne mesdia
Dau truy ne a autrui meffia
Et non pour tant si ay ie fait
Aucuns maux faire sans meffait
Se point avez ouy parler
Du roy iesus et racompter
Comment vult homme deuenir
Et pour les hommes mort souffrir
Sauoir deuez que celle suy
Qui faire luy fis tel ennuy
Car du ciel ie le fis descendre
Pour la vostre humanite prendre
A lestache le fis lyer
Et despines le couronner
Les bras fis en la croix estendre^g
Et son coste percer et fendre
Les piedz et les mains atacher
En la croix luy fis et ficher
Sang fix yffir de son corps tendre
Et luy fis son doulx esperit rendre
Tous lesquels maux souffrir luy fis
Pour vous tous qui estiez perils
Quant en enfer vous ala rembre^h

And dyde al hys byfy peyne
 To clothe the poore wych nakyd stooð
 Myd off the gate devoyde of good
 I am noryce ^a of al nedy
 And I herberwe ^b commonly
 Al pylgrymes in ther nede
 And I am she yt ys no drede
 That ffele as myche harm in me
 Off other ffolkys aduerfyte
 As they hem fylff that yt endure
 And al my goodys I ensure
 Be common unto every whyht
 Whan they ha nede as yt ys ryht
 Seyn poul sayd ek in hys wrytyng
 Off vertu he hadde no thyng
 Withoute that he hadde me
 And that he myghte in no degre
 Withoute me do no good dede
 And trewly who taketh hede
 No good dede nor good entent
 Ys worth but yiff I be present
 Among estatys hih nor lowe
 And yiff ye lyft my name knowe
 I am callyd dame charyte
 That haue al folk in certe
 And other that folk haue in despyt
 Hem to cheryfhe ys my delyt
 I feede folk that hongry be
 And part ^c with hem off my plente
 And vyfete hem that lyggen feke
 And dwelle with folkys that be meke
 And for no coste I do not spare
 To be glad of the welfare
 Off euery other maner whyht
 As off myn owne of verray ryht
 I am she that patiently
 Kan suffren and benygnelly
 Alle sorwes wel apefe
 And I am she that kan don ese

Al hevynesses to recure
 And I am she that set no cure
 Off grucchyng nor detraction
 Ffor thys ys my condicion
 Harm to spek neueradel
 But off ech man to sey wel
 Wych I holde in gret vertu
 And yiff ye haue off Cryft Ihū
 Any maner Remembraunce
 I made hym for to ha plefaunce
 Off mercy as I reherfe kan
 Ffor loue to become a man
 And taken your humanyte
 And suffren by humylyte
 Deth for your sake and passion
 Made hym fro hevene come a don
 And suffren ek as yt ys founde
 To a pyler to be bounde
 And tendure that lovd most fre
 With sharpe thornys crownyd be
 And sprede hys armys on the rood
 And for your sake shede hys blood

I made hym for your sake
 Tendure off entencyon
 To make your redempcion
 That wer for synne loft echon
 And to helle I made hym gon
 To sette hem out that lay ther bounde
 The devels power to confounde
 Wych hadde grievyd man so fore
 And I shal telle you euermore
 How thys kyng most sovereyne
 To forh hys passion and peyne
 And hys tormentys wonder stronge
 Or he the deth sholde underfonge ^d
 He forgatt nat off entent
 Ffor to make hys testament
 The forme ther off to endyte

^a Nourisher.^b Lodge or entertain.^c Share.^d Underwent.

Et de la mort denfer defendre
 Ce sont les maux que iay fait faire
 Sans peche voir et sans meffaire
 Or vous giray que ce roy fist
 Auant que ces paines souffrist
 Quant il vit la mort approucher
 Ne vout pas en oubly laisser
 Que son testament il ne fist

Il mappella ie luy escripz
 Et en ceste forme le mis
 Testament de paix est nomme
 Et le vous ay cy apporte
 Afin que ses lois vous saichez
 Et ce que vous en duyt ayez
 Je le vueil lire or lescoutez
 Et lentendez se vous voulez

^a f. xvii. b. "Ces
trois lettres sont
assauoir."

^b Peace.

^c Is or shall be.

^d Feels no symp-
tom of pain.

^e One.

He callede me yt to wryte
Ffor to make the forme bettre
My fylff wrot yt euery lettre
And namyd yt yt ys no les
The trewe testament off pes
Wych to for you alle I brynge
That ye may ha knowelychyng
That maner thyng ther on doth sue
And what to you ther off ys due
I wyl yow reden the sentence
Yiff ye wyl given audyence
So thys yt ys herkneth echon
As I shal her reherse anoon
The testament¹ off cryft Jesu

One claufe of this will or testament be-
queaths to mankind *Pax Triplex*—"triple
tranquillity." The three things signified by
the three initial letters, at the three corners of
a right-angled triangle, formed by the stem and
one limb of a Latin crofs are—X, the initial of
Χριστός, "Christ;" A, of *Anima*, "the soul;"
P, of *Proximus*, our "neighbour." When these
three are properly disposed towards each other,
there is a firmly established peace of mind; since
they indicate the whole duty of man's life,
viz. his love to God and his neighbour.²

And overmore thys lettrys thre^a
Ar tooknys that in unyte
He sholde ha verray love and pes^b
With thre thynges douteles
He that he hath poceffioun
Off thys jowell most off renoun
And he to whom cryft hath yt take
Sholde keep for hys sake
Pes with every maner whyht
And fyrst above as yt ys ryht
Wher as the X condygnely
Ys set alofte as most worthy
By wych ziff yt be espyed
I am trewly sygnifyed

In tookne that noon be rekkeles
Fyrst to haue parfyt pes
Wyth god and me byth^c al on
And may neuer affonder gon
And also as I shal devyse
That he in no maner wyse
Ne do no thyng in no degre
Wych that sholde dysplese me
And yiff yt happe off neclygence
Ageyn me that he do offence

Ther by ys pleylny underfonde
The fowle of man with whom ech whyht
Sholde ha pes of verray ryht
So that in a manhys thouht
³ Synderesis^d ne grucheth nouht
Thorgh no trespase nor offence
By no remors of conscience
Lat every man tak hed herto
And with your neyhebour also
Ye most ha pes and unyte
Wych ys ytokenyd by the P
And ys yset ffyrst off echon
And that ye sholde be al on
Thexauple techeth yow ful wel
Yiff ye consydren everydel
How ye bothen in o^e lyne
Stonde and may yt not declayne
Lyneally yt ys noon other
As brother verrayly to brother
Nature wyl that yt so be
High and lowh off o degre
Bothe tweyne ymade lych
The pore man and ek the ryche
At the 'gynnyng as ye shal lere
Al forgyd of one matere
Touchyng ther ffyrst orygnal
And bothe tweyne be mortal
The ton the tother in certeyne
They be but wermes bothe tweyne

¹ The testament is given in the analysis.

² See Woodcut VIII.

³ The following lines appear on the margin of the
MS. (f. 74, b.) in explanation of the term "*synderesis*:"
Synderesis to speke in pleyne

Ys as myche for to seyn .
By notable descripcion
The hiher party of Refon
Wherby a man shal best discerne
Hys conscience for to governe

For al shal passe by o passage
 And by on hole-off gret streihtnesse
 Poverté and ek rycheffe
 Al goth o way bothe gret and smal
 Excepcion ys noon at al
 To helpen in thys streithe nede
 Wherfor euery man take hede
 Thorgh pryde to be nat rekkeles
 Thys ryche jowell callyd pes
 To kepe yt wel and lose it nouht
 And euery man in herte and thouht
 Do hys dyllygent labour
 To ha pes with hys neihebour
 As roote off al perfection
 Vp to parforme the patron
 Off vnite and sothsoft pes
 Tendure and lasten endeles
 So as yt ouht off iust refon
 As tookne off the tabellon
 Wyth wych in pes and vnyte
 Al testamentys sholde be
 Sygned and markyd commonly
 And ek confermyd openly
 And tovyng her thys wryt present
 Callyd off cryft the testament
 Wyth tookne of tabellon
 I marke off entencyon

GRACEDIEU speketh :

Thys lady goodly spak to me ^a
 Kom ner my sonne tak hed to me
 Loo her yiff I shal nat feyne
 Thylke ryche Giffys tweyne
 Wych I behihte ^b whylom to the
 And thou shalt not deceyved be
 Loo her a *Skryppe* and a *Bordon*
 The wych of hool entencyon
 I giv to the now kep hem wel
 Confyde the maner everydel
 How they be ryht necessarye
 To forthre the ^c thou shalt not tarye
 To helpe the in thy vyage
 And to spede thy pylgrymage
 Thou shalt off hem haue ay gret nede
 Yiff thou lyft thy journee spede

Nedful to pylgrymes all
 And *seyth* ^b thy skryppe thou shalt calle
 Wyth oute wych may nat be
 Brouht aboute no journee
 Nor vyage that may avaylle
 Ffor thy bred and thy vytaylle
 Ther in thou shalt alway conserue
 And all tymes thou shalt observe
 Thys skryppe wel in thy bandon ^d
 In euery cyte and euery ton
 In al thy moſte feythful wyſe
 And also for to auctoryſe
 Touchyng thys skryppe callyd ffeyth
 Herkne what thapostel seyth
 In a pyſtel ^e that he endyteth
 And to the Romayns pleyntly wryteth
 The ryhtful man withoute stryff
 By this skryppe lat ^f hys lyff
 Thys to feyne that ffeyth off ryht
 Giveth lyff to euery maner whyht
 As *Abacuch* that hooly man
 In hys wrytyng reherſe kan
 The ſeconde chaptyle off hys book
 Who ſo lyft lyft vp hys look
 And thys skryppe withoute wene ^g
 Off hys colour mot be grene
 Wych colour who ſo look a ryht
 Doth gret comfort to the ſyht
 Sharpeth the eye yt ys no dred
 And ſo doth ffeyth who taketh hed
 Yt maketh pylgrymes glad and lyht
 With hem abydyng day and nyht
 And in ther weye I dar reporte
 Gretly doth hem recomforte
 For good pylgrymes everychon ^h
 On pylgrymage wher they gon
 Only ffeyth doth hem ſuſtene
 By example as the greene
 The gentyll colour glad and lyht
 Giveth clernesſe to the ſyht
 Whan the grene al withoute
 Ys ſpreynt ⁱ with dropys rond aboute
 Off red blood who kan entende
 Then the ſyht yt doth amende
 Fful gretly I dar wel feyne
 Ffor ther ys drope noon certeyn

^a Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 99, b.
f. xxiii. b. "Voy
cy leſcharpe et le
bordon."

^b Promiſed.

^c Advance thy-
ſelf.

^d Keep in thy
power.

^e Epistle.

^f Leads.

^g Doubt.

^h Every one.

ⁱ Sprinkled.

^a "Mixed," or
"mingled
with."

^b Shed in purity,
i. e. the green of
the scrip was
shaded with the
pure blood of the
martyrs.

^c "Perfectly,"
or "once for
all."

^d Will.

^e Saints who suf-
fered thus are
gone.

^f Scabbard.

^g Gone or van-
ished.

^h On earth.

ⁱ Jeopardy.

^k Vitell. C. xiiii.
f. 108.
f. xxvii. "Or en-
tens ben de ce
bourdon."

^l I advise thee.

^m Jesus Christ.

But yt ys worth and off more prys
To pylgrymes that be wyfe
Than outhr perle or margeryte
And as I dar ryht wel endyte
Yt ys mor ryche and precyous
Mor off valu and vertuuous
The bloody dropys whan they be spreynt
Vp on the grene and ymeynt ^a
To make a man mor strong and lyht
And tofforce with hys syht
Than any other ryche ston
Ffor to rekne hem euerechon
The green ys good in specyal
Whan the rede ys meynt withal
Off blood for pleynly the rednesse
Wyth that was shad in clenness ^b
Off glorious martyrs longe agon
That spent her blood and lefte noon
But suffrede al the vyolence
And the mortal ek sentence
Off Tyrantys tyrannye
And sparede nat platly ^c to dye
Ther legende so wryt and seyth
Ffor to dyffende Crystys ffeyth
Ffor wych vp on thys skryppe off grene
The bloody dropys ther yfene
Shewyn in conclusion
Ther martyrdom ther passion
Off ther owne volunte ^d
Only to given vn to the
Verrayly an exemplaire
Wherso ever thow repayre
To suffre deth for crystys sake
Rather than thow shuft forsake
Thy skryppe in any maner wyfe
Off wych thow hast here me devyse
Ffor seyntys ^e wych that suffrede so
I wot ryht wel that they be go
To paradys and entryd in
Ffor the swerd off cherubin
Wych whilom at the gate stood
Ys so blonted with her blood
That yt ys I dar wel seyn
In the skawberk ^f vp ageyn
But now adayes yt stant so
Hooly seyntys ben all ago ^g

That wer so myghty and so strong
And dradde nat to suffre awrong
Ffor the ffeyth yt to dyffende
Her lyff her blood ther on to spende
Redy they wern and that anoon
But nowh aunerthe ^h ther ys nat on
That wyl hym putte in jupartye ⁱ
Crystys feyth to magnefyce
Nor make myhty refistenece
Ageyn Tyrantys by dyffence
* * *

But ffyrst tak hed off the Bordon ^k
How yt ys good in ech seson
Ffor he nat fallett commonly
That leneth ther on stedfastly
Ffor wych thow shalt as yt ys ryht
With al thy force and al thy myght
Ther on reste what so be falle
Trewly thow shalt nat falle
What perillous passage that thow go
As longe as thow takest hed ther to
And tavyoyde a way dyspeyr
Wher so thow gozt in foul or ffayr
Or what fortune the be falle
Good hope alway thow shalt yt calle
Thys the name off thy bordon
Off trust and trewe affection
Wych ys callyd *Esperaunce*
After the speche vsyd in fraunce
And the maner of that language
And look alway in thy passage
That thow holde the wel ther by
And theron reste feythfully
In peryllous pathys wher thow wende
And by the pomellys as the ende
Holde the strongly I the lede ^l
Ffor they shall in al thy nede
Sustene the thow falle nouht
The hiher pomel yiff yt be souht
Ys Ihū Cryst ^m haue hym in mynde
And in Scrypture as thow shalt fynde
He ys the merour cler and bryht
Wyth oute spot bothe day and nyht
In the wyche a man by grace
May beholde hys owne fface
In wych *merour* as I tolde

All the worlde ouhte beholde
In wych also men may fynde
All thynges wrouht be kynde^a
Reste vpon hym with herte and thouht
And go furly and dred the nouht
And to hys helpe alway calle
And trust wel thou shalt not falle
* * * *

Com ner, quoth she, and ha no drede^b
Look up on hih and tak good heede
Upon thys perche^c the harneys se
Wherwith that thou wylt armed be
Pertynent to thy vyage
And needful to thy pylgrimage
Then saw I helmys and habergions
Plate and maylle for champions
Gorgetys ageyn al vyolence
And jakkes^d stuffys of defence
Targetes and sheldys large and longe
And pavys^e also that wer stronge
For folk to make resiftence
Talle that wolde hem don offence
* * * *

Thys *helm* callyd *attempraunce*^f
Ys nedful in thy dyffence
Ffor to make resiftence
At *nose* at *ere* and at the *bybt*^g
That yt hem kepe and close aryht
Ffor this helm for assurance
Wych ys called attempraunce
As worthy and noble off fame
Seyn Poul gaff therto a name
And callyd yt ffor gret delyt
The helm off helthe and off profyt
And commanded men tak hed
Ffor to sette yt on ther hed
As ffor ther chef salvacon
* * * *
Ffor yiff thys helm be mad aryht
Yt shal not have to large a fyht
Lyft some arowe sharpe ygrounde

Entre myghte and gyue a wounde
And at the crys ek also
Thow mustest taken hede ther to
That yt be not too large off space
Lyft that by the same place
Entrede by collusion
Som noyce off fals detraction
* * * *

Tave a swerd ek by thy syde^h
A better was ther neuer founde
Off stel forgyd whet nor grounde
Wych shal ynowh suffyse
The to dyffende many wyse
Yiff any enmy the assaylle
Outher in skarmush outhur bataylle
I the ensure in al thy nede
Whyl thou haft yt thou shalt not drede
Off non enemy nor no dystresse
The name off wych ys Ryhtwysnesse
A better swerd was neuer wrought
Off prince nor off kyng ybouht
For the swerd off good *Oger*ⁱ
Off *Rowland* nor off *Olyver*
Was not for to reknen al
Off valu to this swerd egal
So trusty nor so vertuous
To ffolk in vertu coragous
Ffor this swerd haueth so gret myht
To ryche and poore for to do ryht

MEMORY.²

The Pilgrim, fearful that he shall forget the good advice which *Grace* has given him, summons to Memory to carry his armour. He is surprised to see the latter without eyes, and complains that she will not be of use to him; but he is assured that her eyes are at the back of her head, and that she is the treasurer of much knowledge; for although she cannot foresee, she has complete information of the

^a Are reproduced or reprinted.

^b Vitell. C. xiii. f. 114, b. f. xxx. b. "Or regarde."

^c Pole or rod.

^d Stuff for making furcoats. A "jack" was a buff jerkin worn by foldiers.

^e Bucklers.

^f Vitell. C. xiii. f. 121, b. f. xxxii. "Le heaulme, &c."

^g Mouth.

^h Vitell. C. xiii. f. 123. f. xxxii. b. "Par son nom, &c."

¹ Ogier, Roland, and Oliver, were three of Charlemagne's peers. (*Vide* Biog. Univ. sub. v "Oger," *et alibi*.) The two latter were so equally matched in strength and valour that it was doubtful which was superior: hence the saying, in reference to the blows they inflicted, "of giving a Roland for an Oliver," which has passed into a proverb in our own language.

² See Woodcut XI.

^a Eph. vi. 11.

^b Zech. ix. 8.

^c Lukexi. 21, 22.

^d 1 Peter ii. 11.
Gal. v. 16—19.
Rom. vii. 22, 23.

^e Matt. vi. 25.
Gen. ii. 7.
1 Cor. ix. 27.

^f Vitell. C. XIII.
f. 144.

^g f. xxxvi. b.

^h f. xxxvii. b.

ⁱ Ecclesiasticus
ii. 18.

^k James ii. 26.

past, and will recall to him her advice, and prove a most useful attendant. *Grace*, however, warns the Pilgrim that he is not the good warrior ^a who requires his armour to be carried; but he who wears it continually, and who is always ready with it in time of need, even in his own house ^b where he is never free from warfare. She also informs him that in the country to which he is going he will be always encompassed with enemies, and that the sling and stones (she had given him) would not be sufficient to defend him unless he was accustomed to his armour, without requiring the assistance of his armourbearer; for it would excite scorn and derision were he to allow her to carry it who was so much weaker than himself.

The Pilgrim inquires the reason why, after taking off his armour, ^c he should experience so much pain in putting it on again?

Grace ¹ bids him remember she had told him he was too fat, and too stubborn.

The Pilgrim acknowledges that she had admonished him of this—but thinks that it should be a reason for his being stronger and more valiant.

She next inquires whether he is aware who he is? whether he is single or double? whether he has not another besides himself to nourish, govern, and maintain?

The Pilgrim replies, that he is astonished at her question, that she must be aware that he has only himself to govern and take care of.

Then she says, “Understand, and listen diligently, for I will instruct you otherwise: know that you nourish one who is your greatest enemy—that you clothe him, and feed him with the costliest viands—that ^d you are his slave; but, notwithstanding, he deceives you, both when he is moving and when he is at rest.

‘Soit en allant ou quant il gift.’

He it is who will not allow you to carry your armour, and who is always your adversary when you would do any good thing.”

The Pilgrim inquires his name, that he may revenge himself on his enemy by killing him.^e

Grace replies, that he is not permitted to do that, but that he may punish him and give him pain, by making him work, fast, and submit to penance, without which he will never succeed in revenging himself upon him. She adds, that if he had well understood the matter he would have seen that *Repentance* ^g was the mistress and chastiser, who, with her rods, would cause his enemy to become a good servant; and she tells the Pilgrim that he ought to desire that more than the death of his foe, for he is lent to him to lead him to the haven of eternal life, and to preserve him from peril; that this enemy is his body and his flesh, which can be called by no other name than that of a foe.

The PILGRIM replies:

Ma dame quod I what may thys be^f
Whether dreme I other ellys ye

¹ GRACEDIEU.

¶ Ne te souvient dit elle pas
Que ie te dis questoye trop gras
Par trop remply et par trop peuz
Ainsi quencord es et trop druz

LE PELERIN.

¶ Bien men souvient dis ie mais tant
Estre ien deusse plus puissant
Et plus fort aux armes porter
Comme il me semble et a marmier

GRACEDIEU.

¶ Scez tu dist elle qui tu es
Se tu es seul on se double es

Se nul fors toy as a nourrir
Na gouverner na maintenir

² Penitence est la maistresse^h
Et de luy la chastierresseⁱ
Baillies le luy si le batra
Et tellement le chastiera
De ses verges que bon seruant
El le fera doreinauant
Et ce dois tu mieulx desirer
Et mieulx vouloir et procurer
Que tu ne dois faire la mort
Car baille test pour luy a port^k
De vie et de salut mener
Et de tous perilz le gester
Cest le corps et la chair de toy
Autrement nommer ne le doy

Ffor as fer as I kan espye ^a
 I mervyll off your fantasye
 Or by what weye ye wolde gon
 Ys nat my body and I al on
 I trowe yis and ellys wonder
 Or how myhte we be affonder
 Ys he a nother than am I
 I pray you tel me ffeythfully
 And me declareth the sothnesse
 Withouten any dowbylness
 What that ye mene verrayly
 Ffor her ys no whyht but ye and I
 Except only my chaumberere
 Wych that folweth ous ryht here
 A noon to me doth synifye
 Wher yt be trouth or fayrre ^b
 Shal we shold ben on or tweyne
 Tel on a noon and doth not ffeyne

Grace inquires of the Pilgrim whether he
 would wish to abide always where he could
 have joy, repose, ^c and his own will.

Ma dame quod I dysplese you nouht
 I say ryht as lyth ^d in my thouht
 Myn hertys ese for to fewe ^e
 I wolde abyde and not remewe
 Ffor myn ese cuer in ^f on
 Rather than thenys for to gon
 Ffor yt ys profytable tabyde
 Wher that a man on euery syde
 Ffyndeth vn to hys plesaunce
 Sojour ^g with oute varyaunce

Ys that verrayly quod she
 Soth that thow hast sayd to me
 I understonde by thy language ^h
 Thow woldest leue thy pylgrymage
 And platly ⁱ settyn hyt asyde
 Only for reste and ther a byde

Ma dame quod I for my dysport
 Wher I find ese and connfort
 I wolde a byde a whyle there
 Tyl I sawh tyme and good leyser ^k

To me she sayde a noon ryht than
 O wrecche o thow vnhappy man

Tak hed and be more ententyff
 How here in thys mortal lyff ^l
 Thogh that a man renne euermore
 He may never haft hym to fore ^m
 To kome to tymely ⁿ to that place
 I putte ^o caas that he ha space
 Fforth to procede day by day
 At good leyser vpon hys way
 Her vpon I axe the
 Yiff thow haddyft lyberte
 Joye merthe and al folace
 Woldestow fro thylke place
 Yiff thow haddyft fre choys at wylle
 Remeven or abyde styll

Allas quod I what may I seyn
 I kan nat wel answer ageyn
 But o thyng I wot ryht wel
 The cyrcustancys euery del
 Confydryd vp on euery syde
 Par caas rather I sholde abyde
 Than ben to hasty to procede ^p
 Tyl I sawh I muste nede
 Goon forth off necessitye
 In caas than wolde I hafte me

Quod Gracedieu yt semeth wel
 Thow hast not lernyd euery del
 Thynges nouthur hih nor lowe
 Syth thy sylff thow kanst not knowe
 The wych a boue all other thyng
 Ys the beste knowelychyng
 That man may han in thys lyff here
 And yiff thow lyft platly lere ^q
 To knowe thy sylff ys bet knowing
 Than to be Emperour outhur kyng
 And for to knowe al syences
 Practykes and experyences
 Or to han al the rycheffe
 Off thys world in sothfastnesse

And I shal telle the ffeythfully
 In thys matere trewely
 What that I fele in my entent
 Shortly as in sentement
 The body fyrst be nat in doute

^a Col. ii. 5.

^b Illusion.

^c Isaiah lxvi. 13.

^d Lieth.

^e Follow or procure.

^f i.e. Remain in one (place).

^g Sojourn.

^h Pf. lxxiii. 26.

ⁱ Entirely.

^k Leisure.

^l Gal. vi. 10.

^m He can never hasten too eagerly.

ⁿ Too soon.

^o Even granting.

^p Gen. xii. 1, 2.

^q Psal. xlix. 20.

^a Gen. i. 27.

^b Gen. ii. 15.

^c To have dwelt
or lived.

^d Job x. 8.

^e Kindred or re-
lationship.

^f Psal. lxxxii. 6.

^g Murmurs.

^h Arose.

ⁱ The fruit re-
sembles the tree.

^k Profit or ad-
vantage.

^l Rom. viii. 13.

^m An action in
the field or pitch-
ed battle.

ⁿ Beat him down.

Off wych I spak closyd withoute
Whan yt ys fro the segregat
Dysseveryd and separat
Than off the I dar wel seyn
And afferme yt in certyn
Off god thow art the portraiture
Thymage also and ffygure^a
And off nouht yiff thow kanst se
He ffourmede and he made the
That lord ffyrst in thy creauce
To hys owne resemlaunce
And ymage wych off lyknesse
Most dygne and worthy off nobleffe
A prent to speke off dygnyte
He myghte nat ha set on the
Mor worthy nor more notable
Than to hym syllff resemlable
He gaff to the off hys goodnesse^b
Cler fyght off reson and ffayrnesse
And off nature to be mor lyht
Than any ffoul that ffleth in flyht
And never to deyen ek withal
For he made the immortal
Permanent and even stable
And tadwellyd immutable^c
Yiff thow not haddyst off entent
Forfetyd hys commandement
Than haddystow thorgh thy renoun
Excellyd in comparyfoun^d
Comparyfoun myghte noon ha be
To thy nobleffe and dygnete
Off hevene nor erthe in certeyn
Nor to declare and speke in pleyn
Bryd nor outhere creature
Except off angelys the nature
God ys thy fader tak hed her to
And thow art hys sone also
Most excellynge off kynrede^e
That euer was withoute drede
Most noble and off grettest style
Ffor off Thomas de Guillevoyle
Thow art not sone on that party
I dar afferme and seyn trewley^f
Who euer gruchche^g or make stryff
That he nat hadde in al hys lyff
To seke in al hys nacyon

No sone off swych condycyon
Douhter nouthere yt ys no fable
Off kynrede so notable
But off engendrure bodyly
Thow haddyst off hym thy body
Wych kam off hym by nature
The wych body I kan assure
Ys to the tak hed her to
Thyn enmy and thy grettest foo
On that party yiff thow lyft se
Roos^h ffyrst the grete enmyte
Nature hath yt so ordeyned
But yt thorgh vertu be restreyned
Ffor the ffrutⁱ what euer yt be
Bereth the carage off the tre

And her vp on yiff thow lyft se
The same lord he made the
Off his goodnesse for thy prow^k
And in the body wher thow art now
He the putte as I dar telle
Ther a whyle for to dwelle^l
And ther tabyde thys the cheff
Ffor tassaye the by preffe
And by thy port also dyscerne
How thow sholdest the governe
Prudently both fer and ner
And yiff thow dydest thy deverⁿ
To dyffende thy party
Yiff ye wolde holde chaumpartye^m
Ageyns the in any wyse
Ffor as I shal to the devyse
A twyxe yow yt ys no ffaylle
Ther ys werre and strong bataylle
And contynuelly ther shal be
But so falle thow yelde the
And put the in subiection
Thorgh hys fals collusion
By hys deceyt and flatrye
Evere to haue the maystrye
Over the in conclusioun
Whyll he hath domynacioun
But yiff that thow as yt ys ryht
Dycomfyte hym by verray myght
And by force bet^a hym don
Lyk a myghty champion

Than shal tow bothe fer and ner
 Over hym han ful power
 That he shal neuer for no quarelle
 Ageyns the dor rebelle
 To interupte thy entente
 And trowly but thy sylff assente
 He shal neuer be so bold
 The to withstonde as I ha tolde
 He ys *Dalyda* thow art *Sampson*^a
 Thow art strong as by refon
 Sturdy on thy feet to stonde
 Suffre hym nat the to withstonde
 Nor over the to han maystrye
 Ffor no glosing nor flatrye
 And yiff thow tak hed ther to
 She ne kan nat ellys do
 But with flatrye and deceyt
 Nyht and day lyn in a wayt
 And swych wach on the doth make
 To make thyn enmyes the to take
 At mescheff whan they may the fynde
 And yiff thow wilt she shal the bynde
 Sher^b thyn heer whyl thow dost slepe
 But thow konne thy sylven kepe
 And overmore I the ensure
 Thy counsayl al he wyl dyscure^c
 And thy secretys ewicchon
^dTo *phyllyfres*^e that be thy ffoon^f
 Other frenschepe truste me
 He hath pleyndly noon to the
 Know thes and to my speche entende
 How thow wylt thy sylff dyffende
 Be nat to thy confuson
 Deceyved as whylom was *Sampson*

Quod Gracedieu a noon to me
 What thow hast sayd tak hed quod she
 And understond ffyrst in thy syht
 By the sonne that shyneth bryht^g
 Thy soul cler in especyal
 Wyth inne thy body wych ys mortal
 Off thys mater we haue on honde
 Ther by thy soule I understonde
 Thy body yiff thow kanst espye^h
 Ys dyckⁱ as ys a clowdy skye
 And lyk also who can dyscerne

To a murky blak lanterne
 And nat^k for thy I dar expresse
 Men may sen thorgh the bryhtnesse
 Off the soule yt ys no doute
 And the clernesse fer withoute
 Clerkys recorde yt in ther skolys^l
 And other wene^m that be but ffolys
 In ther follysh fals demyng
 That al the cler enlumynyng
 Wher off that pore skye lo
 Wherwyth the fowle ys shrowdyd so
 Eclypsed off hys ffayr bryhtnesse
 And ne were the gret darknesse
 Off thys skye who loke a ryht
 The fowle sholde han so cler a fyht
 At oⁿ look fro the oryent
 To sen in to the occident
 Ffor off the body truste me
 The eyen no verray eyen be^o
 But lyk to glas I dar wel seyn
 Wher thorgh the clere soule ys seyn
 And outward with hys bemys bryht^p
 Giveth ther to clernesse and lyht
 Ffor the fowle who taketh hede^q
 Off bodyly eyen hath no nede

But for thy sake a noon ryht^r
 I shal assayen and provyde
 Thy body for to leyn afyde^s
 Ffro the take yt yiff I kan
 That thow mayst conceyve than
 Off hym hooly the governaunce
 And what he ys as in substaunce
 But thow mustest in certeyn
 Aftter sone resorte ageyn
 To thyn olde dwellyng place
 Tyl that deth a certeyn space
 Schal the despoyle and make twynne^t
 Ffro the body that thow art inne
 And Grace dieu a noon me took
 I not wher that I slepte or wook
 And made for short conclusion
 My body for to falle adoun
 And after that a noon ryht
 Me sempte that I took my flyht
 And was ravished in to the hayr

^a Judges xvi. 4.

^b Sheer or clip
thine hair.

^c Discover or be-
tray.

^d Judges xvi. 18,
19.

^e Philistines.

^f Foes.

^g Ecclef. i. 5.

^h 1 Cor. ii. 14.

ⁱ Thick.

^k Notwithstand-
ing this.

^l Schools.

^m Suppose.

ⁿ One.

^o Matt. v. 16.

^p Luke xii. 35.

^q Mark viii. 17,
18.

^r Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 152, b.

^s Isaiah xlii. 16.

^t Separate thee.

^a Whether.

^b Touched its head, so as to be sure that it was my body.

^c Prov. xii. 28.
Prov. ix. 13—15.
Prov. ii. 13.
Prov. ix. 10.
Prov. xix. 1.

^d 1 Cor. xii. 4—6.

^e Vitell. C. xiii. f. 174, b.

^f Polisher.

^g Ecclef. vi. 7.

^h f. xlii. b.

ⁱ James v. 3.

A place delytable and ffayr
And me thought ek in my syht
I was nat hevvy but verray lyht
And by beholdyng was so cler
That I sawh bothe fer and ner
Hih and lowe and overal
And I was ryht glad with al
Al was wel to my plesauce
Save a manner dyspleauce
I hadde off o thying in certyn
That I muste go dwelle ageyn
With inne my body wych that lay
Lyk an hevvy lompe off clay
Wych to me was no forthryng
But perturbance and gret lettyng
Thyder to resorte off newe
Tho wyft I wel that al was trewe
That grace dieu had seyde to me
And thanne I went for to fe
Wher ^a the body slepte or nouht
And whan I hadde longe souht,
Tastyd ^b hys powys in certeyne
And gropyd euery nerff and veyne
I find in hym no breth at al
But ded and cold as a ston wal
And when I dyde al thys espye
Hys gouernance I gan desye
Tho Grace Dieu spak unto me
Lestt up thyn eyen beholde and se
Yiff thou konne now clerly
Knowe in erthe thy gret enemy
He that wolde nat suffre the bere
Noon armys nor noon harneys here

The Pilgrim arrives at a path which branches into opposite directions: to the right is seated *Industry*, and to the left *Idleness*; the "Pelerin" inquires the way to the city of Jerusalem, beyond the sea (of this world). *Industry* replies that the opposite path conducts

pilgrims into great peril, but that the one wherein he is, was always discovered to be safe to those who continued in it; but that many turned out of their way, through the hedge which led them back into the other path, ^c (the stile in *By-path meadow*.) The Pilgrim then inquires why he carries on the humble employment of net-maker. He replies, that he ought not to be blamed for so doing; that it is not every one who can make gold crowns: ^d

"Chascun fi ne peut pas forger
Couronnes dor ou lor changer;"

that an honest trade is not to be despised, however humble, provided it is pursued with diligence, since labour was good for its own sake; adding the following simile:—

THE NATTE MAKER.¹

So as a swerd I dar expresse ^e
Y ffadyd ys off hys bryhtnesse
And off hys clernesse ek also
Whan men take noon heed ther to
But rusteth and ffareth al amys
Ryght so a man that ydel ys
And kan hymself not occupye
By ressemblaunce thow mayst espye
Into hys sowle thus I begynne
The rust off vyces or off synne
Doth a way withoute gesse
Off all vertu the clernesse
But exerceye in sentence
And contynual dyllygence
Born vp with vertuous labour
Ys bet than any fourbyshour ^f
Ageyn the rust off ydelnesse
Off vertu to gyue perfyt clernesse

The Pilgrim expresses surprise ^g at his an-

¹ LABEUR.^h

¶ Certes dist il ainsi est il ⁱ
Ainsi que le fer est en peril
Du lacier dont riens on ne fait
Que tost apres rouille ne soit
Aussi l'homme qui oyseux est
Et riens ne fait en peril est

Quaffez tost bien fort enrouille
Ne soit par vice et par peche
Mais quant il se veult occuper
Et en labeur exerciter
Celuy vault vng bon forbisfeur
Et vne lime et vng limeur

• • • • •



Dilecta Pythagore discrimine sectæ bicorni

humanae vitæ speciem præferre videtur

swer, saying, he had looked upon him as a filly old man—to which *Industry* replies, that it was generally^a the case that he who did not wear fine clothing^b was held in little estimation; and that a foolish man, well dressed, was more prized^c than a poor man with much learning; he adds:—

¹ And for to speke my general
I sustene and ber up al
And yt ys I ech hour and space
That makyth the tyme shortly pace
Without envy or perturbaunce
Ffor I am he by remembraunce
Syth Adam the appple eate
Which with labour and with swet
Have yove^d ffoode and pasture
To every levyng creature
Bothe to best and ek to man
Syth tyme that the world began
Where off I am no thyng to blame
And my verray ryhte name
Ys without mor farmon
Labour and Occupation

The Pilgrim then inquires of the young perfon seated on the other side, which were considered the best paths for pilgrims.

But I knowe be wel certeyn²
Yiff I shall the trouthe feyn
Thys the weye most royal
Called the kynges hih³ weye
And her withal I dar wel feye

Yt ys most esy off passage
To ffolkys old and yonge of age
Smòthe and pleyn yt ys no nay
And most yused nyght and day
And by thys ylke same weye
Gladly ffolkys I conveye
Swich^e as love paramours
Toward the woode to gadre flowers
Soot^f rofys and vyolettys
There of to make hem chaplettys
And other flourys to her plesaunce
And in thys weye I teche hem daunce
And also for ther lady sake
Endyte lettrys and songys make
Upon the glade somerys days
Balladys roundelys vyrelays
I teche hem ek lyk ther ententys
To pleye on sondry instrumentys
On herpe lut and on gyterne
And to revelle at tavern
With al merthe and mellodye
On rebuke^g and on symphonye
To spende al the day in ffablys
Pleye at the ches play at the tablys
At treygolet and tregetrye
In karrying^h and in jogoloryⁱ
And to al swych maner play
Thys the verray ryhte way

The Pilgrim inquires her name and condition. She replies that she is the daughter of *Idleness*, that she is lazy, tender, and soft:

¹ Et touteffois ie suis celluy
Qui a trestous donne du pain
Et sans moy pieca mort de fain
Fust dadam tout le parente
Rien ny vaulsist larche noe
Je suis celluy qui fais passer
Le temps briefment sans ennuyer^k
Celluy a qui est ne tout homme
Pour le mauuais mors de la pomme
Car appelle suis par mon nom^l
Labeur et occupation

² OYSIUETE.^m

¶ Bien scay et pour vray te dyⁿ
Que cest cy le chemin royal
Ou gens de pie et de cheual
Et pelerins passent le plus
Bien vois quil est le plus batus

Par luy ie meyne gens au bois
Cueillir fleurs violettes et nois
En esbatement en deduit
En lieu de ioye et de delict
Et la leur fais oyr chançons
Rondeaux balades et doux sons^o
De herpes et de simphonies
Et plusieurs autres melodies
Dont long le parlement seroit
Qui toutes dire les voudroit
Et la leur fois ie veoir danseurs
Jeux de bastiaux et de iogueurs
Jeux de tables et deschiquiers
De boules et de mereilliers
De cartes jeux de tricherie
Et de mainte autre muserie

³ Bunyan and Spenser both adopt the simile of the "highway."

^a 1 Cor. iv. 12.

^b Luke vii. 25.

^c Tobit iv. 7.

^d Given.

^e Such.

^f Sweet.

^g Rebeck, a kind of violin.

^h Legerdemain.

ⁱ Jugglery.

^k Pf. cxxviii. 2.

^l Ecclus. xl. 1.

^m f. xlv.

ⁿ Prov. xxviii. 10.

^o Prov. iv. 14, 15.

^a Eph. v. 3, 4.

^b Prov. xvi. 2.

^c Ecclef. xxxiii. 27.

^d See the description of "Pen-nance" given above.

^e Job xxxvi. 13. Ecclef. xi. 10.

^f Vitell. C. xiii. f. 233, b.

"Suis oyseuse, tendre, et succree."

She says that she loves better to play with her gloves than any other occupation; ^a that she is the friend of his body when he sleeps or wakes—saving it from trouble, ^b and seeing that it is well taken care of; she warns him to beware which way he takes—that the one opposite is long and narrow, and that hers is wide, which is apparent to everyone.

The Pilgrim inquires who had placed the hedge between the paths; for if that were not there it would all appear as one and the same road.

Idleness answers that it was placed there by a great persecutor of pilgrims, ^c named *Repentance*, who held all those who went her way in great hatred, and that when they wished to turn into the other they could not,

without being pierced with thorns, and otherwise wounded; that *Repentance* came there to make brooms, rods, and hammers; for that she was severe beyond measure, and therefore she was little loved and praised. ^d

The Pilgrim calls to his remembrance the lady with the broom and rods, answering exactly to this description, and he considers it better to turn into the "Nat-maker's" road before he passes the hedge which was so grievous and prickly. ^e

In journeying on, the Pilgrim, after encountering and escaping from *Gluttony* and *Lust*, meets *Wrath* ^f and *Tribulation*. ^f He is assailed by the former, who is represented as a sour-looking ugly old woman holding two stones in her hands—one of them called *Despise*, the other, *Animosity*—and a saw in her

¹ Y is called the letter of Pythagoras, (not because he invented it—for Palamedes invented it from the flight of cranes—but) because he used it to signify the bifurcation of the good and evil ways of men.

Novimus Pythagoram Samium vitam humanam divisisse in modum litteræ Y scilicet quod prima ætas incerta sit, quippe quæ adhuc se nec vitii nec virtutibus dedit: bivium autem litteræ Y a juventute incipere quo tempore homines aut vitia, i. e. partem sinistram, aut virtutes, i. e. partem dextram sequuntur.

Serius, Comment in Virg. Æn. vi. 136.

Dicunt enim humanæ vitæ cursum, Y, litteræ effe similem; quod unusquisque hominum, cum primum adolescentiæ limen attigerit, et in eum locum venerit, partis ubi se via findit in ambas hæret mutabundus, ac nesciat in quam se partem potius inclinet. Si ducem nactus fuerit, qui dirigat ad meliora titubantem, hoc est, si aut philosophiam didicerit, aut eloquentiam, aut aliquid honestæ artis, quod evadat ad bonam frugem; quod fieri sine labore maximo non potest: honestam, accipiosam vitam, disputant, peracturum: Si vero doctorem frugalitatis non inuenerit; in sinistram viam, quæ melioris speciem mentiatur, incedere; id est, desidæ, inertæ, luxuriæ se tradere; quæ suavia quidem videntur ad tempus, vera bona ignoranti; post autem amissa omni dignitate, ac re familiari, in omnibus miseriis, ignominiaque victurum.
Nec igitur melius, et verius, qui duas istas vias, cæli, et inferorum esse dicimus, quia iustis immortalitas, iniustis pœna æterna proposita est.—*Lactantius, vi. 3.*

For they say that the course of human life is like the letter Y; because every man, when first he shall have touched the threshold of youth, and shall have come to that place where "the way splits itself into two parts," may stick doubting, and know not to which part he would rather bend himself. If he shall have found a guide who can direct a faltering (man) to better things,

that is, if he shall have learned philosophy, or eloquence, or anything of any honourable art, he may reach fruit for good (purposes), which cannot be done without very great labour, they maintain that he will pass through an honourable and wealthy life: but if he shall not find a teacher of temperance, (they say) that he goes to the left-hand road, which falsely assumes the appearance of a better (road), that is, that he gives himself to sloth, ignorance, (and) luxury; which indeed seem sweet at the time to him who knows not true good; (but afterwards) all rank, family property, being lost, (they say) that he will live in all misery and disgrace.

Wherefore we affirm better and more truly that those ways are two, of heaven and hell, because immortality is placed before the just, and eternal punishment before the unjust.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos,
Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem.

Perfius, Sat. iii. l. 56, 57.

But you have pass'd the schools; have studied long,
And learn'd the eternal bounds of Right and Wrong,
And what the Porch, (by Mycon limned, of yore,
With trowers'd Medes) unfolds of ethic lore,
Where the thorn youth, on herbs and pottage fed,
Bend o'er the midnight page, the sleepless head:
And sure, the letter where, divergent wide,
The Samian branches shoot on either side,
Has to your view, with no obscure display,
Marked, on the right, the strait, but better way.

Gifford's Perfius, Sat. iii. l. 99—108.

Quumque iter ambiguum est et vitæ nescius error
Diducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes.

Ibid. Sat. v. l. 14.

Pythagoræ bivium ramis pateo ambiguis Y.
Anonius, Idyl. 348-9.

² See Woodcut XII.

mouth, the use of which she thus describes :—

'This sharp sawe in verray dede
Wych that callyd is hatrede
And with thys sawe tak hed her to
Ys I sawe and kut a two
Perfyt loue and unyte
Concord and fraternyte
Off charyte and allyaunce
Maad also dysseveraunce
Yt cut a two ech vertu
In Jacob and Esu
Thow mayst se a playn fygure
Yiff thow rede the scrypture
Thys sawhe made hem gon affonder
The ton her the tother yonder
And long tyme affonder were
And thys sawh also I bere
As thow fest her in my mouth
Wher ever I go both est and south
Off entent be well certeyn
Whan ever I pray or shold feyn
My pater noster nyht or day
Than I sawh mysylf away
Ffrom the hooly trynyte
I preve^a yt as thow mayst se
I pray God off entencyoun
Off my synnes to han pardoun
Evene lyk to my focour
As I forgyve my neighebour
In my prayere ek I sette
That he forgyve me my dette
As I forgyve folk thoffence
That to me dyde vyolence
And to conclude yiff yt be souht
I forgyve her off ryht nowht

Than must yt folwe off equitye
My prayere ys ageyns me
To ward my sylf by mortal lawe
Wrongly I tourne thys ylke sawhe
In the wych ys no profyt
Worthepe honour but fals delyt
But gret damage and harm ful offte
And he that sholde stonde alofte
Holdynge thys sawhe thys the caas
He ys benethe and stonde most baas
In sygne wheroff who lyst knowe
Sathanas he ys most lowe

Wrath also carries a hawk, representing *Murder*, with which she girds her agents—citing, for example, Barabbas,^b and the tyrants who formerly put the martyrs to death.

“ Beste sauuaige non pas hom
Cil est qui porte ce fauchon ;”

“ (A wild beast, and not a man, is he who bears this hawk.)”

Wrath warns the Pilgrim to defend himself against her assaults; to which he answers, that he will resist unto the death.^c

Descending the hill whence he had come, he then perceives *Tribulation*, who commands him to lay down his staff and protect himself with his shield and sword. She tells him that she carries the instruments for forging—only requiring an anvil upon which to forge him a crown—the crown of life;^d and that his not possessing this, renders him in peril of being destroyed by the first stroke of her hammer, which is *Persecution*^e—by which Job was severely tried, and by which those who are not

^a Prove.

^b Mark xv. 7.

^c Col. iii. 6.

^d 1 Pet. i. 6, 7.

^e 2 Tim. iii. 12.

¹ Et est celle see f nommee
Ffayne de laquelle est see
Union de fraternite
Et alliance dunité
En iacob et en esau
Tu en as la figure veu
Je les fuy et les desionchs
Et lun de lautre enuoyay loinge
Aussi ay le maint autre fait
Dont raconter auroit trop plait
Aux dens ceste see ie porte
Afin que se la pater nostre
Je dy que ie soie bien see

De dieu le pere et separee
Car quant le pry quil ait mercy
De moy et me doint tout ainsi
Mes meffais comme les pardonne
Et qua nully ie ne pardonne^h
Bien scay que contre moy ie prie
Et deuers moy tourne la sie
En ceste sie a si trespeu
De bien de louenge et de preu
Que qui la tient et maistre en est
Au dessoubz et au plus bas est
En signe que le sathenas
Le tendra en la fosse bas

^f f. lxi. b.

^g Matt. v. 22.
Gen. xxvii. 41.

^h Matt. vi. 12.

^a Prov. i. 32.
¹ Chron. xxi. 1.
 Job ii. 7.

^b Job i. 21.
 Rom. v. 3.
 Eccclus. xxxv. 20.
 Psal. lxxi. 20.

^c Vitell. C. xiii.
 f. 241.

^d Tongs.

^e Stars.

^f Vitell. C. xiii.
 f. 241, b.

^g f. lxvii. g.

^h Pf. cxvi. 3, 4.
 Hab. iii. 16.

ⁱ Job vi. 10.

well armed are confounded, even unto the death.^a The Pilgrim remembers that St. Bernard had advised him in all trouble to resort for aid to the Virgin Mary, to whom he makes his prayer. *Tribulation* then ceases to assault him, finding he has not given up his staff, and has sought a good and sure refuge.^b

How much more scriptural than this is Bunyan's "key of promise," which unlocks the door of *Doubting Castle*!

Tribulation describes herself in De Guilleville, as being like the wind which scatters some of the falling leaves and drives others into various corners for refuge, and speaks as follows:—

¹Som like leavy's I whirl away^c
 Wych by the ground ful lowe lay
 But thoro my commissioun
 I ha tourned them up se down
 And many another ek also
 With my trouble and with my wo
 And with my toonges^d I hem chace
 Agayn the Lord whann they trespace
 That I cause hem for to flic
 To God on hem to han pyte
 And some I have ek caused offte
 To flien up to the sterre^e aloffte
 To whom thow fleddyft with gret labour
 Ffor to have of hym succour
 Comfort and consolacioun

¹ TRIBULATION.^g

¶ Je suis dist elle tout ainfi
 Que le vent qui maine a labry
 Et destourne les fueilles cheues
 Ou les rachasse vers les nues^h
 A refuge tay fait aler
 Et vers les nues regarder
 Qui es une fueille seichee
 Et deiectee et desuoyee
 En cestuy chemin maleureux
 Ou nest pas (dont meschief est) seuls
 Ceulx qui bien ne vont ie rauoye
 Et point aise ie ne feroye
 Jusqua ce que trouue auroient
 Ung destour ou se mufferoient
 * * * * *
 Les vngs chaffe a la pitie dieu
 Ou a grace qui tient son lieu
 * * * * *

Ageyn al tribulacioun

* * * I have to the
 Partly declaryd myne offys
 As thow mayst fele yiff thow be wys
 Without any gret outrage
 Don to the or gret damage
 Withouten any wordes mo
 A dieu farewel for I wyll go
 And be war in thy passage
 That thow do well thy pylgrymage
 And in thy way be iust and stable
 Lych a pylgryn good and hable

The Pilgrim then prays that God will guard him from any worfe evil, for he feels that he has no power in himself, that his only reliance is on his staff (faith); but that as *Tribulation* has threatened to return again, he cannot trust his own heart should she do so, for it is wavering, and only too ready to follow different designs, and he proceeds in the following words:—

¹And as I stood allone al fool^f
 Gan compleyne and make dool
 Havyng no thyng up on to reffe
 Save as me sempte for the beste
 I lenede me on my bordoun
 For thogh that Tribulacioun
 Wer departyd in certeyn
 She sayde she wolde kome ageyn

Mon deuoir iay fait a present
 Sans oultrage trespoulcement
 Ailleurs ie vois va bon chemin
 Com doit faire bon pelerin

¹ LE PELERIN.

Or me garde dieu de pis auoirⁱ
 Car en moy nay aucun pouoir
 Ne sur moy rien ou ie me fie
 Fors le bourdon ou ie mapuye
 Se tribulation sen va
 El dit bien quelle reuiendra
 Se ne me tiens a mon refuy
 Ou me suis mis et mon abry
 Mais certes ie voy bien et scay
 Que tenir ie ne my pourray
 Pour mon cuer qui trop volaige est
 Et a diuers propos tost prest
 Ainfi comme seul meditant
 Men aloye mon frain rongea
 Vng val pfond en vng boicaige

But I whereso I woke or slepte
 With my refuge ay I me kepte
 To have by hyr protectioun
 Ageyn ech tribulacioun
 But for that I by gret owtrage^a
 Was of my port wyld and savage
 Dyvers^b of my condycioun
 And al day turnynge up and down
 Full of chaunge and doublynesse
 Having in me no stabylnesse
 And whyl I wente thus musynge
 Withinne myselff ymagynynge
 I fyll anoon in my passage
 In to a woode ful savage
 Me thouhte the weye peryllous
 And by to pass encombrous
 I knew not what was leste to doone
 For in a woode a man may soone
 Lose hys weye and gon amys
 But he be war^c and thus yt ys
 As pylgryms know wel ech on
 That on pylgrymage gon
 Passage they fynde narew and streyth
 Brygantys lyn ek in aweyt
 And wyld bestys many on
 Tassayle pylgrymes wher they gon

Bunyan expresse a simlar idea thus:—
 "Now at the end of the Valley of *Humiliation* was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and *Christian* must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now this valley is a very solitary place; the prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: 'A wilderness, a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought, and of the shadow of death; a land that no man (but a Christian) passeth through, and

where no man dwelt.' (Jer ii. 6) . . . About the midst of this valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside. Now, thought *Christian*, what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises, (things that cared not for *Christian's* sword, as did Apollyon before,) that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called 'All-Prayer,' (Eph. vi. 18.); so he cried in my hearing, 'O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul.' (Psalm cxvi. 4.) Thus he went on a great while; yet still the flames would be reaching towards him: also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro; so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard, by him for several miles together; and, coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him—he stopped, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half way through the valley; he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward; so he resolved to go on. Yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer—but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, 'I will walk in the strength of the Lord God;' so they gave back, and came no farther."

¹ After his encounter with *Tribulation*, the Pilgrim is assailed by *Avarice* and *Necromancy*,

Horrible lait et moult sauvaige
 Vy deuant moy par ou passer
 Me conuenoit sauant aler
 Je vouloye dont esbahy fu
 Car par bois on a tost perdu
 Sa voye et mains perilz y font
 De pelerins qui tous feulz vont
 Larrons et mains bestes sauvaiges
 Souuent en croz et tapinaiges

Y font pour nuire aux trespasans
 Et leur faire destourbiens grans

¹ The narrative from this point is taken from the MS. Tiberius A. vii. of which mention has already been made. Vitellius C. xiii. is unfortunately lost after the meeting of *Tribulation* with the Pilgrim; but the story is continued in Tiberius A. vii. (which is also a translation of portions of De Guileville's "*Pèlerinage*"), and the coloured drawings are facsimiles from the latter MS.

^a By the great violence I had suffered.

^b Restless.

^c Unless he take care.

when a messenger comes, sword in hand, (like *Greatheart*,) to his rescue, and is represented in the illumination as a Crusader, with an escutcheon on his breast, and a red cross, or *rood tree* in the centre of it—he has then to encounter *Heresy*, *Sathan*, *Dame Fortune*, *Dame Idolatry*, *Sorcery*, *Scilla*, *Conspiracy*, *Gladness of the world*, or “*world’s ffals solace*,” (the *Vanity Fair* of Bunyan;) with each of these he has long colloquies, just as he has in De Guileville’s poem.

In his distress, by the side of a great water, he perceives a ship sailing towards him, and presently *Gracedieu* lands, and opens a fountain in the rock. In this water he is washed and purified, and she offers him the choice of a refuge in various monasteries; he makes his choice, like De Guileville, of the monastery of *Cisteaux*.

GRACE.

Voy la Cluny voy la Cisteaulx
Voy la Chartreux voy la precheurs
Voy la croisissez voy la mineurs
Su en vois la de toutes guises

• • • • •

* f. lxvii.

^b Ezekiel v. 17.

^c Daniel vii. 4.

^d Ezek. xxi. 11.

* Mark ix. 42.

^f Avarice, according to St. Augustin, is an insatiable and depraved lust after vain-glory or anything else.

¹ Agiographie, or Hagiographie, signifies “Holy writings,” or “Scriptures,” and may have suggested to Bunyan his name of *Evangelist*.

² ainsi que ie descendeoye *

Dedans ce val et auloye
Une grant vieille desguisee
Et autrement pis faconnee
Que par avant veu ie nauoye
Lors vy qui estoit en ma voye
Et sembloit que la maetendist
Et que courre sus me voulsist
Nulle tel beste en daniel
Nainfi faicte en ezechiel
Nen lapocalipse ne vy
Et dont autant feusse esbahy
Boiteuse elle estoit et bossue
Et dun gros viel burel vestue
Repetasse de viel penneaulx
De vieux haillons et pendillaux
Ung sac auoit pendu au col
Et bien sembloit que faire vol
El voulsist car dedens boutoit
Grain et fer y ensachoit
Sa langue quelle auoit hors traicte
Ne leur contenance ainsi fiere
Luy aidoit moult a dedens meure
Mais mezelle tout elle estoit
Et surlemee come sembloit
Six mains auoit et deux moingnons

LE PELERIN.

Dame dis ie puis qua choys suy
Le chasteau de cisteaulx iesly

Or according to the old English translation:—

“Madame quod I whan al ys fought
I have chose off herte and thought
Off cystews in eche fyde
In that castel to abyde.”

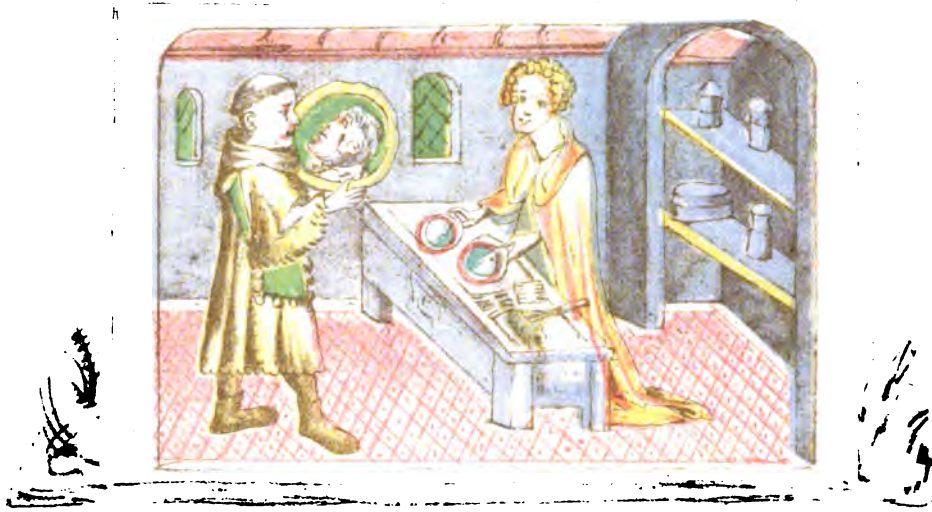
The porter of the gate then fetches him over in a boat. His name is *Drede off God*. He is welcomed by *Charity*. *Leffoun*, who is the *Lecon* or *Conscelliere* of De Guileville, gives him instruction. *Agiographie*¹ shows him a *wonderful mirror*. These are succeeded by *Obedience*, *Discipline*, *Abstinence*, *Poverty*, *Chastity*, *Prayer*, *Infirmity*, *Old Age*, and *Death*.

² On descending into the valley, (after having been attacked by *Tribulation*,) the Pilgrim encounters an old woman, disguised in such a manner as he had never seen before, who stood

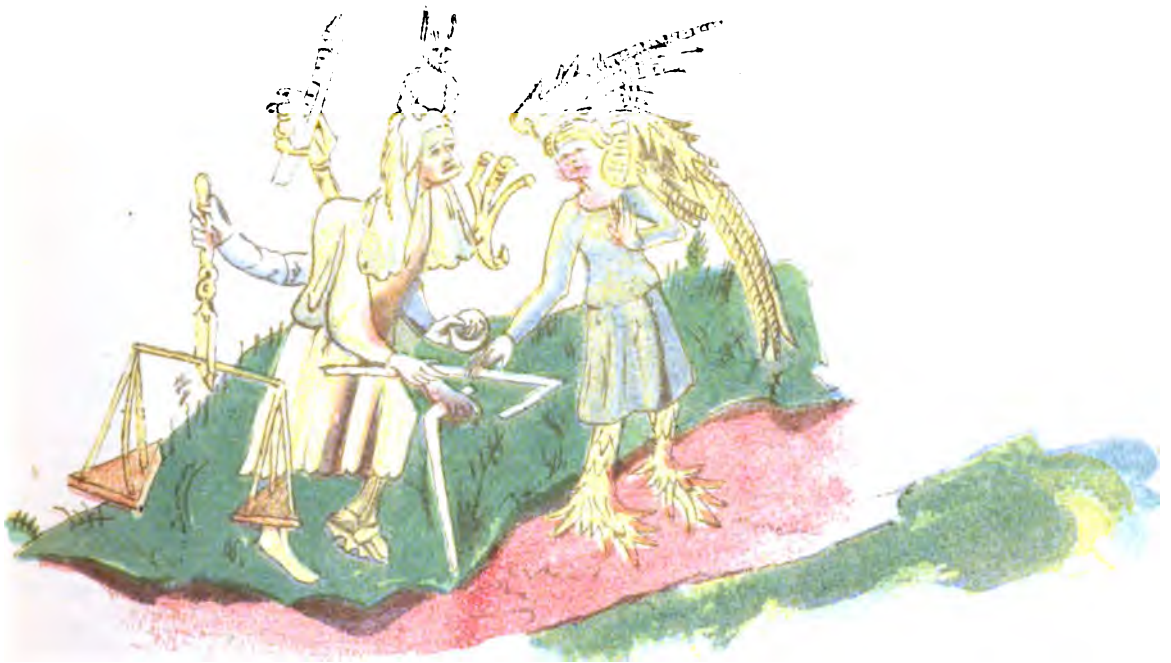
Deux des mains ongles de griffons
Auoient que moult ie redoubtay
Et quant gy pense peur en ay
En vne de ses autres mains
Ainsi que se deust lymer frains
Une lyme taillant tenoit
Et vne balance ou pezoit
Le zodiaque et le soleil
Pour meure en vente sans rapel
Une escuelle en lautre main
Tenoit et vng sachet a pain
En la quinte auoit vng crochet
Et sur la teste vng mahommet
La fixeme main appuyee
Dessus la hanche eclopinee
Auoit et souuant la leuoit
Jusqua la langue et la mangeoit
Celle vis ie tantost venir
Encontre moy pour massailir *

AVARICE.^f

Par mahommet dist elle a moy
Qui est mon dieu en qui ie croy
Je tatendoye a moye lauras
Mal y venis tu y mourras
Meetz ius tescharpe et ton bourdon
Et fay hommaige a mon mahon
Cest celluy par qui suis louee
Saige reputee honnoree



J



in his path and appeared ready to run towards him—he says, “No such beast is described in Daniel, Ezekiel, or the Apocalypse.” She was lame and humpbacked, clothed in tatters, and having her head covered with old rags; a bag was suspended round her neck, evidently for the purpose of theft,¹ for she stuffed into it all sorts of fragments; her tongue was thrust out of her mouth: but her haughty countenance prevented her being able to collect many contributions, and she appeared therefore weak and miserable. She had six hands and two stumps—two of these were furnished with griffin’s claws, which the Pilgrim feared greatly; in another hand she held a file, just as though she were going to file horses’ bits—and scales, in which she weighed the zodiac and the sun; in the fourth she held a porringer, (*escuelle*), and a wallet for bread; in the fifth a hook—and on her head was a *mawmet*, or idol, of gold and silver—the metals she so much covets, and of which she speaks as follows:—

² AVARICE.

Or est temps que ie te parolle
Finablement de mon ydole^a
Mon ydole est mon Mahomet
Le denier dor ou dargent est
Ou quel lempainte est figuree
Du feigneur de celle contree

Celluy sans qui nul nest prise
En la terre nauctorize
Celluy par qui sont honores
Mains grans folz et saiges clamez^c
A luy fault que tu te soubmettes
Et de le servir tentremettes
Et puis apres honteusement
Mourir te fault et villement

¹ A similar description is given by Chaucer in the “Romaunt of the Rose.”—Vide *Clarke’s Riches of Chaucer*, vol. ii. p. 278.

“This *Avarice* held in her hand
A purse which hung by a band
And that she hid and bound so strong
Men must abiden wonder long
Out of the purse ere there came ought
For that ne cometh in her thought
It was not certain her intent
That from that purse a penny went.”

AVARICE.

Now wole I speke of my *mawmet*^a
And of myn ydol that is so oold
Made of silver and off gold
In the which I the ensure
Is the ymage and the figure
And the prynte as thow mayst see
Off the lord of the contree

She next swears to the Pilgrim that by the “*mawmet*,” which she worships, she will have his life, and commands him to give up his scarf and staff, and to pay homage to her “*mawmet*,” through whose instrumentality she is accounted wise and honourable; to which also he must submit himself, and afterwards die miserably.

The Pilgrim inquires her name, to what nation she belongs, and the use of her idol to which she wishes him to render such abject service—for he accounts it unreasonable^b to serve or pay homage to a “*mawmet*,” which is blind, deaf, and dumb, he himself being of noble lineage.

Before, however, she consents to answer these questions, or to give him any further information regarding herself, she leads him to the top of a lofty embankment overlooking a wide plain. Here he beholds a large cathedral, built near a court-house,^c and sees, as it were, a personified game at chess. There were kings, rooks, knights, &c.—all of them with their

^a Levit. xxvi. 1.
Deut. xii. 3.
1 Cor. x. 14.

^b Wisdom xiv.
8—11.

^c Bunyan’s *Demas*. (Cf. 2 Tim. iv. 10.)

² *Mawmet*, or *mammet*, a corruption of the word “*Mahomet*,” and hence applied to anything worshipped with idolatrous reverence. In De Guilleville’s poem the word *mawmet* is called the “*ydole Mahomet*,” meaning in this case the particular idol worshipped, i. e. “*money*.”

⁴ *Eschiquier*. This word is thus explained by Roquefort:—“*Lieu ou s’assembloient les commissaires que le Roi, les Princes souverains ou grands vassaux envoyoyent dans leurs domaines. Dans la province de Normandie cette cour étoit permanente, et en 1250 on y portoit appel des sentences des baillifs.*”—See also Du Cange’s *Glossary*, sub. voc. “*Scacarium*.” The word is introduced here as being radically connected with the game of “*eschecs*,” or “*chess*,” which is described, and the reader will at once recognize in it the origin of our *Court of Exchequer*.

^c Eph. v. 5.

^a Jer. vi. 13.
Pſalm lxxix. 1.
Judith vii. 29.

^b Prov. xix. 4.

^c Lament. i. 1.

^d Micah vii. 3.
Matt. vi. 19.
ⁱ Tim. vi. 10.

^e Malachi iii. 5.
Hab. ii. 9.
Pſalm lxii. 10.

^f Zech. v. 3.

^g Hoſea vii. 1.

^h Exod. xxii. 15
Prov. xi. 26.
Pſalm lv. 11.

ⁱ Matt. v. 45.

swords drawn, and charging at each other with great violence. But not even thus were the combatants ſatisfied, for after having aſſaulted one another, they ruſhed ſavagely with one accord and laid ſiege to the cathedral—ſo violently, that no living creature could remain in or near it, and everything around was reduced to the moſt complete ruin. Upon the Pilgrim's complaining ^a to *Avarice* of the deſtruction of the cathedral, and of the horrible grief and deſtitution that muſt be cauſed thereby, ſhe aſſures him that in very truth he has himſelf now ſeen how that ſhe holds all mankind in ſubjection, ^b that every one pays court to her, and that all kinds of buſineſs have reference to her—of this, ſhe adds, Jeremiah prophesied when he ſaid, “How doth the city ſit ſolitary, that was full of people! how is ſhe become as a widow! ſhe that was great among the nations, and princeſs among the provinces, how is ſhe become tributary!” ^c “Jeremiah knew very well,” ſhe adds, “that all are my pupils—that king, and rooks, ¹ (i. e. all potentates,) are ſubſervient to me, and ſooner or later all devote themſelves to my handicraft.” ^d “I am named *Covetouſneſs*,” ſhe continues, “becauſe I covet the riches of others; and *Avarice*, becauſe I guard too well mine own. I have fix hands to ſeize with in fix different ways, and to put my prey into my bag. The firſt is named *Rapine*; ^e it ſeizes and kills pilgrims, and entraps its prey everywhere. My ſecond hand, which is behind

me, robs ſecretly; it is called *Cut-purſe*; it forges ſeals and ſignatures—it is a falſe lockſmith and treaſurer; this hand deſpoils the dead, and keeps doors and windows cloſed till it has gleaned all it wiſhes for; and if it is the adminiſtrator of goods, or the executor of wills, it takes the largeſt portion to itſelf—and even thoſe who travel by night are not free from its ravages, being conducted by falſe guides.”

“The hand which holds the file is *Uſury*; ^h it hoards up corn in granaries till it is dear, and then ſells it at double the price—it deſtroys life by little and little.”

The Pilgrim inquires why ſhe weighs the zodiac and the ſun?

Avarice replies, that *Gracedieu* ³ has placed the zodiac round the heavens, and appointed the ſun to ſhine equally for the good of all; but that this was diſpleaſing to her, becauſe ſhe perceived that if ſhe did not take poſſeſſion of time, ſo as to regulate the bargains by it, ſhe ſhould be able to accompliſh but little work with her file. For this reaſon, therefore, ſhe had taken poſſeſſion of the zodiac, ³ and had placed the ſun in her ſcales for the purpoſe of weighing out certain portions of time, according to which ſhe retailed her goods for periods of ſeven, eight, fifteen days, months, or even years; charging in proportion to the rate of intereſt to the which her customers were willing to give.

Some converſation then enſues between *Avarice* and the Pilgrim, as to ſome ſtanding wood

¹ Still keeping up the metaphor of the game at cheſs, the “rook,” or “caſtle,” being the next piece in value to the king and queen.

² Grace de dieu iadis aſſiſt!
Entour le zodiaque et miſt
Le ſoleil pour luire a chaſcun
Et pour eſtre au monde commun
A tous veult que general fuſt
Et que nully faulte nen euſt
Or te dy que ce me deſpleut
Pour mon prouiſſit qui pas ny geut
Car bien vy que ſe ie nauoye
Le temps et ne laproprioye
A moy bien peu pourroye ouurer
De ma lyme et peu lymur
Par quoy a moy iappropriay
Le zodiaque et vſurpay

Le temps et le ſoleil men fis
Et en ma balance le mis
Je men ſuis faiſte pezerreſſe
Et par mon poix reuendereſſe
Par iours le vens et par ſemaines
Par huitaines et par quinzaines
Par mois et par ans tous entiers
La liure ien vens vingt deniers
Le moys en vends neuf ſolz ou dix
Et la ſemaine cinq ou fix
Et ſelon que chaſcun en prent
Selon le poiſe et le vend

³ The zodiac was, of courſe, placed in the ſcales to typify the rate of intereſt to be charged by the month, each ſign correſponding to a month, and the ſun, as he completes his courſe through the zodiac in a year, was to ſhow the rate of intereſt by the year.



Avarice

XIII



Renigromancien

XIV



XV



XVI

which had been once offered to the latter by a woodman, at a very cheap price. To this *Avarice* replies, that the woodman, no doubt, wanted ready money, and therefore sold the wood standing, and at a low price; but that if the Pilgrim had waited for another year, the woodman would have asked him more—because the growth of the wood, and, consequently, its value, would have by that time increased. Hence in old times, she adds, wood was measured after it had been cut down, and it was sold according to the measure; and this, she says, is legitimate, since interest ^a should be charged for time.¹ Wherefore, she does not believe that the woodman would have sold the wood standing to the Pilgrim, and still ^b allowed it to stand where it did, without charging him according to the yearly increase of its value in proportion to its growth.

Avarice then goes on to inform the Pilgrim that the hand in which he sees the porringer “is called *Roguary*, and *Mendicancy*;^c it is always crying out for presents, and stuffs its scrip full of meat, which becomes foul and tainted before it can be consumed: it is ever begging for bread in the name of God—never paying for anything which it uses, or returning any courtesy that it may have received: it labours to support itself by shameful methods; and it is that which causes me to be clothed and covered with rags—for it pays no attention to anything but keeping fast hold of boxes, bottles, or anything else it can beg. This hand leads me to shady spots, where passengers, pilgrims, and grandees are in the habit of passing, and I obtain alms from some of them by feigning great distress, from others by pretending to be crippled, and in various other ways; but still, even although I have plenty, I curse them for not giving me more. This hand of mine also teaches gentlefolks how to beg—for they, too,

know very well the art how to appropriate and secrete matters in their large gloves which they wear for hawking, and they know very well, too, how to take them off when they would filch anything. Thus they go, without shame or hesitation, to the monks, and beg for leather for their hawks’ hoods, and for their dogs’ leashes, choose garments, blankets, horses, chariots, ploughs, and many other things—all of which they sometimes pretend to borrow, but take good care never to return.^d And when they ask for these things, not only will they take no excuse from the monks for not lending them, but are even angry at being denied; as if, forsooth, the poor monks were only interested to supply them with means of living. You may suppose, then, how dear I am to the nobles, since it is I who supply them with the receptacles for that which they have begged; and how much, now that they have adopted this novel method of obtaining their living, they reverence me, since they are willing to serve me, even grey-haired old hag that I be.

“The hand with the crook,” she continues, “formerly belonged to Simon Magus, and to Gehazi, who made me a present of it; but the crook was given to me by the former. Now the letter S, which is the first letter of his name, is shaped like a crook; and this shows that I am the abbess of an ancient and dishonest abbey, which is called *Simony*,^e from Simon. This hand it is which admits robbers into the household of Christ Jesus, and false^f shepherds into his fold—men who for the sake of temporal gain would thrust aside and depose God’s grace, and who are ever ready to chaffer with the highest bidder. But in such transactions there must be two parties—the buyer and the seller. Now, the sellers are called *Gebazites*,^g and the buyers *Simonites*, although the latter term generally comprehends both classes.^h Such

^a Isaiah xxiv. 2.

^b Lev. xxv. 23—27.

^c Luke vi. 30.
Prov. xxviii. 20.

^d Ecclus. xii. 2
—4
Deut. xxiii. 17.

^e “*Simonia est studiosa voluntas emendi vel vendendi aliquid spirituale.*”

^f John x. 1—16.

^g “*Giezi in veteri testamento et Symon Magus in novo fuerunt Symoniaci.*”

¹ This is, of course, a sophistical argument used by *Avarice* to deceive the Pilgrim, by confounding the word “interest” with “usury;” for although the former, according to an equitable rate, was allowed even by the Mosaic law, the latter was strictly forbidden by

it. (See Levit. xxv. 14—37; Neh. v. 7; Psa. xv; Ezra xviii. 8; *et alibi*; and Cf. Matt. xxv. 29.)

² This curious distinction is made because Gehazi wished to receive a gift from Naaman as the purchase-money or price for his cure, (See 2 Kings v. 20—27.)

as these would even sell Jesus Himself for ever so small a sum, and are even worse than Judas, for when he saw that he had acted wickedly he restored the price he had received; but these men will never, by any process of reasoning, be induced to surrender their gains. And if thou wouldst know the reason of this, I give thee to understand that such gains go into the bag which I wear so cunningly round my neck, and which is like a fish-net; for whatever once goes into it, never escapes again.

¹“My sixth hand is cozening, trickery, fraud, and deceit. It is this hand which easily cheats the unsuspecting dealer, or deceives the wary by using false weights^a and thus acting contrary to the law of God. This also it is which palms^b off colours which will not stand, sells bad linen for good, and unsound horses for sound. It travels round the villages, exposing fictitious shrines and saints to the simple population, and thus obtains money falsely from them. At

other times, in order to bring gain to the priests, it takes old images, in the heads of which it pours oil, wine, or water, which descends to the bottom, and then the image is said to perspire, and a miracle to have been worked, which gets exaggerated until the image becomes renowned: then I go to any needy rogue, and induce him to pretend that he is maimed, or deformed, or blind, or deaf, and he presents himself to the image and prays to it to restore him; and when the spectator behold him sound again, not knowing that his maladies were all assumed, they think that a miracle has been worked, and this brings gain to the priest of the image. Again, when dead children are brought to be baptized, I cause them to be laid upon an altar which appears quite solid, but in reality is hollow inside; then, by certain subterranean passages, I cause burning charcoal to be introduced beneath, into the cavity which warms the altar, and

whereas Simon Magus offered to give money to Peter and John in order to purchase the power of imparting the Holy Spirit. (See Acts viii. 17—24.)

¹ Mon autre main dicte est barat
Tricherie tricot hazard
Et si est homme deceuance
Laquelle de tricher sauance
* * * * *

Moult fait ceste main cy de maulx
Couratiere elle est de cheualx
Et fait les mauuais bons sembler
A ceulx qui veulent acheter
Souuanteffois par le pais
Faulx saintuaires et saintiz
Va monstrant a la simple gent
Pour faulsement tirer argent
Autre fois prent en ces monstres^c
Aucuns ymages qui sont vieilz
Et fait pertuis dedens leurs testes
Pour faire venir gaing aux prestres
Es pertuis qua fait huille meēt
Ou vin ou eau ce qua plus prest

Afin que quant celle liqueur
Descend a val dicte sueur
Soit et que cest fait par miracle
Et soit renomme tel ymage
Et afin que plus colore
Soit ce miracle et renomme^d
Je men vois aux coquins parler
Et leur fais faire simuler
Que boistieux ilz soient ou contrefaits
Sours ou muets ou contrefais
Et en tel point venir les fas
Deuant lymage et crier las

Sainct ymage garissez moy
Et lors de ma main ie les lieue
Et tous sains en heure tres brieue
Les monstre merueilles nest pas
Car malades ilz nestoient pas
Et seulement mon mal auoient
Que les presens pas ne cuidoient
Mais euident que miracle soit
Et que par lymage soit fait
Et par ainsi gaigne le prestre
Et est faicte vne faulse feste
Aucunefois fais baptises
Daucuns petiz enfans mors nez
Dessus lautier ie les fais meestre
Qui ressemble tout massis estre
Mais il est tout creux par dedens
Et par certains soubsterremens
Des charbons ardans ie soubzmeēt
Et lautier eschauffer ie fais
Qui a lenfant donne chaleur
Et puis ie monstre que vigueur
Il ya et dy quil est viuant
Ja soit ce quil soit tout puant
Et tel puant ie le baptise
Et par ainsi a moy iatise
Or et argent a ma prebende
Qui chose est horrible et horrible
De baptizer vne charoigne
Pitie est quautrement nen soigne
Le prelat en quel euefiche
Est fait si horrible peche
Mains autres maulx ceste main fait
Et fera et tous les iours fait

^a Prov. xx. 10
—23.

^b Prov. xi. 9.

^c Pf. xxxvii. 14.

^d Jeremiah xxiii.
11—13.

thus imparts heat to the child, and then I declare that it is still alive, and I baptize it. Thus I obtain money for my priests; and shame and pity it is that the bishops in whose dioceses these foul sins are committed should not take notice of such atrociously disgusting proceedings; but this hand of mine is and ever will be employed in this and many other similar deeds of wickedness.

"But now I will tell thee why I place this hand on my hip and thence transfer it to my tongue. The former of these I call *Lying*,^a because it has a limp,¹ and the latter *Perjury*.^b Now, deceit is most familiar and friendly with both of these, and willingly betakes itself to them, for deceit cannot be carried on without perjury and lies,^c and these three things in conjunction subvert truth. This, therefore, is the reason why I so often apply this hand to my halting limb, and to my tongue."^d

Avarice then points out at some length to the Pilgrim the various plans and methods in which lying is practised. "Some," she says, "obtain a livelihood by it; and others exalt themselves by it, inasmuch as they are employed in telling falsehoods^e of their neighbours. It is found in the courts of kings, and advocates at the bar do not disdain to use it when they defend a cause which they know to be bad. My tongue, therefore, like that of a balance, always inclines to that side which is heaviest, and I defend that side which I know will pay me best.

"You perceive also that I am humpbacked; and this typifies the religion of those who indulge in superfluities instead of living according to proper religious rules,² for the hump signifies superfluity. Hence a rich man^f is likened to that humpbacked animal the camel, which cannot pass in by a narrow entrance on account of the bulk on his back.³ And thus sometimes religious people miss the narrow way to life; for even although they came naked into the world, and for some years live frugally, yet many of them learn to indulge in superfluities until they become humped, and that so incurably (for it is the nature of this hump that nothing can cure it) that they can never retrace their steps so as to become truly religious again.

"And lastly, my idol whom I worship is gold or silver⁴ bearing the mark of the sovereign of the country. It is a divinity which is often wrapped in swaddling-clothes, in order that it may be concealed; sometimes, too, it is hidden in beds or secreted in holes, corners, or cabinets—nay, even buried in the earth amongst the field-mice. It frequently blinds people, and makes them look downwards towards the ground. This, too, it is which makes men humpbacked like I am. This my idol is generally loved so much that he is lauded like a god upon earth, and I endeavour by all possible means to gain his favour and make him dwell with me. On his account St. Lawrence was broiled upon charcoal,⁴ because he

¹ *Esparvain* (*éparvin*), a veterinary term signifying, literally, a "pavin." Hence it is applied to the limping limb of *Avarice*, in consequence of the "lame" excuses and stumbling statements often made by habitual liars.

² This refers, of course, to the monastic rules touching abstinence in food, plainness of apparel, &c. which were imposed upon religious houses.

³ i. e. current money bearing the proper government stamps.

⁴ St. Lawrence was born at Rome in the third century, and was made treasurer of the church revenues by Sixtus II. when he ascended the papal chair, A.D. 257. When the Emperor Valerian published his edicts against the Christians, Pope Sixtus was one of the first who suffered martyrdom, and St. Lawrence attended him to the place of execution, lamenting that he was not thought worthy to share the Pope's sufferings. Sixtus, however,

predicted that St. Lawrence would not be long in following him; and, foreseeing the rapine which was about to commence, commanded him to sell the sacred vessels and sacred deposits which were in his hands, and to distribute the money amongst the poor. Upon hearing of this the city prefect ordered St. Lawrence to appear before him, and bring with him all the church treasures which were in his keeping. The saint obeyed the order; but instead of gold and silver, he took with him all the poor old men, widows, and orphans whom he had relieved—a deed which so enraged the prefect that he ordered him to be broiled on a gridiron over a charcoal fire. The saint bore this frightful torture with great composure, and died praying for his murderers. His martyrdom took place August 10, 258, on which day his feast is kept by the Roman Catholic Church.

^a Psalm v. 6.

^b "Perjurium est nequiter decipere credentem."

^c Levit. xix. 12.

^d Matt. v. 33.

^e Prov. xxvi. 18—28.

^f Matt. xix. 23, 24.
Mark x. 25.
Luke xviii. 25.

⁴ "Regulares nil debent habere proprium; et qui nihil habent proprium non possunt facere testamentum."

- ^a Jer. xv. 17.
^b Job xxix. 8.
^c Prov. xxviii. 16.
^d Coloss. iii. 5.
^e 1 Cor. x. 6, 7.
^f Wisdom xiv. 8.
^g Deut. xviii. 9—12.
^h 2 Chron. xxxiii. 1—6.
ⁱ Eccles. i. 15.
^j Ecclesi. xii. 13.
^k Tib. A. vii. f. 49.
^l Verard's Ed. f. lxxiv.
^m Scabbard.
ⁿ Cruel.
^o Notwithstanding and in spite of.
^p Art.
^q Same.
^r Which look at.
^s To signify.
^t Ezek. xviii. 4.
^u Ezekiel xviii. 27, 28.
^v Rom. vi. 23.
^w Dove.
^x Before I was aware.
^y Old woman.

stole him from me. I dote upon him, and play ^a at various kinds of games of hazard in order to propitiate him; and therefore, because I love him so much, I command you to regard and serve him. Take care, therefore, what you are about, for if you do not I will persecute you continually."

After *Avarice* has finished this description of herself, *Youth* ^b comes forward and declares that she will interpose to rescue the Pilgrim.¹ Upon which *Avarice* abuses ^c her, and says, that although she can do nothing against ^d him at present, yet she swears by her idol that she will keep her eye constantly upon him, so that she may be able to find him wherever he goes.

The Pilgrim then once more proceeds upon his journey, until he enters a vast forest, where, as he is passing along, he hears a loud voice uttering cries in a language quite unknown to him. Upon advancing further he perceives that these sounds proceed from a person who stands in his path brandishing a large unsheathed sword, apparently ready to slay him therewith. He tells the Pilgrim he must immediately go and speak with his mistress.^e As he was standing in the midst of the road in a large circle marked with a great many figures and bore the signet of a king, the Pilgrim was much rejoiced when he saw him, supposing him to be one of the king's messengers. Under this impression, he asks him what had made him cry out so loud in that strange language? and who that mistress was to whom he had alluded? and for what purpose he was to appear before her?^f Upon this the other lifts up his finger, and points out to the Pilgrim a large tent standing on the left of him. It was black as charcoal, and on the top of it there was a nest, and a raven fluttering with its wings and croaking. In front of it he beheld

^g NECROMANCY.

^h Off whom I greetly was afferd ⁱ

In the mydde of a book shee helde a swerd
 Other scawbeck ^l had sche noon
 And as I byhelde anoon
 Sche hadde in sothe as thought me
 Large whynges ffor to ffile
 And by a maner felonye ^k
 Sche began loude ffor to crye
 And me manafynge off pryde
 Bade me that I schulde abyde
 And ellis ^l mawgrey al my myght
 I schulde not skape out off her syght
 Till I hadde in partye
 Somewhat seyne of her maystreye ^m
 And towarde me her look sche caste
 And gan to come up on ffull faste
 But as sche kam it sempte me
 That sche fate hygh upon a tre
 And pleynty gan to speceffye
 Hor name was "Necromancye"
 Whiche by my craffe in substaunce
 Whan folke encreffe and wel chaunce
 That bee in my subiecyoun
 And lyfte to learne my lessoun

This ilke ⁿ Book wolte se ^o
 Is callyd "Mors Animæ"
 Whiche is in Englysche ffor to^p feyn
 Dethe of the sowle incertayne ^q
 And this nakyd swerd whiche I hoolde
 As thou mayste thisilffe byholde
 Therewith ffor schorte conclusioun
 Whanne thew haste herde my lessoun
 There with thou schalt slayne be
 And thus sche gan manasse me
 Where off I stood in ffull greet drede
 But off grace as I toke hede ^r
 A white dowve ^s I dyde se
 Ifeen sodeynely towards me
 But with me where as I stood
 Sche ne made no longer abood
 And I ne made no greet delay
 But wente fforthe upon my way
 And I mette or I was war ^t
 An oolde oon ^u whiche that ffigot bar

¹ The reason of *Youth's* undertaking to rescue the Pilgrim is, of course, because avarice is generally regarded as the vice of Old Age.

² See Woodcut XIV. and coloured drawing B.



Upon hir bak and eke thereto
In hir hand sche heelde also
A peyre cyfours sharpe igrounde
And to me ward as sche was bounde
Sche bad ffor schorte conclusioun
Ffor to leye my skryppe adoun
And gan upon me ffor to frowne
Lowde cryde hyr lyfte not rowne ^a

¹ HERYSEYE.

Ffor but thou leye here adoun
I schal to thi confusioun
Schape the skryppe off newe array
Ffor it is not to my pay
I schal it kutte in other wyse
Lyche as my sylven lyfte devyse ^b

The PYLGRYME.

Thow oolde vekke ^c as semeth me
That thou mayste not clerely se
Wherefore me lyfte ^d by thi byddyng
Ffor to do no maner thyng
But zeve to fforne ^e I know and se
Thy power and thyn autorite
Thy werke also and thyne office
I wol firste knowe in myn avyce

HERYSEYE.

Ffor pleyuely off lasse ^f and more
Evene after my fadris lore
I wole off bothe ffalfe and trewe
The skryppes kutte and schape newe
Off pylgrymes greet and smale
Kutte hem alle on pecys smale
Ffor it was I my liffe allon
That schope the skryppes zere agon ^g
Firste off this Pellagys
And also off these Arryens
And off other sectys newe
I founde ffalfe and untrewre
As oolde bokes speciffye
Ffor I am called "Herefye"
The whiche do away ^h my labour
To bringe ffolke in greet error

That ffolke my condyfiouns
Only by ffalfe oppynyouns
Make her hertis to declyne
Ffro the trouthe off iuste doctryne
And cause hem ffor to do their cure
And mys ⁱ to expown holy scripture
And trewely nadde bene ^k
The great counceyle at Nycene
Ordained by greet Constantyn
And nadde ben also Augustyn
And many other greet doctours
Ffor to anulle myn errours
The skryppes off holy churche echon
I have ffordon ^l full zere a goon
Off pylgrymes that passe by the way
Sythen goon fful mane aday
And zit ^m I schal what so by ffale ⁿ
Assayl the among them alle
And myn oolde purpos holde
In ffyre though that I brenne ^o shulde
I wold my wythes ^p alle applye
Hardy with obstynacye
Contynue til the ffyre be hoot
Thereffore I beere thys ffagot
And firste thou schalte me not escape
But newe I wole thy skryppes schape
Or ellis I dar undertake
That thou schalt it here fforfaye ^q
And leve it with me utterly
My ffader is here ffaste by
Whiche hathe power as thou mayste se
And bothe upon londe and see
Thow shalt not skape hym in certayne
But with daunger and greet payne

The PYLGRYME.

Myne eyen then I gan unffolde
And anoon I gan byholde
In the weye me byfforne
An ^r hunte stood with his horn
Off chere ^s and look ryght pervers
And the passage in travers
With cordes he gan it overleyne
Frette with nettys alle the pleyne

^a She cried loudly, do not run.

^b Just in the shape I please.

^c Woman.

^d Why I do not choose.

^e Unless beforehand.

^f Left.

^g Years ago.

^h Always.

ⁱ Fail.

^k There was need of.

^l Destroyed.

^m Now.

ⁿ Whatever else happens.

^o Burn.

^p With.

^q Titus iii. 9—11.

^r Mien.

¹ See Woodcut XV. coloured drawing D.

² See Woodcut XVI. coloured drawing C.

^a Despite of.

^b Unless.
² Sam. xxii. 5,
6.

^c Stoppage, arrest.

^d Pleading.

^e Frightened.

^f Freeze.

^g Every one.

^h Unhappy.
The reading in
the text is con-
jectural, as the
two words are
entirely oblite-
rated in the MS.
Jeremiah xviii.
22.

And he brought in hys companye
The falsse vekke herysye
And that men schulde hym not knowe
His horne he gan fful lowde blowe
As it were to cacche his pray
Ryght so he blewe on the way
And his doughter herefsye
The passage to kepe and guye
That I schulde not in no syde
Ffrom ther damage my sylfe provyde
And trewely as I have sayd
The nettys were so narewe layd
In londe on water and in the hayr
That I myght haue no repayr
To passe ffreely that passage
It was so fful off mortal rage
Off daunger and aduersitie
That but yiff that I amydde the see
Durste swymme ther was no way
Ffor me to passe nyght nor day
And there he dyde also malygne
To leyne out nettys and assigne
There to stoppen my passage
So that I ffonde noon avauntage
From his dawngere to declyne
Ffor many a hook and many a leyne
Were caste in to that peryllous se
Off entente to letten me
That mawgre ^a alle my force and myght
But zeve ^b I koude swymme aryght
Amonge the wawys ffeerfe and ffelle
I muste under his daunger dwelle
But ffyrste while he his trappys leyde
Unto the hunte thus I sayde

THE PYLGRYME.

Hunte quod I telle me now
What maner officere art thou
Whiche lyggeste on the way
Unlaweful to cacche pray
Thus to make thyn arestis ^c
Namely on the kynges beestis
I trow thou haveste no lycence
Ffor to don so greet offence

I dar afferme eerly and late
Swych hunters the kyng doth hate
And it seemyth by thi manere
Off his thow art noon officere

THE HUNTE.

Quod he what makyste thou swyche stryf
Thow art wonder inquiryff
Befy also by argument
To hoolde with me a parlement
By langage and longe pletynge ^d
Ffor though I longe not to the kyng
And thou conceyue aryght I wys
Som tym I was oon off his
And though I have no conge
Off hym to hunte in this contre
He suffryth me here in this place
At his beestis ffor to chace
And affaute on hem to make
And whanne that I by fforce hem take
Be it by day be it by nyght
I cleyme hem to ben myn off ryght

THE PYLGRYME.

And while I herde alle hys resouns
And fforward oppynyouns
Myn herte abaschyd ^e gan to colde ^f
Namely whaune I gan byholde
Pylgrymes by greet aduersite
Fful many oon swymme in the se
And they were clothyd everychon ^g
And som off hem I sawe anoon
Ther ffeet reversed upfodown
And som in myn inspectyoun
Swamme forth fful clene and ryght
And som hadde whynges ffor the flyght
That afforcyd hem fful offte
Ffor to flowe fful hygh alofte
And though ther purpos was so sette
The see hath hem fful offte lette
Som by the ffeete were bounde stronge
With knottys off herbys longe ^h
And som with wawys wood and rage
Were [fo ^h un-]sweat in their vyfage

¹ See coloured drawing E.



That they loften look and fyght
And feeble were off fforce and myght
And by dyuerse apparylle
The rage so gan hem assayle
In many another dyverse wyse
Mo than I may as now devyse

The HUNTE.

I do ful wel quod he espye
Where on thou castyste so thyne eye
Ffor alle thi wyles and thi jape ^a
Thow schalt not so ffor me eskape
I schal the cacche by som crook
I haue leyde ffor the las ^b and hook
As thow mayste thy sylven se
Thow schalt not skapen by this fe

The PYLGRYME.

Telle me anoon and lye nought
As it lythe ryght in thy thought
These pylgrymes alle that I se
Who hath thus putte hem in thys see

The HUNTE.

Is not thys quod he anoon
An high way for ffolke to goon
There by alle day in ther vyage
Swych as goon on pilgrymage
I hadde not ellis as I haue sayde
Myn hookis and my nettis leyde
To cacche alle in thys place
Ffolke that fforby here do pace
Ffor this greet large see
Whiche that thow here doft se
It is the worlde ay ful of trowble
Fful of many wawys dowble
And ful off woo and grete torment
In whiche fful many a man is schent ^c
With bellewys blowe on every syde
Which that myne owne doughter pryde
Is wonte with hir ffor to bere ^d
Good pylgrymes ffor to dere ^e
And many a pylgryme thow mayste se
Swymme in this perelous see
Som off hem whiche is not ffeyre ^f
Ther ffeet han upward in the ayre

And alle swyche zeve thow lyfte se
Ben thylke ffolke that charged be
With the sac of covetyse
And overlade in many wyse
That they to swymme be not able
Ther burthen is so importable
Whiche by ffalfe affecyoun
Ploungeth her heedes low adoun
Under the wawys off this world here
That they may not in no manere
Swymme ffor the hevynesse
That they bere off grete rycheffe ^g
Other ther ben that swymmen ryght
And haue eke wynges ffor the fflyght
And they ben ffolkes whiche in this lyffe
In herte ben contemplatiffe
In wordely thyng haue no plesaunce
Save in ther bare sustenaunce
For this world ther joye is nought
For alle ther herte and alle ther thought
And ffynal truste off ther workynge ^h
Is sette upon the heuenly kyng
But ffor alle that I the assure
In this see they must endure
Bodely by greet penaunce
In hevene hem sylffe to avaunce
And ffor the lawe off Crist ihu
They make hem whynges off vertu
To ffeen by clene affectyoun
To the heuenly mansyoun ⁱ
Whiche greetly displeth me
Theder whaune I se hem ffe
Swyche ffolke resemblen alle
Un to a bryd that clerkes calle
Ortigometra ^k in ther bokys
And this bryd caste in his lokys
Tofforne hym prudently to se
Whanne he schal swymme in the see
This ffol hath whynges ffor the fflyght
Be he anoon off kyndely ryght
Whanne he is wery off travayle
And that his feders do hym ffayle
Anoon off his condiscyoun
In to the water he ffalleth doun
And thanne to swymme wole not ffayle
Off his o whynge he makith a ffayle

^a Cajolery,
mockery.

^b Snare.

^c Sunk.

^d Carry.

^e Annoy or in-
jure.
Psaln cxlii. 3.

^f Pleasant.

^g Ezekiel xxxiii.
31.

^h Job xxxix. 21.

ⁱ Pf. xxxvii. 29.

^k Water-quail.

^a In the same short period of time.

^b Jonah li. 8.
Prov. xvii. 4.
John viii. 44.

^c Prov. xxxi. 30.
James v. 2.

^d Beauty.

^e Like.

^f Blinded.

^g Are often sunk before they are aware of it.

^h Luke xviii. 22.

ⁱ Forgiveness.

^k Delay or hesitation.

^l Yet.

^m 1 John iii. 10.

ⁿ Make war against.

^o Tib. A. vii. f. 55.

^p 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

^q Cease.

^r Dominion or subjection.
Ecclef. ix. 12.
Hab. i. 15.

^s Tib. A. vii. f. 56, b.

^t Epistles.
1 Pet. v. 8, 9.

Amonge the sturdy wawys alle
To keep hym safe that he not falle
Til he resume ageyne his myght
Off acustom to take his flyght
Thus stoundemel ^a ye may hym se
Som tyme swymme som tyme flee
In bokys as it is iffounde
But they that haue feet ibounde ^b
With herbes and with wedes greene
That they may not aryght sustene
Newther to swymme nor to flee
They be so bounden in the see
Off wordely delectacyoun
In ther inwarde affectyoun
Ffor alle ther hool felicitye
Is sette in verrey prosperite
Off the world and in rychesse
Fful off chaunge and dowbleness
With whyche they be sore bounde
That her soulis yt wole confounde
Ffor they haue power noon nor myght
Newther to swymme nor flee aryght
So fore the world doth hem confitreyne
That it were to hem greet peyne
Her hertes ffrom the world to unbynde
And som also be makyd blynde
Ther eyen cloos they may not se
Ffor to confidere the vanyte
Off this worldis falsse veyne glorie ^c
Evere onfure and transitorye
And fful off motabyte
Whyche shewith to hem fful greet bewete ^d
By maner off apparence
But it is falsse in existence
That is fful fful doth schewe ffayre
Lyche ^e afflour that doth apayre
Whanne it is plucked and leyde lowe
Or with som sodeyne wynde iblowe
Whyche bewete as wryte *Salomoun*
Is but a falsse deceptyoun
And folkes that beth therewith blente ^f
Or they be war beth offte schente ^g
For lak ther eyen be not clere
Eke som ther swymis as ze may lere
With hand and armys stretchyd out ^h
Swyche as parte good aboute

To pore folkes that haue neede
And swyche unkynde her ffeete in deede
From wordely dilectacyoun
And off devout entencyoun
By counsel off her confessoure
And bynde her feet by greet laboure
Ffor to goon in ther vyages
Barfote to seke pylgrymages
Off ther synnes to haue pardoun
Fforgevenesse ⁱ and remysseyoun
Whanne ther menyng trewley
Is voyde ffrom al ypocrysy
And thus as now without slouth ^k
To the I haue tolde the trouthe
And trewely zit ^l overe alle thyng
I hate trowthe in my working ^m
And off malys bothe day and nyght
Werrey ⁿ trouthe with al my myght

^o By neme called I am *Sathan* ^p
The whiche as fier as evere I kan
I worke in myne entencyoun
Ffor to cacche in my bandoun
Alle pylgrymes as thow mayest se
That swymmen in the wawy see
Off this world fful off disseyte
And evere I lye in greet awayte
And no moment I ne ffyne ^q
For to leyne out hook and lyne
My lyne by demonftracyon
Icalled is temptacyoun
And whanne that folke in ther entente
Off herte and wille therto consente
Thanne on myn hook by falsse awayte
They be icacched with the bayte
And thanne by fful mortal lawe
To my bandoun ^r I hem drawe
I lay out nettes nyght and day
In water and londe to cacche my pray
* * * * *
I am a ffoulere eke som whyle
Ffor alle that high or lowe goon
I make nettes ffor everych oon
* * * * *
Ffor as saint Petre lyfte endite ^s
And in his pyftelys ^t ffor to wryte



XVII



Deuine ou estatement mondain XVIII



XIX



Draïson

XX

I go and ferche day and nyght
 With all my force with all my myght
 Lyche a ravenous lyoun
 Ffor to devour up and down
 Alle ffolkys zonge ^a and oolde
 That lambre ^b be of cristis ffoolde

* * *

And I warne the outerly
 Thow shalt not lyghtely zeve I may ^c
 Fro my daunger skape away

The PYLGRYME.

Wher thow be wel or yvel mayd ^d
 In the wordes that thow haft sayd
 I haue founden a greet dyffence
 To make ageyne the resistence
 And conceyue it in my thought
 Blowe thyne horne and spare nought
 Ffor thow schalt ffayle zeve that I may
 To make off me schortely the waye
 And to be more strong in vertu ^e
 With the crofs of Crist ihu
 And off his grace most benygne
 I can me croffen and eke fygne
 Ffor to assure my passage
 Ageyne his laafs ^f fo fful of rage
 And by my crossyng I anoon
 Gan to passe hem everichon
 They hadde no power ffor to laste
 Ffor by the vertu they to brafte ^g
 And I anoon gan ffaste flice
 And wolte haue taken anoon the see
 But long or I entre myght
 And as *Satban* of me hadde a fyght
 He gan to crye so stood the cas
 Out and anoon alas alas

* * *

The PYLGRYME answereth to SATHAN :—

O *Satban* thi displeaunce
 Was to me fful greet plefaunce
 Releuyng me off my distresse
 I took ther off greet hardynesse
 Made as tho no lenger lette
 I spared newther hook nor nette

But trustyng in conclusyoun
 Upon my skrippe and my burdoun
 And there upon I byleued me
 Whanne I entryd in to the see
 And in swymmyng to be more stable
 Methought my skrippe profitable
 To kepe me sure in herte and thought
 In my way that I erred nought ^h
 Trewely in this dredefful see
 Is gret myscheef and aduersyte
 Many a perel I yow ensure
 And many a straunge aventure
 I ffelte there in my passage
 Off wawys and rokkis rage
 And many a tempeste in certeyne
 Off thundryng lyghtnyng and off reyn
 And other perells that befelle
 That zeve I schulde hem alle telle
 Or the myscheves alle endyte
 They were too longe to wryte
 But while that I in my passage
 Byhelde the see sterne and sauage
 Methought I sawe besyde me
 That there stood a greene tre ⁱ
 And I was glad alle thilke while
 Wenynge ^k there hadde been an yle
 In hope that I schulde londe
 Hastely up at some stronde

* * *

^l And evere round as thoughte me
 This whel ^l wente aboute the tre
 Wheroff I astrynd was
 Whanne I sawe this sodeyn caas
 Upon whiche tre anoon
 I sawgh nestys fful many oon ^m
 And brydes that I koude knowe
 Som hygh and som lowe
 Ther nestis made I toke good hede
 Grete and small it is no drede

* * *

And there I sawe a lady stonde
 Amonge the wylde wawys trouble
 Upon a whel dyverse and double

* * *

^a Young.

^b Lamb.

^c If I can help it.

^d Whether thou
 meanest good or
 evil.

^e Psal. cxxiv. 7.
 James iv. 7.
 Hosea iv. 12.

^f Snares.

^g Burst asunder.

^h Micah vii. 19.

ⁱ Luke vi. 43.

^k Supposing.

^l Wheel.
 Ecclef. xxxiii. 5.

^m Jer. xlix. 16.
 Ezek. xxi. 6.
 Prov. xvii. 16.
 Hab. ii. 9.

¹ This is a description of "the wheel of Fortune." See Woodcut XVII. coloured drawing F.

^a Said with sudden emotion.

^b Then.

^c Roused myself.

^d Expound to.

^e To ask me how I govern myself.

^f Laugh.

^g Countenance.

^h White is here put for "lucky." Thus, "cretā an carbone notandus" was said, among the Romans, to signify a lucky or unlucky day.

ⁱ Scornful grins.

^k Moon.

^l Waiting in every place.

^m Tib. A. vii. f. 62.

ⁿ Bent.

^o Laugh on.

^p Practise. Isaiah lxx. 11, 12.

^q At some time or other.

^r f. lxxviii.

Thanne was I greetly agaste
And my burdoun I heelde ryght ffaste
And dyde also greetly my peyne
To grype it with myne hands tweyne
And seyde off sodeyn mofcoun ^a
Bordoun quod I bordoun bordoun
But thow me helpe in this caas
I may wepe and feyne alas
My peynes ben so scharpe and kene
And but thow helpe to sustene
Myn nown powere and impotence
That I may stonden at diffence
Upon my ffeet and that anoon
Ffarwel my joye is alle goon
But tho ^b thorough helpe off my bordoun
I roos up as a champyoun
But whanne this lady did espie
That I was up sche gan to hye
Ffor to have putte me doun ageyne
And I trow ryght and certeyn
That but I hadde spoken ffayre
And off my porte be debonayre
I hadde ben fful ffeble of myght
Upon my ffeet to stonde vp ryght
But I abrayde ^c and bade in deede
That sche scholde taken heede
To thilke party that was ffayre
Off hir and putte me fro dispayre
And schewe lyke hir countenance
Som comfforte or som plesaunce
And that sche wolde expowne ^d me
What lady that sche schulde be
Hir name hir power every del
Bothe off hir and off hir whel
And off the tre and off the croppe
And off the nestis in the toppe
And do me some avauntage
To ffurthre me in my vyage

FFORTUNE.

In me schortely to expresse
Ther is no maner stablenesse

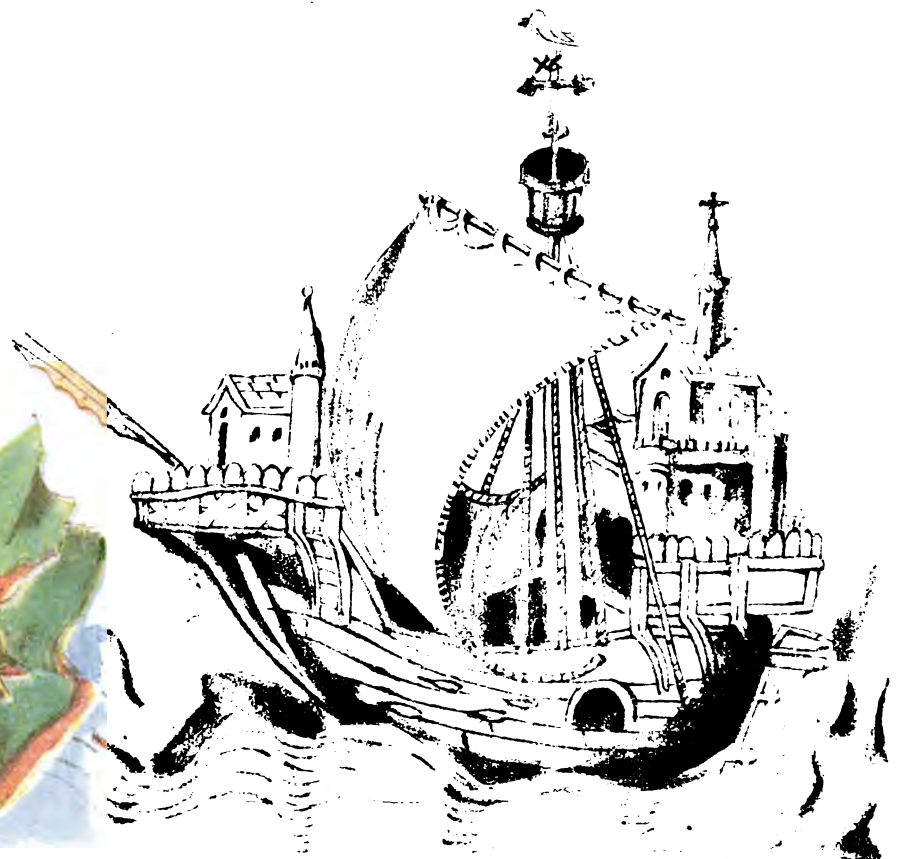
¹ Elle vers l'arbre sen ala
Et desconforte me laissa
Toujours dessus la roe tournant
Et a son mouvement mouuant

Ffor be hereoff ryght wel certeyn
Alle that I worke is uncerteyn
Lyke my dowble contenaunce
I am so fful off variaunce
Therefore to axe how I me guye ^e
It is no wysdom but ffolye
I worke nothyng in certeynte
But fful off grete duplycyte
I am what evere I do provyde
For I lawe ^f on the ryght fyde
And schewe a cher ^g off greet delyte
On the party that I am white ^h
Than men me calle glad ffortune
But no while I do continue
Ffor longe or ffolke may apperceyve
I kan hem sodeynly disseyve
And make her joye go to wrak
With ffroward mowhes ⁱ at the bak
Thanne I lykened to the mone ^k
Ffolke wole chaunge my name sone
And ffro my whel whanne they are falle
Inffortune they me calle
To ffolke unworthy and not dygne
I am somewhile moste benygne
Lyggynge awayte in every coofte ^l
Off ffolkes whom that I cherifche most
And who that on me sette his luste
I kan disseve hym off his truste

Off my staff and off my crook ^m
Wronge ⁿ at the eende as is an hook
And whanne I loke with eyen clere
Lawye on ^o and make hem cheer
Thaune lygge I ratheste in awayte
Ffor to don ^p hem som disseyte
Lo here is al go fforthe thy way
And truste wel zeve that I may
What wey euere that thow go
Or thi pylgrymage be do
Turne it to soure outhur to sweete
Ones ^q I schal with the meete

¹ FORTUNE IS WALKYD.

Mais assez tost ie tumbay ius
Car tenir ie my peu plus
Helas dis ie que feras tu
Chetif dolent que diras tu



After *Fortune* has left him, the Pilgrim sustains various encounters with vices—personified as usual—until he meets *Worldly Gladness*, which is typified by a revolving tower and a Syren, which he describes as follows:—

* But as I stood thus in awher^b
And drowh me toward the rever
† A towre I sawh wylde and savage^c
And square abouten off passage
Whiche hadde round stenestrallys
Perceyd thorough upon the wallys
At whiche hoolys out off doute
Smoke and flawme passed oute
And yet this toure who loke wel
Turned aboute as a wheel^d
Vpon the floodes envyrroun^e
With the wawys vp and down
Som whyle as I koude knowe
The hyeste party was mooste lowe
And also eke I sawe fful offte
The loweste party sette alofte
And thus by transmutacyoun
It turned alway vp so down
And in this while euere among
I herde a meledious song
Off oon as I koude vnderfonde
That bare a phetele^f in his honde
And thys mynstral soth to feyne

Was departyd evene atweyne
From the myddel up a man
Downward as I reherse kan
A bryd whynged mervelloufely
With pawmys streynynge mortally^g
Now this beeste fful savage
Lyke a man off his vyfage
Spake to me fful curteysly^h
And thus he seyde murielyⁱ

GLADNESSE OFF THE WORLD.

Tel on to me and say not nay
What maner solace or what play
Loveste thow beste tel on lat se^k
And I shal pleyn to forre the
Ffor I kan lyche to thyne entent
Pley on every instrument
Ffor to make lordys cher
Both at cheffe and the cheker
The draughthys ther off fful wel I kan
Ye bet then eny other man
And whanne that ylke play ys do
Ffor sheppardes I kan also
At the merels^l beste of alle
Whanne so that they lyfte me calle
Pype and tabour in the streete
With lusty folkes whan they meete
At weddynges to do plefaunce
I kan karole well and wel daunce

Or es tu venu a ta fin
Pourquoy fuz oncques pelerin
Mieux il te vaulsist quauorte
Tu eusses este et mort ne
Qui te pourra iamaiz aider
Qui conseilier qui visiter
Tu as perdu par ta folie
Grace ta tresloyalle amy
Helas tres douce penitence^m
Pourquoy fis iamaiz redoubtance
De ton vile haye passer
Pour mes erreurs mediciner
Tes verges et tes disciplines
Tes poinctures et tes espines
Maintenant me fussent oingture
A ma grande mesaventure
Helas armeures pour marmier
Toute ma vie regretter
Je vous deuray se ie vy plus
De vous vne fois fuz vestuz
Et aourne moult cointement
Mais las chetif car longuement
Pas ne fu ains tost vous mis ius

Plusieurs maulx men sont aduenuzⁿ
Et maintenant ou assez tost
Jen feray liure a la mort
Helas sacremens de leglise
Je ne scay sassez ie vous prise
Jay grant doubte quen vain receuz
Ne vous aye qui suis rencheuz
Maintenant tout evanouy
Et en danger destre pery
Et ne me puis estre tenu
A mon bourdon ne soubstenu
Helas ierusalem cite
Ou daler iestoie exite
Comment vers toy mexcuferay
Et quel responce te feray
Promis ie tauoye en couraige
Que feroye le pelerinage
A toy pource que ie te vy
Ou bel mirouer et poly
Or suis du tout cy arreste
Ta soit quassez ie foye tourne

¹ See Woodcut XVIII. coloured drawing G.

^a Tib. A. vii. f. 76, b.

^b Longing or desire.

^c Job iv. 16. Ezek. xxvi. 9.

^d Wheel.

^e Round about.

^f Violin, or guitar.

^g Hands stretched out like those of a human being.

^h Courteously.

ⁱ Merry-makings.

^k Let us see.

^l Merry-makings.

^m Ecclus. xx. 3.

ⁿ 1 Sam. xxxi. 9.

^a Exod. xxxii. 6.

^b Always.

^c Job i. 6.

^d Tower.

^e Lofe.

^f Seeth.

^g Here.

^h Sweet.

ⁱ Jer. xv. 17.

^k Fiddle.

^l Island.

^m Confusion.

ⁿ In company.

^o f. lxxxvii. b.

^p Pfal. lxxix. 9.
Prov. iii. 5.

In euery play I do excelle
And it were to longe to telle
The difportes and the playes^a
That I vse on fomer dayes
My joye is al in myrthe and game
And *Wordely play* that is my name
Men may me calle off equitye
A mermayden off the see
That syngge off custom ay^b gladdeste
To fforne a storme and a tempeste
So make ek folke this my laboure
To fforgete ther Creatoure
And folk in my subiectyoun
I brynge hem to distrustyoun

The PYLGRYME.

Though thou bygygne in gladnesse
Thow cendeste euere in wrecchydnesse
Ellys I wolde ffor my plesauce
With the hauen acqueyntaunce
I praye the putte me out off doute
Off this toure turnynge aboute
What maner thyng that it may be
Fyrste off alle that wolde I se

WORDELY GLADNESSE.

Fyrste yiff thou lyfte to se
The greet amyral off the see
Whiche that callyd ys *Sathan*^c
This tour^d sothely he began
Ffor he ffuste off entencyoun
Made there his habytacyoun
And other schyp ne hath he noon
Amonge the floodys ffor to goon
In the whiche by gret diceyte
He lythe euere in awayte
With pylgrymes holde stryff

And to make hem lefe^e her lyff
He feth^f bothe by hylle and vale
Thorough thylke hoolys smale
By what weye that they gon
Amonges whiche thou art on
And to disceyve hem in her way
Her^g he maketh me fytted and play
With foote^h songe and armonye
Alle pylgrymes to espyeⁱ

And this mynstral than anon
Made his ffythele^k ffor to gon
And sange with al ffyl lustyly
And wyth hys syngynge sodeynly
To me he gan turne his tayle
And with his pawmes scharpe as a nayle
By the arme he gan me streyne
Mawgre my myght and al my peyne
Horybely he caste me
Amyddes off the greet see

I gan swymme with inne a while
Ageyne vnto that same yle^l
Ffro the which that I kam ffro
Whanne the *mermayde* was go
I mene this *worldes fals solace*
That gan so fore at me to chace
But lyfte sche scholde haue taken me
I swam ffyl ffaste mydde the see
Ffor drede off hir I was in were^m
But Youthe and sche to gydere yfereⁿ
Ful great joye they gan to make
And thus hath Youthe me fforfake
For thanne I lost hir in certeyne
That sche to me kam ner ageyne

¹ And down I fate ffor werynesse

¹ Lors ie massis a terre ius^o
Si las que ie nen pouoie plus
Helas dis ie que feras tu
Tu es en ceste yle venu
Qui perilleuse grandement
Et venu perilleusement
Y es par firtim et scillam
Par caribdim et firenam
Et par bithalassum aussi
Et encores assure ycy
Nes pas et ne scais ou aller

Le tu te remectz a noer
Par la mer tu y periras
Ou ne scez a quel port venras
Helas chetif que feras tu
Bien ie voy que tu es perdu
Hors suis de sente et de chemin
Je mattens quonques pelerin
Ne fut plus foruoye que moy^p
Beau doulx fire dieu ayde moy
Tu es le pommeau treshaultain
De mon bourdon ie te reclaim

And gan compleyne in greet distresse^a
 Allas quod I myd off^b my wo
 Allas allas what schal I do
 How schal I wretche escape away
 Out off this yle weyle^c away
 Ffor by five enchaunteressys
 I am brought in gret distressys
 In greet pereyl dowteles
 Ffor *Scilla* fyrst and eke *Cyrtes*
 Han caused me to gon amys^d
Syrenes and *Karibdis*
 And *Bythalassus* worste off alle
 Ben^e attonyys on me ffallle
 And mortally me to beguyle
 They han me brought in to this yle
 Longe in forewe to sojourne
 And kan noon other wey retourne
 To ffynde focoure in this caas
 I may wel forewe and feyne allas
 Out off my way in ouncerteayne
 And kan no mene to kome ageyne
 Was neuere pylgryme in swyche poynt
 Trewely nor in swyche disioynt
 Now good God off thi greet grace
 Be my focoure in this place
 Ffor thow ffor my salvacyoun
 Art the *Pomel* off my *Bordoun*
 To the as ffor my cheff comfporte
 In this nede I ha reforte
 To brynge me thorough thy greet myght
 In to the weye I may go ryght
 And ben supported ffer and nere
 With that charboucle bryght and clere
 Whiche that with his bemes bryght
 Giveth on to my bordoun lyht
 Now parte with me off thy clernesse
 And brynge me out off my distresse
 Out off this deedly mortal rage

Afin quen toy et par toy voye
 Par la ou ie prendray ma voye
 Sainte escharboucle reluifant
 Dont mon bourdon est fait luyfant
 Esclere moy par ou giray
 Tu es le pommel ou toute ay
 Mon port ma seurte ma fiance
 Et tousiours euz des mon enfance
 A toy me rends a toy mappuy
 Ayde moy ou perdu ie suy

Ffor sythe tyme off my tendre age
 My truste and my affyaunce
 My joye and all my suffyaunce
 Alle hooly hath ben in the
 Ageynes alle adversite
 In euery peyne and eche labour
 To ffynden comfporte and focour
 And now that stonde in so greet drede
 Helpe me in this greet nede
 And while I gan me thus compleyne
 Even amydde off alle my pene
 I sawgh amyddes off the see
¹ A schippe saylle towards me^f
 And evene above upon the mast
 Whereffore I was the lasse agaste
 I sawe a crosse stonde and not flytte
 And there vpon a dowve sytte
 White as any mylke or snowgh
 Where off I hadde joye enowgh
 And in this schippe ageyne alle schoures
 There were castels and eke towres
 Wonder dyverse manfyouns
 And sondry habytacyouns^g
 By resemblance and seemynge
 Lyche the loggyng^h off a kyng
 And as I took good hede ther at
 Alle my forewes I fforgettⁱ

The Pilgrim is rejoiced beyond measure at perceiving *Gracedieu* descend from the vessel; he expresses his gratitude to her for relieving him in his great distress; she inquires where he has been, and what has brought him to that perilous island which is named *Scylla*.² The Pilgrim assures her he has no pleasure in remaining there, and that he will willingly quit it to return into the way which by his folly he has quitted, and which has brought upon him so many evils.

Dame dis ie bien est mon gre
 Bien doit le recreu pelerin
 Desirer court et brief chemin
 Recreu ie suis et traueilles
 Le court vueil aller voutentiers
 Et vous mercy tres humblement
 De vostre bon confortement

¹ See Woodcut XIX. coloured drawing H.

² The "valley perilous" of *Mandeville*.

^a Jer. xv. 17.

^b In the midst of.

^c Woe is me.

^d Astray.

^e Are all at once.

^f Isaiah lx. 9.

^g Deut. xv. 11.

^h Lodging.

ⁱ Psal. cxix. 29.

^a Nurse.
Tib. A. vii. f.
91, b.

^b If thou carest
to learn it.

^c To signify.

^d Rom. xv. 4.

^e In times of yore.

^f Truly.

^g More than one.

^h Dissemble.

ⁱ Lying.

^k Numb. xvi. 26.
Jer. v. 25.

^l Stingy.

Gracedieu tells him, that, if he will enter her ship, she will receive him from the pity she feels for him, and will convey him by a short passage into the safe path; but that he must expect to meet with *Repentance*, the stile, the hedge, and the thorny plants again, just as he had met them before.

He answers, that every weary pilgrim should desire a short voyage, that he is himself weary and way-worn, and he thanks her very much for her comfort; he then promises that if she will take him on board the ship he will amend his faults. Upon which *Gracedieu* reproaches him for having required his armour to be carried, and for not being able to endure the weight of it himself; and she also tells him that his professions are great, but that he does not carry them into practice.

She then leads him to a rock from which water flows, in which he is washed, and afterwards conducts him to the vessel; he inquires its name, and is told it is *Religion*.

They then embark, and steer for the Monastery of Cisteaux. Upon their arrival there they are received by the porter, *Crainte de Dieu*, ("Drede of God;") and upon *Gracedieu* leaving the Pilgrim, he is conducted to

¹ AGYOGAPHE.

I am quod sche chieff noryce ^a
To alle folkes that fleen vyce
No cloyster is worthe who looke aboute
On no syde whan I am out
I make cloystris fferme and stable
Worschipe and honourable
And my name zeve thow lystest ^b
Is callyd *Agyographe*
Whiche is to feyne ^c I the ensure
Off holy wrytynge the scripture ^d
* * * *

The PYLGRYME.

And off a merour that I ffonde

Whiche that I heelde in myne honde
I preyed hir without schame
To telle me there off the name

AGYOGAPHE.

Hyt were good to hye and lowe
That alle folkes sholde know
And there off hadde a trewe syght
Justely what thys merour hyght
That folkes for greet lak off lyght
Were not deceyued in her syght
This merour by descripcyoun
Is called *Adulacyoun*
This is withouten eny blame
Verily his ryght name
Ffor take good hede that *flateryng*
Is engendred off *lesyng*
Some callen hir "*Placebo*" ²
Ffor sche han maken an *Eccho*
Answer eue ageyn the same
Because that he wole haue no blame
There is no contradicyoun
Ffor bothe off newe and zore ^e agon
Ffolkes sothely ^f mo than on ^g
Han in adulacyoun
Ffnde ful greet decepcyoun
Lordes wherfore I feye alas
Han be disseyved in this caas
And by adylacyoun
Brought to ther destrucyon

FLATERYE.

For this custum hath flaterye
To feyne ^h thus by losengerie ⁱ
Whanne hym lykyth to begyle
Ffalsely by his fotel while
To hem that be moste vycious ^k
How that they are vertuous
And though they ben to vyces thral
They feyne eke they be liberal
Though they be streyte ^l and ravynous
And greet nygards in her hous

¹ See coloured drawing I.

² *Placebo*, "I will please," the name given to Flattery, from her endeavouring to curry favour with every

one. The "Echo" is in reference to the "*Placebo*," which was the name given to the vesper hymn for the dead.—*Du Cange*.

They calle fframe and high renoun
Raveyne^a and ffalse extorcoun
Though they be ffooles and off no prys
They afferme that they be wys

• • • • •
The PYLGRYME.

Madame quod I zow not displese
Thys myroure schal do me noon eese
Wher so that I leese or wynne
I wole neuere looke ther inne
But ryht anoon myne happe it was
To loken in another glasse
In the whiche withouten wene^b
I sawe my sylff foule and vnclene
And to byholde ryght hydous
Abbomynabel and vecyous
That merour and that glas
Schewyd to me what I was

Wherefore off rancour and dysdeyn
The same merour I caste ageyn
Without a look in her pavere^c
Ffrowarde off look and eke^d off chere
And gan my bak away to turne
And therefore soon I gan to morne

AGYOGAPHE.

Now I se wel by contaunce
And also by thy governaunce
Thow haste no luste to loke and se
In the merour yt semeth me
Callyd the merour off concyence
Whiche shewith by trewe experyence
Without eccho or flaterye
Or any other lozengerye
Vnto a man what ymage
He bereth aboute or what vyfage
The portraiture ryght as it is
And in what thyng he dothe amys^e

After the Pilgrim had held converse with
Obedience, Discipline, Poverty, and Chastity,
two messengers next appeared to him, one of
whom had wings extended, whilst the other

held in her hand a wimble, which she held up
aloft towards the heaven, as if she would pierce
the sky. She says she is to reward all people
who act uprightly, that she is called *Prayer*^f
(*oraison*), the good and swift messenger which
has wings to fly and to bear a message to God
for all mankind. "Before Him," she says, "I
appear swiftly and present boldly the commis-
sion which has been entrusted to me; and
know," she adds, "that if you send your re-
quest to Him it shall not be refused; and if
you wish to enter the city where you see so
many pilgrims go, I will be your messenger,
and will prepare you a house where you may
take up your abode—no one shall enter there
who has not sent me before him. You know
that it was so with the thief who was crucified
with the King.^g I believe you will do the same,
for you have great need of it, and so I hasten
the more readily to perform your message."

¹ There was another who held a horn which
gave a pleasant sound, whose name was *Latria*,
(worship or service)^h and who thus speaks:

Off this place ffolkes alleⁱ
Latrya they me calle
Myne offys is moſte in wakyng
To kepe the gate aboute the kyng
I wacche there on day and nyght
Do my fforſe and eke my myght
Ffor to lyue aye in awayt
That there be ffounden no dysceyt

• • • • •
For bothe at eeve and eke at morew
I kepe the houres off ryſyng
To do worſchiſe to the kyng
Alle ffolkes vp I calle
That no ſlomber on hem fſalle
Myne horne is *Invocacyoun*
Off Deus in adjutorium
I blowe myn horn toward mydnyght
To reſſe vp ffolkes anoon ryght
I ſuffre hem not off ſleep to deye
Myne^j orgones I tempre ffor to pleye^k

^a Plunder.

^b Doubt.

^c Basket or wal-
let.

^d Also.

^e Job xx. 2.
Ecclef. vii. 5, 6.
Daniel x. 21.
Mark xii. 24.
Ephesians v. 6.
Col. iii. 22.
¹ Theſ. ii. 4—6.
¹ Pet. iii. 21.

^f 2 Chron. xxx.
27.
Mark xi. 24.
¹ Peter iii. 7.

^g Luke xxiii. 42.

^h Pſal. xcvi. 9.

ⁱ Tib. A. vii. f.
104, b.

^k I manage my
muſical inſtru-
ment ſo as to
play.

¹ See Woodcut XX.

² The "Virginals" of Bunyan.

^a Sound.

^b Psalmody.

^c Psalm cii. 23.
Heb. ix. 27.

^d Jer. xlv. 11.
Ecclus. xviii. 21.
Rom. vi. 18, 19.
2 Cor. xii. 9.

^e Isaiah xl. 30.

^f Deut. xxxiii.
25.
Gen. xxv. 8.
Job xii. 12, 13.

And vpon hem I make a sown ^a
With outen intermyssyoun
And trewely alle my melodye
Is in songe off perpsalmodye ^b
And devoutely in myne ententis
I calle so myne instrumentis
For thylke kyng that is moste stronge
Most hym delytyth in swiche songe
To hym it is moste pertynente
Whanne it is songe off good entente
In clernesse and in purete

At the last, after *Gracedieu's* return, two old women appeared,¹ at the sight of whom the Pilgrim's heart trembled; one supported herself on crutches, and seemed to have leaden feet—she carried a box on her back, whilst her companion had a couch bound on to her head. These were *Infirmity* and *Old Age*, who advanced towards him and said:—"Death^c sends us to you to announce that she comes without delay; and she has enjoined us not to leave you until we have conquered you."

The Pilgrim says that he is not acquainted with them, or with their mistress *Death*, and inquires their names. They tell him it is useless to argue with them, for, however strong a person may be, as soon as *Death* comes to him she vanquishes him; for she has complete control over human life, and kings and dukes fear her more than poor people who labour under life's burthens. "*Death*, however," they continue, "is no respecter of persons—into many places she enters often without having sent us before her; we are her messengers, and will tell you our names."

Then the one who carried the couch said:—"I am named *Infirmity*:^d wherever I find *Health* I attack her to make her submit; I recal *Repentance* when she is forgotten. He who created *Nature*, when He perceived that He was disregarded, summoned me, and said thus:—"Go quickly to *Death*, and say that I send you to serve her, and to do according

to her pleasure. But first you shall go into the world; and, when you are there, whomsoever you find the most hardy, who think to live the longest, and because they have health despise me, and put me out of their thoughts, those correct, chastise, and bind down so strongly on your bed that they cannot rise, nor turn according to their will, nor have any taste for eating and drinking, in order that they may implore my mercy, and by amending their lives have some regard for their own salvation.' Thus have I been in many places, and have pulled down young and old.^e Prepare yourself, therefore, for I shall attack you and lay you down on your bed." The other then spoke:—"I am she whom you never thought to behold:^f I have leaden feet; I walk slowly—nevertheless I come towards you and acquaint you that *Death* is approaching. No messenger can speak more truly; my companion often deceives; for different reasons prevent her from performing her message, but nothing can impede me. I am named *Old Age*, the greatly feared, the skin-dried, and the wrinkled. My head is sometimes grey, and sometimes bald; I am able to give sage counsel, and ought to be much honoured—for I have seen in times past both much good and much evil; I have proved what writings are the most sensible, and what are the best means of acquiring knowledge; for without practice and experience no science can exist."

The Pilgrim then informs *Old Age* that she is not agreeable to him, and he wishes that she would depart; but she tells him, that, whether he likes her or not, she will remain with him—and before *Death* comes she will make him crooked and feeble by the blows which she will give him; but still, she says, that if he is wise, he will derive great advantage from her—for she will lend him those crutches^g which she herself has to lean upon: but yet she does not wish to deprive him of his *staff*, inasmuch as a spiritual support is useful as well

¹ See Woodcut XXI.

^g Mr. *Ready to Halt's* crutches.—Bunyan.



XXI



XXII

Misericorde



XXIII

as a temporal one—for by this means if a man is assaulted on one side he is supported on the other.^a “Take, therefore, my crutches,” she concludes, “for you will find them very useful, since my blows are hard to bear, and that you shall soon know.” Then she said to her companion, “In order that he may not think that we feign, let us at once knock him down, and lay him upon your couch.” *Infirmity* and *Old Age* accordingly lay hold of the Pilgrim, and place him gently upon it, and tell him that *Death* will soon arrive.^b Whilst, however, he is lying there, a lady, of a kindly and pleasing countenance, approaches him:^c she has in her hands a cord, and upon her inviting the Pilgrim to go with her to the Infirmary he joyfully assents, but first begs that she will tell him who she is.

“I am,” she replies, “named *Mercy*, and I should be excessively welcome after a severe sentence is passed in any judgement. The King,^e when He commanded that all the human race should die for their offences, when I came to Him, forbore his hand, and made over to me all that remained; and I induced Him to place in the heavens a bow without a string, as a sign of concord—the string remains with me, as the bow does with Him:^d so that without this cord He cannot use the bow, and for that reason I keep it in my hands; and, inasmuch as I rescue the wretched from misery, and draw the degraded from their woful positions by means of this cord, I am called *Misericorde* (*Mercy*).^e The maker of this cord was *Charity*; and it is not possible for any one to ascend to heaven who breaks it.”

After *Mercy* has further explained to the Pilgrim her various offices, such as relieving the sick, the poor, the captives, the humble—and professing her readiness to serve him—he asks her if she cannot rid him of *Death*'s messengers, *Infirmity* and *Old Age*. This, she says, she cannot do; but she will, by means of her

cord, convey him secretly to the Infirmary,^f where, although the messengers will not even then leave him entirely, yet he may put off for some little time longer the arrival of *Death*.

Accordingly, she binds her cord to his bed, and, at the same time, *Infirmity* and *Old Age* also approach him so closely that he has no strength remaining.

After he had arrived at the Infirmary, and had lain there for some little time, the porter, called the *fear of God*,^g enters, bringing with him two other messengers—one of whom was the lady^h with the wimple, of whom mention has already been made, whilst the other extended her arms towards heaven as if she would fly. The porter then informed the Pilgrim that he had brought these messengers, of whose aid he could avail himself, if he wished to send them before him to Jerusalem, for that he could no longer tarry on earth, and if they did not go before him he would not be able to enter the holy city. Their names were *Prayer*,ⁱ and her companion *Almsgiving*,^j (*aufmone*;) the latter has always her hands extended ready to give, and makes wings of them with which to fly—and she is willing to go at once to the King to beg for admission for the pilgrims into the heavenly mansions. The Pilgrim answers, that he would willingly employ her, but he possesses nothing—having renounced all he had when he entered the convent, everything there having been in common. He says that she should be sent before kings, and great and wealthy people—that the rich, being pilgrims as well as himself, must also be admitted by their staff and scarf (i. e. *hope* and *faith*) into the heavenly city—and he therefore trusts that God will provide an humble and poor man like himself with an habitation.^k He then welcomes the other messenger,^l and commissions her to go before him; to which she answers, that she would do so most readily, according to her promise to him in the Church

^a Prov. xxii. 6.

^b Psalm lxxi. 9;
xcii. 14.

^c Eccclus. xviii.
13.

^d Gen. ix. 13.

^e Deut. v. 10.

^f Prov. xxii. 9.

^g 2 Chron. xix.
7.

^h Prov. xv. 29.

ⁱ Luke vi. 30;
xi. 41.

^j Heb. xii. 22.
^k 2 Cor. v. 6
Heb. xiii. 14.

^l Tobit iii. 1.

¹ See Woodcut XXII.

² The lady with the wimple or auger was *Prayer*;

she was described before as holding it, because “she seemed as though she would have pierced the heavens.”

where he had seen her before: whereupon *Infirmity* interferes, and says it is now too late for the intercession of *Prayer*, that the Pilgrim had plenty of time to employ her during his life, but that now she (*Infirmity*) claims him. *Prayer*, nevertheless, departs on her errand; and whilst the Pilgrim is fearing that she will be too late, and that he will perish,¹ an old woman mounts on his bed, who alarms him extremely; she holds a scythe, and also bears a wooden coffin—her name is *Death*. She has already placed one of her feet upon the Pilgrim's body, and he has begged her to spare him a little while longer that he may ask her one or two questions, when *Gracedieu* appears to him and reassures him by saying,² "I perceive you are now at the narrow entrance which is at the end of your pilgrimage. *Death* is near you, who is the end of all terrible things; she will mow down your life, and place your body in a coffin for the worms to destroy it. This is the common end of all flesh. Man, in this world, is exposed to *Death* as the grass in the

field is to the scythe; so he also is flourishing one day, and is withered the next. You have prospered a long time; you must now be reaped and separated into two parts—the entrance is narrow, the body and soul cannot pass through together; the soul will enter first, and the body, after having seen corruption, will be regenerated and join the great assembly in the city to which you are hastening. You are now at the wicket-gate, which, when you saw it imaged in the mirror, you so longed to reach. You will be received within it if you present yourself there unburdened and naked. Nevertheless, you must first implore the Father for mercy,³ and promise to *Penance*, that if you have not undergone sufficient suffering for your sins, you are willing to expiate them still further in Purgatory."⁴ Upon this *Death* seemed to run him through the body with her scythe; and he awoke with a start, scarcely knowing whether he were dead or alive, until he was certified of the fact of his being alive by the sound of the convent bell and the crowing of

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 3.
Ecclef. xiv. 12.

^b Job xxi. 26.

^c Isaiah xl. 7.

^d Job xix. 26.

^e Rev. iii. 12;
xxii. 14.

^f John xiv. 6.

^g Heb. ix. 27, 28.

^h Rev. xiv. 13.

¹ See Woodcut XXIII.

² GRACEDIEU.

Je voy bien qua lesteit passai
Tu es de ton pelerinage
Voicy la mort qui de pres test
Qui des choses terribles est
La fin et le terminement
Ta vie tantost faulcher entent
Et la meſtre du tout afin
Et puis ton corps en vng cofin
Elle meſtra pour le bailler
Aux vers puans pour le manger^b
Ceste chose est toute commune
A tout chascun et a chascune
Homme en ce monde est expose
A la mort comme lherbe au pre
Est a la faulx aussi est ce foin
Qui huy est verd et sec demain^c
Or as este verd vng long temps
Et si as receu pluyes et vens
Mais fault maintenant te faulchier
Et en deux pieces despiecer
Lhuys est estroit lame et la cher
Ne pourroient ensemble passer
Lame premiere passera
Et puis apres la chair yra
Mais si tost ne sera ce mie
Avant fera la chair pourrie
Et autre fois regenee
En la grant commune assemblee^d
Donques regarde sappointe

Deument tu es et appareille
Sa toy ne tient tantost verras
La grant cite ou tendu as
Tu es au guichet et a lhuys
Quou mirouer pieca tu vis
Se tu es despoille et nuz^e
Dedans tantost seras receuz
Celle entree tu auoies moult chier
Lors quant tu la vis au premier
Et touteſois tant ie te dy
Qua mon pere tu cries mercy
En promettant a penitence
Que se nen as a souffrance
Fait volentiers tu la feras
En purgatoire ou tu yras

³ By the light of Divine Truth the reader must perceive that the atoning Sacrifice of the Son of God has been completely set aside in the advice here given to the Pilgrim. *Fallen man* must come to God as a *Judge*, but cannot come to Him as a *Father*, otherwise than by Christ as Mediator. Jesus saith, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me."^f

⁴ How can this be? when we read in the Bible, "and as it is appointed unto all men once to die, but after this the judgement, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for him shall be appear the second time without sin unto salvation."^g "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: (from the moment of their death :) yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."^h

the cocks. Hereupon he would have arisen, but lay still in bed musing upon his wondrous dream; concerning which, he informs the reader, that, if there be anything in it which seems to favour of vanity or untruth, it must be taken as the straw and the chaff is with wheat, and the whole so sifted that the good and true may remain and be remembered, whilst the light and worthless is forgotten and dismissed; and, finally, he concludes by recommending his work to all those who, like good winnowers, are skilled in separating reality from error, and truth from falsehood.

In the Pilgrim's Progress, *Christian* and *Hopeful* are described as at once entering into that perfect peace, and rest, and joy which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."^a

"Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come up out of the river, they saluted them, saying, 'We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along towards the gate. Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; *also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them.* They, therefore, went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds.

* * * The talk they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place, who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. 'There,' said they, 'is the Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.'^b You are going now,' said they, 'to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading

fruits thereof; and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King: even all the days of eternity!^c There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth—to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death—for the former things are passed away.^d You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets; men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds—each one walking in his righteousness.'^e The men then asked, 'What must we do in the holy place?' To whom it was answered, 'You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way.'^f In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One—for there you shall see Him as He is.^g There, also, you shall serve Him continually, with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing, the pleasant voice of the mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are got thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you.' * * * Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'^h

"Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate, the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate—to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c.—to whom it was said, 'These pilgrims are come from the city of *Destruction*, for the love that they bear to the King of this place.'

^a 1 Cor. ii. 9.

^b Heb. xii. 22—24.

^c Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4; xxi. 1.

^d Isaiah lxx. 16.

^e Isaiah lvii. 1, 2.

^f Gal. vi. 7.

^g 1 John iii. 2.

^h Rev. xxii. 24.

And then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when He had read them, said, 'Where are the men?' To whom it was answered, 'They are standing without the gate.' The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said He, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'^a

^a Isaiah xxvi. 2.

"Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy; and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, honour, glory, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.'"^b

^b Rev. v. 13, 14.

These lines at the conclusion of Bunyan's

Dream show how similar are the metaphors employed both by himself and De Guileville in their parting addresses to the reader:—

Now, reader, I have told my dream to thee;
See if thou canst interpret it to me,
Or to thyself, or neighbour; but take heed
Of misinterpreting; for that, instead
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse:
By misinterpreting evil ensues.
Take heed also that thou be not extreme
In playing with the outside of my dream;
Nor let my figure or similitude
Put thee into a laughter or a feud.
Leave this for boys and fools; but as for thee,
Do thou the substance of the matter see.
Put by the curtains, look within my veil;
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail
There, if thou seekest them, such things to find
As will be helpful to an honest mind.
What of my dross thou findest there be bold
To throw away, but yet preserve the gold.
What if my gold be wrapped up in ore?
None throws away the apple for the core.
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
I know not but 'twill make me dream again.



The following Extracts on the glories of the New Jerusalem are quoted from Hymns written at three different periods:—The first by St. Bernard, (to whom reference is made in De Guileville's poem,) A.D. 1100. The second is taken from a Chap-book¹ in the British Museum, (1078 k 17,) to which no date is prefixed. The third is by a well-known modern Author, who has kindly permitted its insertion.

HYMN.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is *there*.

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high,
That worms should seek their dwellings
Beyond the starry sky.
So now we fight the battle,
And then we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.
To thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep:
For very love beholding
Thy happy name they weep.
O one, O only mansion!
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy:
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small;
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.
With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;

The sardius and topas
Unite in thee their rays:
Thy ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment,
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages,
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory!
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing thee,
My spirit fails and faints;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.
They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

¹ See f. 2.

There is the throne of David,
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast :
 And they, beneath their Leader,
 Who conquer'd in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
 Jerusalem the radiant !
 The glory of the elect !
 O dear and future vision,
 That eager hearts expect :
 E'en now by faith I see thee,
 E'en now thy walls discern ;
 For thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and burn.
 O land that seest no sorrow !
 O state that fear'ft no strife !
 O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
 O realm and home of life !

ST. BERNARD.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER, dear Jerusalem,
 when shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?
 thy joys when shall I see ?
 O happy harbour of God's saints !
 O sweet and pleasant soil !
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 no grief, no care, no toil.
 In thee no sickness is at all,
 no grief, no toil, no care ;
 There is no death, nor ugly fight,
 but life for evermore.
 No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,
 no dim nor darksome night ;
 For every soul shines as the sun,
 for God himself gives light.
 There lust nor lucre cannot dwell—
 there envy bears no sway ;
 There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
 but pleasure every way.
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
 would God I were in thee !

O that my sorrows had an end,
 thy joys that I might see !
 No pains, no pangs, no bitter griefs,
 no woful night is there ;
 No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard,
 no willaway nor fear.
 Jerusalem the city is
 of God our King alone ;
 The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
 sits there upon the throne.
 Ah ! God, that I Jerusalem
 with speed may go behold ;
 For why ? the pleasures there abound
 with tongue cannot be told.
 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 with carbuncles doth shine ;
 With jasper, pearls, and crysolite,
 surpassing pure and fine.
 Thy houses are of ivory ;
 thy windows chrystal clear ;
 Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
 where angels do appear.
 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
 thy bulwarks diamond square ;
 Thy gates are made of orient pearl,—
 O God ! if I were there.
 Within thy gates nothing can come
 that is not passing clear ;
 No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
 no filth may there appear.
 Jehovah, Lord, now come, I pray,
 and end my grief and plaints :
 Take me to thy Jerusalem,
 and place me among the saints :
 Who there are crown'd with glory great,
 and see God face to face.
 They triumph all, and do rejoice,
 most happy is their case.
 But we who are in banishment
 continually do moan ;
 We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,
 perpetually we groan.
 Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
 our pleasures are but pain ;
 Our joys are not worth looking on,
 our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
 such pleasure, and such play,
 That unto them a thousand years
 seem but as yesterday.
 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
 thy joys when shall I see?
 Thy King sitting upon his throne,
 and thy felicity.
 Thy vineyards and thy orchards,
 so wonderfully rare,
 Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruits,
 most beautiful and fair.
 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
 continually are green;
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers,
 as no where else are seen.
 There cinnamon and sugar grows;
 there nard and balm abound;
 No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
 what pleasures there are found.
 There nectar and ambrosia spring,
 the musk and civet sweet;
 There many a fine and dainty drug
 is trodden under feet.
 Quite thro' the street, with pleasant sound,
 the blood of life doth flow;
 Upon the bank, on ev'ry side,
 the Tree of Life doth grow.
 These trees each month do yield their fruit,
 for evermore they spring;
 And all the nations in the world
 to thee their honours bring.
 Jerusalem, God's dwelling place,
 full fore I long to see;
 O that my sorrows had an end,
 that I might dwell with thee!
 There David stands, with harp in hand,
 into the heavenly choir,
 A thousand times that man was blest
 who might this music hear.
 There Mary sings Magnificat,
 with tunes surpassing sweet;
 And all the virgins bear their part,
 sitting around her feet.
 Te Deum doth St. Ambrose sing,
 St. Austin doth the like;

Old Simeon and Zachary
 have not their songs to seek.
 There Magdalen hath left her moan,
 and chearfully doth sing,
 With all blest saints, whose harmony
 through every street doth ring.
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
 thy joys fain would I see;
 Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
 and take me home to thee.
 O plant thy name in my forehead,
 and take me hence away,
 That I may dwell with thee in blest, (*sic*)
 and sing thy praises ay!
 Jerusalem, the happy throne,
 Jehovah's throne on high;
 O sacred city, queen and wife
 of Christ eternally!
 O comely queen, with glory clad,
 with honour and degree,
 All fair thou art, excelling bright,
 no spot is found in thee!
 I long to see Jerusalem,
 the comfort of us all;
 For thou art sweet and beautiful,
 no ill can thee befall.
 In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
 no darkness dare appear;
 No night, no shade, no winter foul,
 no time doth alter there.
 No candles need, no moons to shine,
 no glittering stars to light,
 For Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
 for ever shineth bright.
 A Lamb unspotted, white and pure,
 to thee doth stand in lieu
 Of light so great; the glory is,
 thy heavenly King to view;
 He is the King of kings, beset
 in midst his servants right,
 And they his happy household all
 do serve him day and night.
 There, there the quire of angels bright,
 there the supernal fort
 Of citizens, who hence are freed
 from danger's deep resort.

There be the prudent prophets all,
 th' Apostles, six and six,
 The glorious martyrs in a row,
 and confessors betwixt.
 There doth the crew of righteous men
 and matrons all confist,
 Young men and maids who here on earth
 their pleasures did resist.
 The sheep and lambs that hardly 'scapt
 the snares of death and hell,
 Triumph in joy eternally,
 whereof no tongue can tell;
 And though the glory of each one
 doth differ in degree,
 Yet the joy of all alike,
 and common as we see.
 There love and charity do reign,
 and Christ is all in all,
 Whom they most perfectly behold,
 in glory spiritual.
 They love, they praise, they praise, and love,
 they holy, holy, cry;
 They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
 but laud continually.
 O happy thousand times were I,
 if, after wretched days,
 I might with listening ears conceive
 these heavenly songs of praise,
 Which to th' eternal King are sung,
 by heavenly wights above:
 By sacred souls and angels sweet,
 to praise the God of love!
 Oh, passing happy were my state,
 might I be worthy found
 To wait upon my God and King,
 his praises there to sound.
 And to enjoy my Christ above,
 his favour and his grace,
 According to his promise made,
 which here I interlace:
 "O Father dear," said he, "let them,
 whom thou hast given of old
 To me, be there where so I am,
 my glory to behold,

Which I with thee, before the world
 was laid, in perfect ways
 Have had, from whence the blessed fun
 of glory doth arise!
 Again, if any man will serve,
 then let him follow me;
 That where I am, be thou right sure,
 there shall my servant be.
 And still if any man loves me,
 him loves my Father dear,
 Whom I do love, to him myself
 in glory shall appear."
 Lord, take away my miseries,
 that there I may be bold,
 With thee, in thy Jerusalem,
 thy glory to behold;
 And so in Zion see my King,
 my love, my Lord, my all—
 Whom now as in a glass I see,
 then face to face I shall.
 O blessed be the pure in heart,
 their Sovereign they shall see!
 O ye most happy heavenly wights
 which of God's household be!
 O Lord, with speed dissolve my bonds,
 those gins and fetters strong;
 For I have dwelt within the tents
 of Kedar overlong!
 Yet once again I pray thee, Lord,
 to guard me from all strife;
 Thus to thy hill I may obtain,
 and dwell there all my life.
 With cherubin, and seraphin,
 and holy souls of men,
 To sing thy praise, of Lord of hosts,
 for evermore. Amen.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.¹

ON THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.

HA! yon burst of crystal splendour!
 Sunlight, starlight, blent in one;
 Starlight set in arctic azure,
 Sunlight from the burning zone!

¹ Vide "Hymns of Faith and Hope," by Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Gold and silver, gems and marble,
All creation's jewelry.

Earth's uncovered waste of riches—
Treasures of the ancient sea.

Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

* * * *

What to that for which we're waiting,
Is this glittering earthly toy?

Heavenly glory, holy splendour,
Sum of grandeur, sum of joy.

Not the gems that time can tarnish,
Not the hues that dim and die,
Not the glow that cheats the lover,
Shaded with mortality.

Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Not the light that leaves us darker,
Not the gleams that come and go,

Not the mirth whose end is madness,
Not the joy whose fruit is woe;

Not the notes that die at sunset,
Not the fashion of a day;

But the everlasting beauty,
And the endless melody.

Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

City of the pearl-bright portal;
City of the jasper wall;

City of the golden pavement;
Seat of endless festival.

City of Jehovah, Salem,
City of eternity,

To thy bridal-hall of gladness,
From this prison would I flee.

Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Ah! with such strange spells around me,
Fairest of what earth calls fair,

How I need thy fairer image,
To undo the fiend's snare!

Left the subtle serpent-tempter
Lure me with his radiant lie;

As if sin were sin no longer,
Life were no more vanity.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need *thee*, heavenly city,
My low spirit to upbear;
Yes, I need thee—earth's enchantments
So beguile me with their glare.

Let me see thee, then these fetters
Break asunder, I am free;
Then this pomp no longer chains me;
Faith has won the victory.

Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,
No excess of brilliance palls,

Salem, city of the holy,
We shall be within thy walls!

There, beside yon crystal river,
There, beneath life's wondrous tree,
There, with nought to cloud or sever,—
Ever with the Lamb to be!

Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

It may be interesting to some of our readers if we quote a letter from a Syrian gentleman who remarked that the translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress" into Arabic had done more good in Syria than any book, except the Bible; the parabolical mode of instruction of our Saviour being the natural form of expression in that country.

"You desire me," he writes, "to relate to you a few facts connected with the Arabic Pilgrim's Progress; I shall try to do so in this note, in the fewest words possible.

"The book was first translated for the 'Church Missionary Society,' by a first-rate Arabic scholar, a native of Mount Lebanon, and printed at their Arabic printing press, at Malta. It was extensively read, wherever the Arabic language was spoken.

"Soon after the breaking up of the mission

at Malta, it became scarce, and another edition was called for.

"The American Missionaries, in Syria, had the book then re-translated, (by another native of Mount Lebanon,) and, by the help of the first translation, made of it a very good *new* edition. They put this new copy into the hands of one of the best Arabic scholars and poets (a native of Mount Lebanon also), who corrected it and saw it 'through the press.'

"The book has now become a classical one. It is read in all the American schools throughout Syria. Copies of it have gone into Arabia, Mesopotamia, India, Egypt, and the Coast of Barbary.

"During my first visit to England, I had the curiosity to go to Blackwall, to see the Niger Expedition, which was then fitting up for the heart of Africa; and on going into the first cabin of one of the steamers, I saw all its shelves filled with Arabic books. On asking the Missionary (Muller), who was then accompanying the expedition, why they took Arabic books with them, he answered me, that the Arabic was the medium of communication with the natives: and that the Arabic characters were used in all the interior of Africa, even when the language spoken by the tribes was not Arabic. Many copies of the Pilgrim's Progress were on the shelves.

"The book being full of figurative language, and allegorical expressions, has had a great hold on the mind of the simple people in the East.

"I was spending, not many years ago, a short time at Halbaya, a town in Anti-Lebanon, several thousand feet higher than the level of the sea. I took a ride one fine afternoon to the top of the hills that overlook the town and country. As I wandered amongst the vineyards, admiring the beauty of the bold and majestic scenery, the 'Watchman' came down, and asked me to go up and sit with him in his bower; adding, that the view from it was the best in the neighbourhood.

"I must, however, explain to you what a

'*watchman*' and a '*bower*' are. The vineyards in Syria cover many acres of land. The vines either lie on the ground, are supported by poles, or run up, and twine themselves round high trees. The fields being very extensive, and the land quite cheap, there are, of course, no hedges to the vineyards; the bear, the hyæna, the fox, and the dog, are very fond of grapes—and the visit of any of these animals to a vineyard costs the owner a basket of grapes. Although strangers are never molested if they help themselves to the grapes *as they pass by a vineyard*, yet the people of the village are not allowed that privilege. To watch then, over tame and wild depredators, town and forest visitors, the owners appoint a '*Watchman*,' during the season of the grapes.—See Isaiah v. 1, 2.

"The '*Watchman*' selects a large tree, generally an oak, on the top of the highest hill. He then lays poles on the centre of the branches of the tree, and ties them with cords, &c. and placing boards over these poles, and then covering the whole with other branches, he spreads his mat and bed on the boards, and in this bower he eats, drinks, watches, and sleeps, day and night.

"These men have such a good ear, assisted by a clear sky and pure atmosphere, that they can hear the least sound, and with a rifle, they are, indeed, not to be despised. By such a '*watchman*' I was invited, and into such a bower I ascended.

"As I sat on the bed, admiring the scenery that was before me, I looked round me and saw some Arabic books, one of which was well used. I took it up; it was the '*Pilgrim's Progress*.' 'You may well ask,' said Nicola to me, 'why this book is well used, more so than the others. You know that on becoming a Protestant what persecution I endured—how often I was hunted down, like a wild beast—how my wife deserted me for her father's house—how my two daughters were taken to my brother's home, to prevent their being contaminated by my principles. Well, this book

was a comfort to me during my troubles. The man who wrote it seemed to have had just such a person as me before him. Then, in my solitude, nothing is more cheering than to read it early at morn and late at night. Such a book was never made for *you* men, who live in cities—who are ambitious, rich, and luxurious; but *I* who *live* in this *tree*, for three months in the year—I see the sun rise in majesty in the morning, and go down in power in the evening; I see the moon appear in glory, and set in splendour—with Anti-Lebanon for my habitation—and Lebanon, Hermon, and Iulan round about me: while the Jordan, taking its source at my feet, winds its way into the lakes of Huleih, Tiberias, and Lot, till they all vanish in the distance. I have need of such a book—I can understand it!

“Poor Nicola asked me, two years after, to go and see him at home. There were his wife, and two daughters. ‘We live now,’ said he to me, ‘together, and in peace; but the people often cause us trouble. They are always trying to throw discord amongst us. You know my daughters can now read; and they often read the Pilgrim’s Progress.’”

“I called frequently at the cell of an old monk at Beirut, to pass an hour in disputation and friendly talk—and often saw him read the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ ‘I am still of opinion,’ he would say to me, ‘that it is better not to marry. See what trouble this man had with his wife and family. I am alone—I have no trouble, because I have neither wife or children—I read this book during the long winter evenings and feel quite delighted to think that your Protestant friends have at *least one good* book to offer us. I really think that our friends, the Roman Catholic Priests, are wrong; for, in forbidding their people in this country to read Protestant books, they should have made an exception of the Pilgrim’s Progress.’ I really loved the man because he was sincere in being attached to the doctrines of the orthodox church.

“Not far from him lived another monk, young, handsome, and intelligent. He is one of the few amongst the Clergy, in Syria, who have liberal and enlightened views; desire to see the old Churches shake off their sloth, and take up the cause of Evangelical religion and general education. I have often seen him read the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and heard him say, that if he had the influence and the power he would make all the people study it. I have just heard from a mutual friend that this good gentleman has been promoted to the Bishopric of Tarsus. My friend wishes me to write and congratulate him on this promotion.

“I am quite sure that this new bishop will behave like a true Christian, and will do much good in his new sphere of action. Dear Gerasmus! may you never forget the long conversations we often held together; and may you be like Paul of Tarsus, a blessing to that part of Syria.

“I have seen another man day and night turn over the leaves of this book. I had given him the first translation when it was first printed. I brought him the new edition as soon as it came out. I saw this old man read it to his old partner in life, during the long winter nights; and when I returned late from some evening party, I found him with the book in his lap, reading, (and smoking at the same time,) waiting for me. ‘I could sit up,’ he would say, ‘the whole night reading it. I know the Arabic of the *old* edition is not so good as the *new* one; it has many defects, but I like it as an *old* friend. I like the *new* one for a change. This world is so full of wickedness—we live in sin, and the very breath we draw is so polluted with evil, that it is well we can, at home and alone, commune with the spirits of good men who have departed in peace.’ This man was my own Father.

“ANTONIUS AMEUNY.”

The following curious passage, extracted from a well-known periodical, shows the quaint form which the “*allegory*” sometimes took.

"Of the universal taste for allegory in the middle ages, we are furnished with a curious illustration by M. Jubinal, in his elegant publication of '*Les anciennes tapisseries historiques*,' in the specimen he gives from the tapestry of Nancy, said to have been taken from the tent of Charles le Téméraire in 1477. In the first compartment, three boon companions, *Dinner*, *Supper*, and *Banquet*, meet with a company of *bons vivants*, called *Bonne-Compagnie*, *Accoustumance*, *Passe-temps*, *Gourmandie*, *Friandise*, &c. whom they invite to their *bofets*.

"In the second compartment they are represented at the hotel of *Dinner*; but at this performance *Supper* and *Dinner* take umbrage, and conspire against the *convives*: in the next compartment, whilst at *Supper's* hall the guests are suddenly attacked by the hired assassins, *Gout*, *Cholic*, &c. but they make their escape, and are pursued by *Supper*, who bruises many of them with his club. They next repair to the hall of *Banquet*, where, in the midst of their festivities, they are suddenly attacked by a troop of ugly women, armed with sharp knives, named *Apoplexy*, *Paralysis*, *Epilepsy*, *Pleurisy*, *Dropsy*, &c. The sufferers are now slaughtered without mercy, and only a few escape from the hands of the assassins. These fly for aid to *Lady Experience*, who decides that the two companions, *Supper* and *Banquet*, shall be separated.

"In the remaining portions of the tapestry, *Supper* and *Banquet* are made prisoners, and carried for judgment before *Dame Experience* and her counsellors *Galen*, *Ypocras*, *Avicenna*, and *Averrois*, who pass sentence of death upon *Banquet*, whilst *Supper* is condemned to have her arms bound, and never to approach the dwelling of *Dinner* nearer than three leagues. The last of the compartments represents the execution of the sentence."—*Gent. Mag. Dec.* 1842.

In an American newspaper, entitled "The Christian Advocate and Journal," dated Aug. 9, 1843, the following satire appeared on the modern fashionable facilities of getting to hea-

ven, called "*The Celestial Railroad*," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The writer supposes that in a dream he visits the populous city of *Destruction*, from which the public-spirited inhabitants had recently established a *railroad* to the Celestial City. His curiosity induces him to visit the station-house, and there he had the good fortune to meet with a gentleman of the name of Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders.

The vehicle rattles through the city, and at a short distance passes over a bridge of elegant construction. On both sides are seen a great quagmire. This Mr. *Smooth-it-away* informs him is the famous *Slough of Despond*, and the bridge is that which the engineers have constructed across the bog, by throwing in, for a foundation, books of morality, French philosophy, and German rationalism, works of Plato, Confucius, and Buddha, to make the passage agreeable to pilgrims—"yet, in spite of Mr. *Smooth-it-away's* assurances of its solidity, (says the dreamer,) I should be loth to cross it in a heavy omnibus, if each passenger had as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself.

"The spacious station-house is erected on the site of *the little wicket-gate*, which old pilgrims recollect stood across the highway, and by its inconvenient narrowness was a great obstruction to the traveller of *liberal mind* and expansive stomach. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see the number of passengers and the favourable change the community had undergone relative to the celestial pilgrimage. No more lonely ragged men, with huge burdens on their backs, hooted after by the whole city; but parties of the first gentry setting out for the Celestial City, as if the pilgrimage were a summer tour. The conversation was full of taste about politics, fashions, and amusements, and though religion was doubtless *the main thing at heart*, it was tastefully thrown into the background. An infidel would have found nothing to shock his sensibility.

A great convenience of this new method of

pilgrimage was, that our enormous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage-waggon! The ancient feuds between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the *wicket-gate* have been appeased, and some of the Prince's subjects are employed about the station carrying baggage, collecting fuel, and feeding the engines.

"*Greatheart* refused to be *breaksman*, (*foker*,) but went to the Celestial City in a *buff*; and so the directors chose a more accommodating man, whom you will probably recognise at once." The locomotive appears; and, to the astonishment of the dreamer, it is *Apollyon himself*, *Christian's* old enemy, still breathing fire and smoke through his nostrils, induced to become the company's chief conductor.

They overtake two old-fashioned pilgrims, trudging it on foot, whom they laugh at, and *Apollyon* envelopes them in an atmosphere of scalding steam.

The *Interpreter's House* is not one of the company's stations; and the passengers were glad to pass so quickly by the cross and sepulchre, where *Christian* lost his burden, for they possessed such a rich collection of favourite habits that they exulted in the safety of their baggage, which they hoped would not be out of fashion in the polite circles of the celestial world!

To facilitate the passage of the *Hill Difficulty*, a *spacious tunnel* has been constructed through the heart of this rocky mountain, and the materials from the heart of the hill have been employed in filling up the Valley of *Humiliation*!

"A wonderful improvement indeed!" said one of the passengers, "yet I should have been glad to visit the Palace *Beautiful*, and be introduced to those charming young ladies *Prudence*, *Piety*, and *Charity*, and the rest." "Young ladies!" cried Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, as soon as he could speak for laughing, "why, my dear fellow, they are old maids, every one of them—prim, starched, dry, and angular—and not one of them, I will venture to say,

has altered the fashion of her gown since the days of *Christian's* pilgrimage." So the traveller consoles himself for the disappointment.

"*Apollyon* was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate, anxious to get over the ground where he had so disastrously encountered *Christian*. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book I found we were fast approaching the Valley of the *Shadow of Death*, into which doleful region I trembled to plunge at the present accelerated speed, and I told my apprehensions to Mr. *Smooth-it-away*; but he assured me it was as safe as the best railroad in Christendom. At this moment we shot into the dreaded valley, and my palpitations were calmed on finding that the engineers, to dispel the gloom and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine, had collected the inflammable gas into pipes, and thus established a quadruple row of lamps along the whole passage! But this radiance, hurtful to the eyes, glared upon the visages of my fellow passengers; and, as compared with natural day-light, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood. Here the fear of running off the track, beside which was the bottomless pit, made my heart quake—for the noise of the train reverberated like thunder through the valley, and soon there followed a tremendous shriek, careering along the valley, as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it: but this proved only to be the whistle of the engine to announce our arrival at a station!

"Rattling onward again, we at length made our escape from the valley and its lurid lights, at the end of which is the cavern where, in John Bunyan's time, dwelt two cruel giants, called *Pope* and *Pagan*. But these old troglodytes are no longer there, and the cave is now occupied by another terrible giant, a German by birth, called the giant *Transcendentalist*; but as to the form or features of this huge miscreant, neither he for himself, nor anybody for him, has ever been able to describe. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth we caught a hasty glimpse of him—he looked much like

a heap of fog and duskiness. He shouted after us, but we could not understand his lingo.

"Late in the day the train thundered into the ancient city of *Vanity*, where the fair is still at the height of prosperity, and the new railroad brings with it a great influx of strangers.

"If the Christian reader have had no accounts of the city since Bunyan's time, he will be surprised to hear that now almost every street has its church, and the reverend clergy are held in high reverence—and well do they merit this high estimation—for their maxims of wisdom and virtue come from as deep a source as those of the sagest philosophers of old. I need only mention the distinguished names of the Rev. Mr. *Shallow-deep*, the Rev. Mr. *Clog-the-spirit*, the Rev. Dr. *Wind-of-Doctrine*, &c. The labours of these eminent divines diffuse an homogeneous erudition. Literature is etherealized; knowledge deposits all its heavier particles and exhales into a sound, which steals into the ever-open ears of their auditors. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery by which thought and study are done to everybody's hand, whilst another species of machine is employed for the manufacture of individual morality. All these wonderful improvements in ethics, religion, and literature, being made clear to my comprehension by Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, inspired me with a vast admiration of *Vanity Fair*.

"It is true that, while loitering through the bazaars, some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. Some spent a splendid fortune in the purchase of diseases, and a heavy lot of repentance on a suit of rags. There was a sort of stock or scrip, much in demand, called conscience, which would purchase anything. Indeed, few commodities could be bought without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, which was the only thing of permanent value! Tracts of land, and golden mansions, situated in the Celestial City were bartered, at very disadvantageous rates—for a few years' lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in *Vanity Fair*.

"The place began to seem like home; but I was at length reminded of the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City by the sight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily when *Apollyon* puffed smoke and steam into their faces."

These pilgrims, whose names are Mr. *Stick-to-the-right*, and Mr. *Go-the-old-way*, remonstrated with the railroad traveller, and warned him that the whole concern was a bubble and delusion; that he might travel upon it all his lifetime without ever getting beyond the limits of *Vanity Fair*; that the Lord of the *Celestial City* had refused, and ever would refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for the railroad. Wherefore, every person who buys a ticket must expect to lose his purchase-money—which is the value of his own soul!

"'Pooh! Nonsense!' said Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, dragging me away; 'these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in *Vanity Fair*, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window.'

"This incident made a considerable impression upon my mind, and another strange thing troubled me: amid the occupations or amusements of the Fair, nothing was more common than for a person—whether at a feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth or honours—suddenly to vanish like a soap-bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows. And so accustomed were they to such accidents, that business went on as if nothing had happened!

"Finally, however, I resumed my journey with Mr. *Smooth-it-away* by my side. A little beyond the suburbs of *Vanity* we rapidly passed the ancient silver mine of which *Demas* was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to greater advantage than ever; and a little further onward, the spot where Lot's wife stood as a pillar of salt, but which curious travellers have carried away piecemeal.

"The next remarkable object was a large edifice, formerly the castle of the redoubted giant *Despair*, but since his death, Mr. *Flimsy*

faith has repaired it so flimsily as a house of entertainment that I feared it would some day thunder down on the heads of the occupants. 'We shall escape, at all events,' said Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, 'for *Apollyon* is putting on the steam again.' The road now plunged into a gorge of the *Delectable Mountains*—but a drowsiness came over the passengers as they passed over the enchanted ground, but they awoke as they arrived at the final station in the pleasant land of *Beulah*; and here *Apollyon* outdid himself in screwing out of the whistle of the steam-engine the most infernal sounds and uproar, that the discord must have reached to the celestial gates. "This horrid clamour still rang in our ears when a thousand instruments of music seemed to announce, in an exulting strain, the approach of some illustrious hero who had fought a good fight and won a glorious victory. This, we found, was to welcome the two poor pilgrims we had insulted, on our way, and at *Vanity Fair*, with taunts and gibes! 'I wish we were as secure of a good reception,' said I; but my friend answered, 'Never fear, never fear! Come, make haste—the ferry-boat will be off directly, and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river: no doubt you will find coaches to the city-gates!' A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river-side, puffing and snorting, ready to start. I hurried on board with the other passengers, some bawling for their baggage, some exclaiming the boat would explode or sink, some tearing their hair as they looked on the ugly aspect of the steersman, &c. Mr. *Smooth-it-away* stays behind, and laughs at all this, like an impudent fiend, with a wreath of smoke issuing from his nostrils, and a twinkle of livid flame darting from each eye, proving that his heart was all in a red blaze! I rushed to the side of the boat to fling myself on shore, but the paddle-wheels, beginning to turn, threw a dash of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold—with the chill that will never leave those waters until death be drowned

in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heart-quake, I awoke. Thank Heaven, it was a dream!!!"

With regard to John Bunyan's "dream," perhaps no opinion so generally prevails as that of his having written his *Pilgrim's Progress* during his imprisonment in Bedford jail, which he is said to call a "den."

The circumstance which has mainly contributed to this popular impression, if not the very foundation of it, is the insertion of the word *Goal*, or *Jail*, opposite to the word *Den* in most of the editions subsequent to those he corrected himself. Whoever may have been the author of this interpolation, certainly it was not Bunyan. Nothing of the kind appears before the seventh edition. Thus it is evident he did not intend to make his readers believe he wrote his dream in prison, and it becomes necessary to look for the origin of the expression elsewhere. It is a Saxon word derived from the time when the country was only partially settled. Such of the land as was cultivated soon received appellations expressive of habitation, as *wick*, village—*bam*, homestead, (the original of our word home,) —*ton* or *town*, a collection of houses, &c. While the uncultivated border was named, according to the different localities, *wood*, *dele*, *den* or *dale*, "a wooded valley;" *bolt*, "a wood;" *burst*, "a thicket;" &c. There are many places whose names prove this—as *Tenterden*, *Betherden*, *Horshamden*, *Hawkburst*, *Ticehurst*, *Penhurst*, &c. To settle the conflicting claims of parties who had right of common within the *Dens*, a separate jurisdiction called the Court of *Dens*, was established, which continued in full vigour down to the time of Charles II.

Mr. John Mitchell Kemble, in his *Saxons in England*, says:—"I will lay this down as a rule, that the ancient *mark*, *march* or *meare*, is to be recognized by following the names of places ending in *den*, which always denoted *cubile ferarum*, or pasture, usually for swine."

Edinb. Rev. Jan. 1849, p. 168.

Hence, therefore, it may be assumed that Bunyan by no means intends to convey to his readers the idea that he dreamed the dream of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in prison, but rather that it appeared to him in some wooded and sequestered spot in the country; and the similarity of his work to that of De Guileville, and the various ancient writers who have been quoted, is sufficiently shown no less by this circumstance, than by the several other examples which have been adduced throughout the volume.



THE BOOKE OF THE
PYLGREMAGE OF THE SOWLE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

*Dear Cousin - may the Pilgrimage
be understood, your heart engage
to follow in a happier one
the Pilgrim's course, on earth begun
in Heaven to end, if with you be
the ministering angels three
of Faith, and Hope, and Charity.*

LONDON
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
196, PICCADILLY
1859




Prefatory Note by the Editor.



IN submitting the second "*Pilgrimage*" of De Guileville to the Public, the Editor must again express her thanks to Edward Levien, Esq. M.A., F.S.A. of the British Museum, for the assistance he has rendered her throughout the work.

She also returns her grateful acknowledgments to the Rev. Edward Polehampton, M.A. and the Rev. Thomas S. Polehampton, M.A., Fellows of Pembroke Coll. Oxford, who have written a Preface, which she feels will not only enhance the value of the work by its own intrinsic merit, but also, by inducing many to master the quaint language in which the "*Pilgrimage*" is written, will lead them to become acquainted with the rich store of hidden beauties that are contained therein. To those who have perused the Memoir, in which they have recorded a brother's sincere endurance even unto death, as exemplified in his ministerial labours as a true soldier of the Cross, their names may be an additional encouragement to study the following pages, in which the same blessed course is shadowed forth in the writings of an ancient Chronicler, manifestly witnessing that, in every age, thoughtful and loving minds have recognized the fact that happiness in its highest degree consists in that singleness of heart and devotedness to Christ, which cannot be more lucidly and, at the same time, more beautifully expressed, than in the following passage of the late Sir Humphrey Davy: "I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but, if I could choose what would be most delightful to me, and, I believe, most useful, I should prefer '*a firm religious belief*' to every other blessing: it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay—the destruction of existence—the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity, making torture and sorrow the means of ascent to Paradise."

Advertisement to the Reader.

 HIS translation of the "Pylgremage of the Sowle" was made from the French, with additions, in the year 1413. The translator, or at least the author of the "additions," (which consist of poetry in seven-lined stanzas,) was in all probability Lydgate; for the 34th chapter of Lydgate's metrical "Life of the Virgin Mary" is literally repeated in the 34th chapter of this translation of "The Charter of Mercy."

The parts omitted in the present volume relate entirely to Mariolatry or the worship and adoration of the Virgin Mary, as an intercessor with God for mankind, and contain quaint descriptions of purgatory and abstruse metaphysical doctrines, which it was felt could neither be of advantage nor interest to the general reader.

The Editor is indebted to friends for facsimiles of the drawings which have been copied from the originals, and lithographed by Mr. Vincent Brooks. Those in colour being from the illuminated MS. translation in the British Museum (Egerton 615), and those in block printing from the prose French edition of the "Pylgremage of the Sowle," printed by Verard, at Paris, in 1499.



Preface.

TWO feelings are there very natural to man—two errors, into which he is apt to fall. The first is the love of this world, in which, finding many pleasant things, he fancies he is ever to remain: the other is the desire to know more of the future life, in which, in his moments of calmer and deeper thought, he feels that he must soon be, and of the nature of which so little has been revealed. From the latter of the two arises the fondness for such works as this volume contains. Five hundred years ago, we have reason to suppose, they who read, loved much to read the following strange pages. The ground on which they stood was uncertain: they would try the promise of that which was before them. Here and there, in the curtained stillness of their chambers, lay a Body—but a few days ago full of life, bright with beauty, ready for action:—now silent and still; cold and waxen to the touch; more lovely perchance in features, but ever the same; no thought beaming from its closed eyes; no pride, or gentleness, or love hovering about its lips: no eagerness lifting the hand or hastening the foot. “Life and thought here no longer dwell.”* “Where is the Soul,” they ask, “which lately animated this motionless figure? To what lands has it fled? With what companions holds it converse? What fears or hopes, what joys or sorrows does it feel? ’Tis said that it has to give account of all that it and the Body thought and said and did together. If, as we believe, this be true, but the day of that account be not yet come, what does it, what shall it do, where does it sleep, or whither does it wander during

* Tennyson.

“ those years, which must complete their course, ere the dread trumpet shall sound and call it to the Assize ? ” In some such way probably they of the 13th Century would question their teachers or their own minds. And, if the answer came somewhat dark, somewhat fanciful, who shall wonder ? Do not *we* experience the same longing ? Do not *our* teachers sometimes return the same doubtful answer ? And yet are we not, as it were, spell-bound by what we learn ? Have not the replies, which thoughtful men among us return to our questionings, something of the same mysterious charm which hung about the oracles and fates of long-forgotten days ? There is surely in our nature, and far more in our renewed than in our unrenewed nature, a desire, which religion checks, but does not extinguish, of looking beyond the veil which parts the seen from the unseen. Time hurries on, and some minds among us open as the years advance, but not all. Here and there a master-spirit, after much apparently fruitless toil, in a bright moment stays and follows out a thought, and thence come improvements in science or in art, for which the world has long been waiting, without knowing its want : and soon the whole face of things is changed. Men are enabled to pass to and fro at a speed which their grandfathers would have deemed fabulous : a new agent, akin to the lightning of heaven, and more wondrous in its powers than the tongue itself, flashes their thoughts from continent to continent ; day after day brings forth, as from an inexhaustible storehouse, the means of recruiting or prolonging life, and fearful engines for its destruction. So far as the connection of soul and body in this life is concerned, these things, and such as these, expand the minds of the educated classes, and indirectly perhaps, to some extent, those of the uneducated also ; but yet the knowledge of all alike is bounded by the day of Death.

Since the last drop of ink dried on the pages of the Apocalypse, the veil between the seen and the unseen worlds has been no further drawn aside. The Beloved Disciple's chamber in Patmos held as much knowledge of the future as the most learned halls of our English Universities hold now. St. John was allowed to see more than any one of mortals before or since, and what he saw he was bidden to write in a Book ; but what is it ? Of infinite beauty, and importance so great that a heavenly blessing is attached to its prayerful and reverential study : but it is limited to a few points : making clear the final results to which our deeds here will lead : showing us, with the simple majesty of inspired language, the Angels flying forth from Heaven to summon all souls to judgment, and to seal the Redeemed with the Seal of

God; the Judge on His Throne; the binding of Satan; the fate of those who shall have died in his accursed service: but the space between death and judgment was left dark by St. John, and is dark still. His eye was not suffered to trace, nor may the eye of the holiest or the most learned trace now the flight of any disembodied spirit. We know something of what the Souls are while in the Body, and much of what they shall be after the last Great Day: but the cloud is over all the rest; and it will hang there impenetrable, till before the Brightness of Christ's Presence it shall remove, when He comes in His glory.

Of course, even the Faithful, humbly though they bow to the will of Him who has veiled and alone can unveil the future, must ever and anon desire to look into the state which shall be theirs when the burden of the flesh is laid aside. Death, I know, shall remove me from the state in which I now am: if the Bible were silent, all within me says there is another state to follow; and what this is I *must* wish to know. We, however, who, by inheritance, as well as by our own happy experience, have learnt the value of the Bible, will not go beyond its plain teaching, or the unforced inferences which follow from it. De Guileville was not so held back. It seemed his duty to weave into his story of the "Pylgremage of the Sowle" the legends of his branch of the Church. And while we, living in times when the Book of God may be in the hands of all, and is thought worthy of the deepest study of the most learned of every rank, cannot but judge that much of what he wrote is unwarranted by Scripture, we cannot help feeling that so serious and earnest a book as that, which we here rescue from forgetfulness, told to our fathers and may tell to ourselves many a lesson, to which if we attend, we shall be sadder perhaps, but certainly wiser, and better, and more careful Christians. For aught we are told in holy Scripture, much of what he describes may be our lot after we have yielded to death. We cannot but walk to some extent in darkness. That "the souls of the Righteous are in the Hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them," we know. They are safe, and we need know no more. That we too may be safe, if we cast ourselves on the mercy of the Almighty and follow His commands, while we live here, with loving diligence, we are assured also; and any further speculations must be restrained within a reverent limit. But what wonder if, when ingenious men have dreamed and recorded their dreamings about the soul, simpler minds in all ages, no less deeply interested in the subject, should read of their visions with eagerness? Marvels must always attract children: and are we not all children

Wisdom iii. 1.

in our knowledge of these topics? The twilight in which the early Christians walked was twilight still in the days of De Guileville; its shadows were unremoved in the time of John Bunyan: and, if we are nearer to the dawn, the difference is, as yet, scarcely perceptible.

Of late years it seems that John Bunyan's works have come into more notice than for sometime they had received. The cause of this we need not inquire; but one of the results has been that those writings from which he may have borrowed have met also with more attention. The present reprint is a continuation of a work on which it has with much reason been supposed that the "Pilgrim's Progress" was based, viz. "The Booke of the Pylgrymage of Man," published by Mr. Pickering in 1858. There are between the work of John Bunyan and the earlier work of De Guileville many points of resemblance. But Bunyan, wisely perhaps, stopped short at the Death of his Pilgrims; telling, indeed, how they were led by the Shining Ones, who received them beyond the River, to the Gate of Heaven, but passing over in silence the intermediate state. De Guileville, however, living at an earlier period and in the Romish Communion, is restrained by no such scruples. He does not hesitate to answer that question, which must have occurred to many, "What is the Soul doing between the moment of its departure from the body, and the final Judgment?" Or again, the question, "Is there any previous Judgment?" His reply to the latter question, on which the Bible is wholly silent, is, of course, mere fancy; but in his answer to the former there is enough of truth to fix the attention of thoughtful readers, and to deserve it as well. He writes in a reverent manner, and, if he adds to Scripture, he may certainly be acquitted of all charges of wresting or obscuring the real Gospel.

A brief sketch of this and the former work will, we think, establish this assertion, and at the same time enable us to draw attention to a few of the more striking and beautiful passages.

The Pilgrim, like Bunyan's *Christian*, having being allowed a glimpse of the wondrous beauty of the Celestial City, desires to take his journey thitherward. While he is meditating how to proceed, he is accosted by "a lady of ful gret ffayrnesse," named *Grace-Dieu*, who asks him why he "wepyth;" and on his answering that it is because he knows not how he may reach heaven, she says:—

" To pylgrymes day and night
" I enlumine and give light

“ To all pylgrymes in ther way
“ As well in dyrkneffe as be day
* * * * *
“ And so thow fhalt me call in dede
“ Whan thow haft on to me nede
“ And that fhall be ful offte fythe
“ That I may my power kythe
“ Telp the in thy pylgrymage
“ For fynally in thy vyage.
“ As thow goft to that cyte
“ Thou fhalt have offte adverfyte
“ Wych thow mayft nat in no degre
“ Paffe nor endure withoute me
“ Nor that cyte never atteyne
“ Thogh thow ever do thy peyne
“ Withoute that I thy guyde be.”

We have here the firft grand truth of the Gofpel, that in every ftep of the Chriftian’s pilgrimage the grace of God muft be his guide. She tells him next that he muft enter the Church of Chrift by the way of Baptifm—

“ For other weye is ther noon
“ To Jerufalem for to goon.”

And through this paffed once the King Himfelf, to

“ Schewe example by Hys grace
“ How other folkys fhoulde paffe.”

When therefore he has been, after fome difficulty, perfuaded of the neceffity of Baptifm, he is taken by his Advocate (who corresponds with our Sponfors) to the Official of the Houfe of *Grace-Dieu*, and with the f acred words dedicated to the fervice of the Moft High.

“ And from me now ys taken al
“ By thys ylke offycyal,
“ He hath my clothys fro me rauht
“ And thre tyme he hath me kauht
“ And in the ryver plunged me
“ Croffyd as men myghte fee.”

[With this passage it may be interesting to compare one by the great Christian poet of our own day in his "Lyra Innocentium," page 1.

" Once in His Name, who made thee,
 " Once in His Name, who died for thee,
 " Once in His Name, who lives to aid thee,
 " We plunge thee in Love's boundless sea.

" Christian, dear child, we call thee,
 " Threefold the bath, the Name is one;
 " Henceforth no evil dream befall thee,
 " Now is thy heavenly rest begun.

" Yet in sharp hours of trial
 " The mighty seal must needs be proved;
 " Dread spirits wait in stern espiel:
 " But name thou still the Name beloved."]

Grace-Dieu then shows the Pilgrim many wonderful things, such as Bunyan represents Christian seeing in the house of the "Interpreter," and warns him that, if he is to enter the Celestial City, it must be "through much tribulation." Finally, (for, as these points have been noticed in the volume already published, we need not stay to refer to them again,) having passed through life beset with dangers and trials and sorrows, the Pilgrim meets with *Old Age*, *Infirmity*, and *Death*. And this brings us to the present volume. In the few prose quotations which we purpose making, we shall, for the sake of convenience, adopt the modern spelling; and we shall touch upon those points chiefly which may show the excellencies of our Author, while we desire our readers to believe that we are fully alive, as we would have them also be, to what we hold to be his unauthorized additions to the simplicity of the Bible.

Great prominence is given by De Guileville to the doctrines of "Guardian Angels," "The Personality of Satan," "Purgatory," and a "Previous Judgment." And though some of these are, to say the least, questionable doctrines, we would mention also, as especially insisted on by him, the teaching that no outward privileges can avail without inward holiness; that the constant presence of *Grace-Dieu* is indispensably necessary; and that they only who have in humility and earnestness and oft-renewed penitence striven against

fin, are of a certainty saved by the unwearied mercy of God through Christ. Notice, too, how he repeats emphatically that "not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to His mercy He hath saved us:" that our best acts weigh nothing against our natural vileness, but that the charter purchased by Mercy in Heaven is accepted against all the claims of Satan.

We have first the Soul, which, at the close of the poem of the "Pilgrimage of Man," Death had set free, rising from the earth. "Methought that I had long time travailed towards the Holy City of Jerusalem, and that I had made an end and fully finished my fleshly pilgrimage. Then came cruel Death and smote me with his venomous dart, through which stroke body and soul were parted asunder. And so anon I felt myself lift up into the air, seeing myself departed from my foul body; which when I beheld lying all dead without any moving, seemed to me so foul and horrible, that had I not right late before issued therefrom, I would not have supposed that ever it had been mine. Then came there to this body the noble worthy lady Dame Misericorde and covered it, lapping it in a clean linen cloth; and so full honestly laid it in the earth." How beautiful here is the personification of Mercy employed in paying the last reverent rites to the lifeless body! But we follow the Soul. Immediately Satan claims it as his own. He has long waited for it, he says; and it has now lost that Lady that was its helper and counsellor, Dame *Grace-Dieu*. In awful fear the poor Soul would have been "grievously discomfited," had it not seen a "fayre yongling" approaching, its guardian Angel. He, remonstrating with Satan, insists that the question be laid before Michael, the Provost of Heaven. "But," rejoins Satan, "this soul, though it was baptized, afterwards wilfully sinned and is mine of right. And as to Michael, thou dost me open wrong for to assign me a judge, that is and ever hath been my capital enemy, Michael, that drove me out of heaven." The Angel, however, maintaining that all souls must be tried by Michael, "For the Judge is of the Sovereign King assigned to that office, not for this pilgrim only, but generally for all," the three together wend their way to his court. There find they many other souls in like case, each attended by its guardian Angel, and its accusing Satan. The Angels go within the veil; the Souls and the Evil Spirits remain without. Then the Devils make great complaint of the mercy shown to the Souls; especially of the fact that each has its guardian. "There is none so caitiff pilgrim that he hath not assigned him a warden the hour of his

Titus iii. 5.

See Rom. ii.
25.

“ birth, the which at all times after is continually abiding with him to keep
“ him and defend him from our hands, and specially from the time that he
“ is washen in the salt lye, which is ordained and devised by *Grace-Dieu*, that
“ ever hath been our enemy.” (Page 6.)

The Judgment being finally set, Michael being the Judge, and the Cherubim
with Justice and Mercy his Assessors, and “ for the Gentiles, St. George ; for
“ clerks, St. Nicolas ; for hermits and solitary men, St. Anthony ; St. Benet
“ for monks ; for wedded folk, St. Paul ; for widows, St. Anne ; for maidens
“ and young women, St. Catharine ;” the Guardian Angel presents this Soul
to the Judge ; and, “ Of this,” he says, “ I will bear him good record, that he
“ has clearly kept his belief to this last end, nor ever has he laid aside his
“ scrip or his burdon, as becometh a good pilgrim.” But Satan answers,
“ Truly it availeth not to pass the water, nor to be washed therein, without
“ he keep him afterwards in cleanness and honesty. This pilgrim was washed
“ without his own accord, and since he came to years of discretion, this
“ washing he hath disallowed. He bears in his face the mark of deadly
“ wilful sin. This washing rather causeth him to be judged to our company
“ than if he had not been washed. The more gifts, the more grace ; the
“ greater wages, the higher estate ; the more worthy and noble office that a
“ man receiveth of his lord and king, the more he offendeth and the more
“ pain he deserves, if he be false and traitor to his lord.” (Pages 9, 10.)

The Soul, being bidden to defend itself, throws itself wholly on the
Judge’s mercy, knowing it has no merit to plead. It knoweth not whither
to look for any advocate but Jesus, for in life it had served no saint in special
to whom it might turn itself ; this, therefore, is its piteous complaint :—

* * * *

“ To Thee, Jesu, the Son of God above,
“ That were of Mary, veray mayd, bore,
“ In veray fleshe and bloode for man’s love—
“ To Thee will I appealen now byfore !
“ Syth Thou art veray man and furthermore
“ Our brother, and a parte of oure kinde,
“ Good ryght it is that we Thy favour finde.

* * * *

“ For footh it is where finne and wretchednesse
“ Aboundeth most, there needeth most of grace
“ To those that asken Thee forgivenessse :

“ It fitteth Thee not to wyre away Thy face ;
 “ Thy charity will clayme there his place.”

* * * *

Justice then rises and says, that “repentance nor prayer may have no place in this court ;” and while the Judge again bids the Soul speak on its own behalf, Satan interrupts and calls *Conscience* to witness. *Conscience* then professes to know the innermost thoughts, and says that he often warned and would have restrained the Soul. And he reminds it that had it kept the Image, in which it was created, he could not have accused it : but it has sinned and can no longer take exception to any accuser. Again *Justice* pleads against it : she reminds it of all *Grace-Dieu* had said and written to it : how she had warned it of the suddenness with which *Death* would come, and of the danger of slumber and sloth : how neither the heat of youth nor the weakness of age may be its excuse : how she urged it to look on to the last day.

“ Alas ! what thinkest thou ? what wilt thou say,
 “ Upon that day of anger and of dread,
 “ Unto the high Judge, who sits Sovereign ?
 “ What dost thou, man ? why takest thou no heed ?”

Justice is followed by *Reason*, and Satan again demands judgment : then *Mercy* pleads for the Soul in the name of Jesus Christ : and when its good deeds and its deserts have been placed in one scale, and in the other its sins and Satan’s claims, and the latter have prevailed, *Mercy* flies to heaven and brings down a charter of pardon sealed with the Redeemer’s blood ; this being placed in the lighter scale, causes the other immediately to kick the beam. And so it is resolved that the Soul shall go to Purgatory, and when its foulness has been burnt away in the fires, shall at length be admitted to eternal bliss.

In the second portion of the Book, in which very much of Romish fable is mixed up with truth, is a beautiful song of redeemed saints, and a fearful description of the final leading away to torment of damned souls. The latter may well be compared with John Bunyan’s story of the lost, who were carried to the door in the side of the hill.

Not the least instructive chapters are those which contain the dialogue between the Body and the Soul, in which each bitterly accuses the other of being the cause of the sorrows that it suffers. Here we are reminded of the Apostle’s words : “ I keep under my body and bring it into subjection.” The

Page 44.

Page 52.

1 Cor. ix. 27.

Page 59.

Psalm lxxxv.
10, 11.

Soul was ever intended to be the master, and if it suffer the Body, by undue compliance with its suggestions, to drag it down to sin, it may not complain if it bear it also into hell. But, "Ye that be predestinate to salvation," says the Angel, "and shall hereafter be rejoined as friends, ye ought not to strive, but ye should be of accord." "Then my foul body began to hold him still, and spake no word. And I also held my peace, and would no more say, save only that I bade him adieu; 'and God grant,' quoth I, 'that I may be with thee hereafter in the sovereign joy.'"

In the Fifth Book, the whole of which will be found exceedingly beautiful, is related how the Soul after purgatory is led by its Guardian Angel to heaven. "Now," says the Angel, "shall I lead thee thither, for I have leave of the Provost and all his assessors, that there be present with him. For now be *Misericorde* and *Justice* accorded together; and so be as well *Reason*, *Truth*, and *Equity*, without gainfaying; all they be one and of one will."

We would particularly draw the reader's attention to the story of the larks (page 69) who sang in the air, "nothing else saying but ever, 'Jesu, Jesu!'" These be the birds that God Almighty made to that intent, that mortal folk should take their example. These be called larks, which in Latin have the name of praising and worshipping, and be called '*alaudæ*,' not without cause. For why? They rise and mount far from the earth, and spread their wings, praising God with their merry song, and all their disport and play is to sing, 'Jesu!'"

The analysis we have given of this "Book of the Pylgrymage of the Sowle" will, we hope, lead some to read the book itself, and we venture to promise them much pleasure, more than equal to the pains they may take in mastering the language. There is much, no doubt, of what is childish, and some which is unsound; but there is much also of deeply important truth, conveyed in words of beautiful simplicity; and if we may turn the quaint lines of George Herbert a little from their original purpose, we would say—

"Do not grudge

"To pick out treasures from an earthen pot."

We can perhaps scarcely estimate the influence for good which De Guilleville's works had in their time, whether in the original, or in the translations, nor tell how much of earnest scriptural teaching they may have carried into the homes of our ancestors. Many an unsteady soul may have trembled as it

read the accusations of *Satan* or of *Conscience*, the stern demands of *Justice*, or the sentence of the Judge, which, if here represented as being pronounced at too early a stage, is none the less a sentence in accordance with truth on the wilful and impenitent; and many a fearful soul may have been cheered and comforted by the gentle sayings of *Grace-Dieu* or *Dame Misericorde*. It may be so still. We, who live in an age when books abound on every subject, may in this volume see some familiar truth put in (to us) a new light, and clothed in a garb more attractive than any in which it has before been presented; and, however all this may be, we shall not do amiss in offering from our hearts the modest, charitable, earnest prayer of our Author: "Now, Jesu, give me grace for to come to the truth of this bliss, whereof I have dreamed, so that I may here deserve for to have it perfectly without end! And so may He do to all those that goodly and benignly expound my adventurous dream, and goodly correct where it needeth ought to be added or withdrawn." He, like Bunyan, "awoke, and behold it was a dream." If we live as they advise, we shall awake with them hereafter, and the joy they so reverently and beautifully describe shall be no dream, but an unfading reality.



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HIS book is intytled the Pylgremage of the Sowle, translated oute of Frensishe into Englyshe, which book is ful of deuoute maters touchyng the fowle, and many questyons affoyled to cause a man to lyue the better in this world, and it conteyneth fyue bookes, as it appereth hereafter, by Chapyers.

LIBER PRIMUS.

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The Ihesu the sone of god aboue
 That Were of Mary Veray mayd bore
 In Veray flesshe & bloode for mans loue
 So the Wyl I appelen now byfore
 Syth thou art Veray man and ferthezmore
 Oure broder & a parte of oure kynde
 Good ryght it is that We thy fauoue fynde

This dar I sey syth that thou Wylfully
 Were done to deth only for mans sake
 And of thy selue Was none encheson Why
 This Wote I Wel thou Wylt nought forsake
 That to thy grace Wyl al hym self bytake
 And aske it, as often haue I lernyd
 Was neuer none yet, to Whom it Was biddernd

This Wote I Wel I haue ful soore offendyd
 The mageste Wherof I me repente
 Ful late it Was oz I my lyf amendyd
 But yet ne come it neuer in myn entent
 To desaloWe thy gouernement
 That lord and kyng I haue the clepyd euer
 Thy laddes also ne forsoke I neuer

My skrypp of feyth ne haue I nought forlete
 But hole ryght as it Was bytaken me
 I haue it keple, but that no thynges grete
 This Wote I Wel susteyned I for the
 Ne done that I Was bounden of dewte
 Yet Wote I Wel / so grete is nought my synne
 As grace and mercy is the Ihesu Withynne



Incipit Liber Primus.

Here begynneth the book of the pylgremage of the fowle
late translated oute of Frenshe in to Englyshe.

Firste, how the fowle departyth fro the body ; and how the fowle fend assayleth the fowle.

AS I laye in a Seynt laurence nyght slepyng in my bedde, me befelle
a full merueylous dreme, which I shall reherce. Me thought that
I had longe tyme trauayled toward the holy Cyte of Jerusaleme, and
that I had made an ende and fully fynysht my fleshely pylgremage ;
so that I myght no further trauayle vpon my foote, but nedes muste
leue behynde my fleshely careyne. Thenne come cruel dethe, and
smote me with his venemous darte ; thorough whiche stroke bodye
and fowle were partyd asonder. And soo anone I felt my self lyft vp in to the eyer,
seying my self departed fro my fowle bodye ; whiche, whan I byhelde lyeng al dede
withouten ony mouyng, semyd me so fowle and horryble, that, had I nought ryght late
ther byfore yssued ther fro, I wold nought haue supposed that euer it had ben myn.
Thenne come ther to this body the noble worthy lady dame Misericord, and kevered it,
lappyng (it) in a clene linnen clothe ; and so ful honestly leide it in the erthe. I sawe
also the Auterer, that clepyd is dame prayer, how that she sped hyr to heuen ward,
wonder hasteley bifore me, for to byseke the soverayne lord of grace and of mercy—for
no doute I had ful huge mestier ther of—for why the fowle horrible Sathanas I sawe
comyng to ward me ful cruelly manacyng me and seying in this wise :

HAVE here long tyme abyden the, and priuely for the leyn in awayte, soo is
it now befalle that I haue not failed of my purpos ; for now art thou taken
with me, and now must thou wende in to myne habitacyon, condempnyd by
ryght wis judgement of the soverayne Juge : for now hast thou losse that lady that was

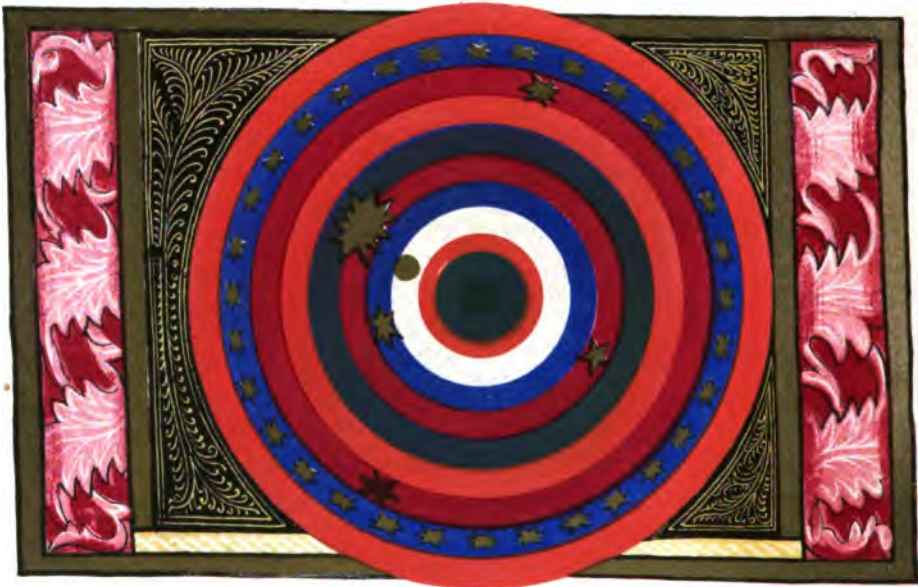
Pylgremage of the Sowle.

thyne helper and thyn counseillour, Dame grace de dieu ; hit awayleth the nought for to loke after hyr. Now arte thou myn pryfonner. Caste doune thy scrippe and thy burdon, for al thy pylgremage is comen to a jape. Thou shalt ful sone be brought in such a cage, where thou shalt no talent have to laugh, ne to synge ; but wel myght thou wel say, ‘ Allas ! why, and to what purpoos had god formed me for to ben encombred with foo moche meschyef ? ’ ” And whan I this sawe and herde, ful greuouusly hadde I be difcomfortyd, hadde I nought sene a fayr Yonglyng of ful huge beaute, that me alwey costeyed.

And at the laste he neyhed me, and sone I apperceyued his persone and his offyce. He began to speke, and sayd to this Sathanas, “ Thy malyce,” quod he, “ and thy cursydnesse is ever prest and redy for to tarye and dyseve symple sowles, with whiche thou hast nought at al to medle ne entermete ; but wonder wyckedly woldest thou trete them, yf foo were that no wyght wold help them ne defende. Flee thy weye fast ! and goo, clayme thy ryght in other place, for with this fowle thou shalt nought have to medle.” Then sayd this Sathanas with a despytous chere :—“ Flee thou fast hennes,” quod he, “ for thou hast nought to withfaye me of pylgryms that mysgoyn, which by theyr owne mys-gouvernance forlettyth the ryght way of vertu, and take my wey. I ne clayme nought ther thy ryght is ; no more ne clayme thou ther myn is ! for what time that the fouerayne kynge had banyfshed me oute of his blysful prefence, and cast me doune in to this mysfery and mescheuous estate, that I now am ynne, he gaf me thenne lycence at the lefte ; he hath me suffred to doo moche thyng to engendre, and to portreye fygures to my resemblance, the which I clepe myn own creatures : as enuye, Trefon, and such other with all the generacyon of these old vyces that walkyn by the world in my name for to lette pylgryms of theyr weye.

“ And now have I done so moche that the multytude of my generacyon is grete, and every day encrecyng.

“ Wherfor, it must nedes come to that ende, that no pylgrym escape, that he ne shal be snarlyd in my trappe ; and al they must passe by me, and namely they that wylfully foruoyen, as this hath done, whiche that I clayme as for my pryfoner. For he ne couthe ever gone other than wrong wey, this wotest thou wel thy self ; he neuer byleuyd the of no thyng, ne dyde by thy conseil, but alwey enforcyd hym for to do that was to thy dyspleyng syth the tyme that thou fyrste took hym, and the charge of hys gouernaunce. That was the tyme whan thou sawest fyrste passe the water for to come in to the hous of grace dieu, where that she gaf hym many fair gyftes ; there, where thou thy self specially assigned for to withdrawe hym by thy good counseil fro all maner of euyl, and for to defende hym fro my handes. And also be it that thou hast done thy labour and besynesse, he couthe the neuer thanck. This wotest thou wel thy self. Ne neuer he ne sette by the, ne dide the reuerence, ne lefte his fowle lustes in priue, ne aperte, bycause of thy prefence. I wote neuer why thou defendist hym ! hit semeth me folye ; thou hast no cause thereto ! Lete me alone therefore, to do that my ryght is ; for nothing skilfully may lette me therof.”



CAPITULO II.*

How the Angel wardeyn of the Sowle defendith fro the fendis malice.

THIS yongling answerd than, and saide, "I have wel and pleynty herd and vnderstonde thy wordys, and wel I wote that there neuer was of these, ne of none other, no malyce purpoosyd, ne perfourmed, but only thurgh thy wykkednes; and yf thou haddest any good conne, such maner of malyce had neuer be purpoosyd." "How myzt thou say," quod he, "that I ne couth no good, sith that the prophete preyseth me so moche that he sayde I was ful of wysedom, and of beaute? Yf I was ful of wysedome, how was I vnconnyng as thou seyst, was cause of al meschyef?" To this answerd this yongling, (myn Aungel,) "These wordes," quod he, "whiche were sayd of the prophete Yfaye apperteyneth to thy mayster Lucyfer; but he, and his mynysteres ben one in effect. Wherfor I admytte these wordys seyde to the, and I graunt wel that thou were ful of wysedom as the prophete seyth, and yet coutheest thou no good. But thou were of thylke that he spekyth of elles were, and seith '*Sapientes sunt ut faciant mala, bonum autem facere nescierunt.*' Thou and thy feloushypp were wyse ynowe, ye, veray ful of wysedom, for to done euyl thynges, but good thynges couthe ye neuer doo: for wysedom is taken there but for an abylyte of connyng; whiche abylyte is indyfferent to good and to euyl: and thou applydest thyne abylyte to the werse partye, and soo coutheest thou neuer good, but moche malyce and wykkednes, and so thou techeest other; so that had nought thy curfyd wysedom be, then had neuer malyce be purpoosyd. For veray sothe it is, that the performyng of malyce standyth nought in thy power, but only in goddes suffraunce; but the purpoosyng of malyce is thyne owne properte, whiche God ne oweth not of ryght to byreuen the. Soo thenne, thou byfyst the, after thy propyrtie, to purpose malyce, and for to torne good purpoos in to euyl; and so hast thou done alwey syth thou bygan. So is that cursed nombre encrecyd, which thou clepest thy creatures; that is, the curfyd multitude of synnes accursyd of the souerayne creatour that seyth, '*Maledicta creatura eorum, quia inutilis*—accursyd be the creature of them for it is vnprofytable.' And so, yf that my pylgrim hath ought done that is vnprofytable, that is by the and of thyne excytyng, in that thou hast steryd agenst hym all that curfyd company. Nought so that I purpose ne enforce ne nought for to excuse hym of al, ne for to mayntene hym in any maner errour. But as touchyng that, I wil bringe hym bfore Mychael the prouost of heuene to whome I wyl presente hym as fast. And if thou canst ought alledgen that may ben ageynst hym, wherby thou woldest clayme hym for thy prysoner, come fast before the Juge, and he shal do the ryght: for I my self am no Juge for to doo Justyce, but only I am Wardeyn of this pilgrim for to gouerne hym, and kepen in to the ende of Jugement." Thenne said this Sathanas, "now certaynly," quod he, "thou dost me open wrong for to affygne me a Juge that is, and euer hath ben my capital enemy—Michael that drofe me out of heuene. And wel it semeth that thou purpoosist vtterly to byreue me my praye, with wrong, and

"They are wise to do evil, but to do good they have no knowledge."—*JEREM.* iv. 22.

* See Plate 11, Coloured drawing 3.

to mayntene hym in his errour, fith thou affigneft a juge that is nought indifferent, but frend to your partye." "Of this," quod this Angel, "I doo the no wrong, for the Juge is of the fouerayne Kynge affigned to that office, nought for this pylgrym only, but generally, for alle." "And though me ryght loth be," quod he, "thider wol I go; for my caufe is good, and grete right haue I in myn askyng."

CAPITULO III^o.

How the sowle is led to Jugement betwene the Aungel and the fowle Sathanas.



O was I thenne ledde bytwene them bothe, and faste I was lyft vp in to the eyer, the angel vpon my ryght fyde, and the fowle wyght vpon the other fyde. But to this gentyl angel ful ofte cast I myn eye for drede of that other whiche me lothed so moche, and was of hym hugely in doute. So thenne I byheld downward for to see the erthe, and sothely me semyd the see and the erthe al to geders no more but as it hadde ben a lytel Towne, or Castel. And yet semyd me moche more nerre than it was byfore. In this ayer sawe I many a merueylous, wonderful, and dyuerse. The erthe seemyd me al clere, and transparaunt, soo that I myght see clerely al that was withynne.

Thenne byhelde I the Centre, euen in the myddes, whiche was wonder derck in it self, and was aboute enuyronned by ordre of lesse derke mater and lesse, so that the ouermooft of the erthe was mooft clere, and alwey the clerenesse amenuffing downward by verray formal proceffe, anone to the Centre, that was veray derke, withoute ony parcel of clereness; nought for thy al was transparaunt, ryght as glas to the maner of my fyght, whiche was that tyme al other than was my fleshely fyght, whyle that I lyuede in erthe. And ryght as the fletyng ayer geuyth place to the flyght of byrdes, or as the flowyng water to swymmyng of fyshes, ryght so was al this erthe passyble to spirites.

And also thyck they passyd on euery fyde to and fro, as motys fletyn in the sonne beme, as wel in the eyer aboue, as in the erth bynethe, wending alwey to and fro withoute ony cessyng. These spirites also in theym self were dyuerse and disparayble, bothe in theyr perfonnes, and also in theyr wonderful occupacyons, of whiche I had ful grete merueyl; for the fyght of some thynges that I sawe gladyd moche my harte, and the fyght of somme other thynges dyscomfortyd me hugely, ne such thynges wold I nought haue trowyd, yf I had nought seen it my self. But this fayr yonglynge myn angel ne taryed nought at al, but hastely he hyed to brynge me to my Jugement, toward a ful merueylous place, whiche I byhelde a fer byfore me, bryght shynynge, enflammed with huge lyght. To this place he ledde me nought wythynne, but made me abyde without, where was an huge multytude gadred, and were abydyng for the same cause lyke as I was. This angel my wardeyn left me there withoute, and wente hym self withynne. This company that was withoute cryeden besily to faynt Mychael, eueryche for his party, with hye voys, and sayd, "Mychael, prouost, delyuer vs our praye, and our prysoners." Myn enemy, this gryfely ghooft, also bygan to cryen, wherof I was ful gretely annoyed, and in ful hygh dyscomfort.

CAPITULO IV°.

How the sowle had a sodeyne fyght of the heuenly ioye.

BUT than I loked after my wardeyn, to see what he wold done or sey for me, beholdyng inward, as far as I mygt. Thenne saw I many syeges ryal and wonderful, more clere than ony crystal polyshed, and moche merueylous lyght I sawe of dissemblable maner; somme semyd grene and somme rede, somme lyke to gold, and somme to syluer, and other of mor ryche and noble colours than euer I sawe floure or ony precyous stone. Thenne saw I syttyng in the syeges huge plente of peple whiche I hadde no tyme dystynctley to byholden; but the wonderful clernesse of this company was so glorious, that al maner of examples of resemblance that mowe be remembryd in erthe, ne ben nomore suffysaunt to declare the beaute, than is a clote of black erthe for to representen the resemblance of ony fayre creature, in maner of a myrour. There was neuer creature that mygt see this fyght that he ne shold fully be glorious, as me semyd, but it endured me but a moment; for smertely was my fyght derkyd by ouer drawyng of a grete corteyne, bytwene my fyght, and that, that I ne myght no more see clerely that I sawe byfore; but well I herde the voys of my wardeyn that was within, that bygan to speke for me, and seyde in this wyse.

CAPITULO V°.

How the Angel presentyth the sowle to his Jugement.

MYCHAEL, prouost of paradise, that haft commysfyon of our fouerayne kyng to geue jugement, and do Justyce to al maner of peple, anon to the tyme of the grete affises, at which oure noble glorious kyng wyl descende presentely in his owne persone, vouchesauf to geue audyence to that I haue to seye. I have brought with me fro erthe a pylgrym, whiche that is abydyng here withouten, and wyth hym the olde Sathanas, that putteth vppon hym many grete errours, by the whiche errours he claymyth hym for his prysonner; neuertheles, I holde nought that al be trewe that he seyth. Wherfor I pray you that ye wylle ben auyfed, and geuen jugement in this mater, as therto bylongeth." Thenne Sathanas, that with me withouten was abydyng, heryng these wordes, byganne to crye, and sayde, "Certes," quod he, "of ryght he shold be myne, and that I shal proue bifore the; wherfore delyuer hym to me by jugement: for I byde nought elles."

CAPITULO VI°.

A Proclamacyon made clepyng sowles to Jugement.

THENNE herd I sowne a trompett, and after, anone that, herd I a voys that sayd, cryeng on hyghe, "Alle ye that here withouten abyde the youre Jugement, presentyth yourself byfore the prouost to receyue your dome; but fyrste,

Pylgremage of the Sowle.

ye that longest haueth abyden, specyally tho that hauen no grete matere, ne be not moche troubled ; for the clere and lyght causes shal first be determyned, and sythen other maters that neden gretter taryeng."

CAPITULO VII^o.

How the fendes compleynen vpon the aungels, that letten theym of theyr cruel purpoos.

HENNE herd I of this companye abydyng so withoute forth, many one gretely dystourbled ; soo that I thought my self standyng al oute of fuerte, and clene withoute comfort. Also these Sathanas were gretely displeyd of theyr long abydyng, for wonder fayne they wold haue ben delyuered. My Sathan with these other made fygne and semblaunt of grete anger, and malice, and made among them self grete grutchyng and murmur, holdyng bitwene them a lothly parlement. And right thus they made theyr venemous compleynt, "We ben," quod they, "it semeth wel, of litel reputacyon. Our wikked neyghbours done vs grete dyfese, whiche ben these wardeyns of these wretched pylgryms. They haldin vs fro oure purpoos, soo that we ben alweye withouten ony fauour. There is none so caitif pilgrym that he ne hath assigned hym a wardeyne the houre of his byrthe, the whiche att al tymes after is contynuelly abydyng with hym, to kepe hym, and defende fro our handes ; And specially fro the time that he is wesshen in the salt lye, which is ordeyned and deuysed by grace dieu, that euer hath ben our enemy. And also, this is to vs a grete despyte, that also, soone as these wardeyns comen, they ben taken in to presence of the Prouost, and haue audyence ryght at theyr owne wylle ; and we ben here, as Rybawdes, foreclosyd withouten. Lete vs cryen a rowe, and oute vpon them all ! for they done vs wrong. Crye we soo lowde, that maugre theym, they here our quarel and our grete compleynt."

CAPITULO VIII^o.

How the fendys appelyn the prouost of fauore of partye.

NONE these lothely ghostes bygonne for to crye, and seyde al at ones, "Michael, prouost, lyeutenaunt and commysary of the hye Juge, doo vs ryght and reson without excepcyon or fauor of ony partye. Hit semyd vs grete vnryght that thou so soone admyttest these wardeyns, enclinyng to theyr party, and hereft them, rather than vs. This knowest thou full wel, that in euery ryghtwys court skyle is that the actour be admytted to maken hys compleynt, and purpoos his askyng ; but thou fyrst admyttest the partye defendaunt, to make his excusacyon. This maner of Jugement must nedes be suspect ; for, also were it that these pylgryms were clene, and innocent, yet wold ryght and reson that the accusours hadden fyrst place, and tyme of audyence, to seyne what they wold, and sythen after, lete the defendaunt excusen them yf they couthe. Syth it soo is thenne, that we ben here actours, let vs haue place to ben herd, and thenne oure aduersarys."

CAPITULO IX°.

How Mychael callyth Cherubyn to counfeyl, and what counfeyl he geueth.

HENNE herde I within the curteyne a longe parlament, and at the laſte a voys that ſayde thus, “Cherubyn, my dere broder, that haſt plente of connyng, to whome is commytted the naked ſwerde, for to kepe the entre of paradys, that no pylgrym come there within that hath foruoyed fro the rygt wey—come, ſythe here by me, as preſydent, for to iuge theſe pylgryms that haue longe abyden. Noo doute ye haue ful felle and malycyous accuſours, to whoos malyce it nedeth to take goode hede.” Thenne ſayd Cherubyn: “Syre prouoſt,” quod he, “it ſemeth that it were ſkylful, and alſo neceſſary, that al theſe wardeyns wente to their pilgrims, for to kepe them redily fro malice of their enemies.” “Goth” ſeith, “eueriche to youre owne pilgrim; and in time conuenable ye ſhal be cleped in.” Soo thenne euery wardein cometh to his pilgrim; and myn alſo cometh ful ſoone to me, wherof I was comforted nought a litel: for fikerly I had grete truſt vpon hym.

CAPITULO X°.

How there were cleped aſſeſſours to Jugement ſpecial patrones of diuerſe aſtates.

IT ſemed me thenne that I herd Cherubyn begynne for to ſpeke, and ſeid in this wiſe: “Sire prouoſt Mychael, ſith it ſoo is that I am porter of paradys, I wille alſo that Peter, whiche is porter of heuen, and lyeutenant of the ſouerayn lord in erthe, that he be here preſent; for he ought to haue knowledge of euery pylgryms perſone. Of hym we maye enquire, whiche haue come by hym, and yf there be ony that to hym hath nought dyskeuered hym ſelf by veray contrycyon, and worthy penaunce.

“And by this ſhal I clerely diſcerne in what wyſe I ſhal uſe my flammyng ſwerd; as for to defende fro the fendys malyce: ſoo that ryght wys cauſe may now paſſen in to heyuen, and the remenaunt, that other haue deſeruyd, to forkerue them with my ſwerd, and dryue them doune to theyr rowes of endeles dampnacyon.

“For this encheſon is my ſwerd clepyd ‘verſatil,’ that is to ſaye, ‘tornyng,’ for oftymes it torneth, varyeng his offyce after the dyuerſite of them that maketh them pilgrymes, and after that they haue holden good weye or bad. Soo thenne, wyl I with good chere ſytte with the in Jugement, vpon couenaunt that Peter be here preſent. Alſo, as I haue ſayd byfore, hit is good alſo, to that ende, that al thyng may be clere, that Reſon be cleped, ſoo that trouthe and he mowe ſyten to geders, and alſo ferthermore ſuche other that haue ben gouernours, and known al the cuſtommes of dyuerſe countrees, me ſemyth it wold profyten for to haue them preſent. Hit ſemeth me alſo, that ſith there ben here many dyuerſe pilgrymes deparayll of habyte, and of dyuerſe eſtates, of dyuerſe obſeruaunce, of dyuerſe Relygyons, of dyuerſe names, and dyuerſely haue led their lyues in erthe; wherfore hit is good ryght that theſe wyſe men—that ſomtyme weren ſouerayns of ſuche maner ſynguler eſtates—that they be cleped to the preſence of this Jugement—and ſpecyally ſuche, to whome ſuche eſtates ben ſpecyally bounden

and auowyd; and also ferthermore, al tho to the whiche the forfayd pilgryms haue had specyall deuocyon.

"As for the gentyls, lete clepe seynt George; for clerkys, seynt Nycolas; for hermytes, and solytary men, saint Anthony; and saint benet for Monkes—and so of al other by their propre names. For weddyd folk also, let clepe saynt Powle, the Appostel; not for hym self was maryed to ony woman, but for cause that he taught by wordes, and by epytles, to the peple of Corynthe, the veray forme and rewle to be kepte in maryage. For wydowes also, lete clepe seynt Anne; for maydens, and yonge wymmen, seynt katheryn shal be clepyd. Hit nedeth nought of this to hold longe parlement; thou wost wel thy self what best is to be done, namely, sythe the tyme neygheth of the grete assyse, where the souerayne lord shal geue fynal sentence, grete shame and re pryef hit were that ony thyng done here bytwene vs, for defaute of due examynacion of the mater, shold be rehercyd. For why? with hym to that Jugement shal comen al the worthy and wyfist of his royaume! And wel thou wost that thy self must be there presente, for to shewen al the proceffe of thy Jugement, approuyng al that thou hast done, lawfully, withoute ageyne seying wherefore. Nowe lete clepen in al that owen to apperen in this iugement."

CAPITULO XI°.

Here is the court setté, and the Jugement bygonne.

HVL hastely thenne ther sowned a Trompett, and after that was there made an open proclamacyon, and sayd in this maner: "Alle ye that ben acustomed to come to oure jugementes, to here and to see as assessours, that ryght be performed, cometh forth hastely, and taketh your seges, as ye wel knowe your owne assygned places. Ye also that be withoute abydyng the setting of this court, representeth yo self smartely to this iugement, by ordre, as ye shal be clepyd: soo that neuer one lette other, ne enterrupte others mater. Ye pilgryms, approche ye to the entre of this curteyn, holding yo self without. And youre wardeyns, by cause that they be our felowes bylongyng to oure company, them selue shal appere, as worthy is, presently, within, to open audyence." Soo thenne was it done smertely, as the crye commaundyd. My wardeyn hasted them inward, and put hym self byfore, and al other also dyde in the same wyse, comyng forth eueryche byforne his pilgrym, with pale vyfage, and the hede enclyned for heuynesse that they sawe theyr aduersaries so redy to theyr accusacyon. But, of the remenaunt of this company I leue for to speke; holding forth my proceffe of myn own persone, as it is most accordyng to my purpoos.

CAPITULO XII°.

How the aungel wardeyn presentyth this sowle to the Juge.

AFTER grete proceffe fynyshed, and the ful decyfyon of many grete causes and quarels that were moued, when the tyme was come of my delyueraunce, my wardeyn bygan to speke, and sayd in this wyse: "Prouost Mychael," quod he, "I here presente to you this pilgrym, whiche that somtyme was commytted to my

gouernaunce in the world binethe. Of this wyl I bere hym good record, that he hath clerely kepte hys byleue in to this last ende, ne neuer ne left he fro hym hys skryp, ne his burdon, as it bylongeth to a good pylgrym. And fythen he hath been perfeuerant in good purpoos, anone to the ende, after the promysse of oure blysfyl lord and Kyng, Jhesu, goddes son, he oweth to be sauf, and to be receyued in to the Souerayne cyte of heuenly Jerufalem, which he hath long tyme asozt, trauaylyng hys bodye therfore."

CAPITULO XIII^o.

How the cursed Sathanas accusith the fely fowle.

BUT thenne began to crye my wikked aduerfarye and said in this wyse: "My-chael, entende to me ward; for I shal telle the al another tale. The sothe it is, that it ne auaieth nought only to passe the water, ne to be wesshen ther ynne, withouten that he kept hym seluen afterward in clenness and honeste. Wel I wote, I withsaye it nought, this pilgrym passid the water, and was therynne wasshen and fully clenfyd of al his rather fylthe, but also, soone as he had knowyng of good and euyl, he set but litel by that wessyng, but caste hym self as a swyn in fylthe, ne he hath not allowid this weschynge; for, yf he had, he wold not thereafter esthene wilfully haue defiled him self. Wherfor I saye that thilk labour ne weschynge auaieth hym nought at al. And that I preue by this skile. He was wessen vnwiting and nought willyng hym self, in so tendre age, that he mygt not, ne couth, discerne to chofen good, ne euyl. And sithen that he come to yeres of discrecyon, this laboure he hath in dede disallowid. Wherfor, of right he shal lacke the profite, and the liberte whiche he shold haue had by this forsaide wesshinge. That he hath this lauure disallowid, I preue by the contrarye; for euery wigt loueth, and maynteneth the thyng that he alowith; but the clenness that he shold haue kept after his lauure, he hath nought loued, ne maintained, but more ouer defiled and despised. Eke thenne hit sheweth that he hath this lauure desallowid. And vpon this consequently wil I preue that it maye hym stande nought in profite ne at none auaille. There is no man that shal be pryueleged by lawe other ony lyberte vsen, or reioyce ageyne his owne consent and his free wyl: but this pilgrym, in as moche as he had desallowyd this lauure, consentyd nought therto; wherfor he may nought be partyner of the pryuelege, ne bere the profyte of the liberte that therto bylongeth. Nought for thy though it so be, that, by the pryuate Jugementes of grace dieu, by this forsaide lauure the fowle spot of synne orygenal was vtterly auoydyd, I will nought withsaye it. But this I saye playnly: that he is moche more spottyd with tochyng of dedely synne, that fowler is than the fyrst orygenal; of whiche, though that I my self wold bere hym wrong on hand, loo! it is wrytten in myddes of his vyfage—rede it who that wylle. There may ye see the shame, and confusyon whiche that he wylfully hath lappyd hym seluen ynne! By that I aske jugement, that he be deluyered me, as to his desertys of good ryght bylongeth. Ferthermore, yet ouer this will I preue by reson, that standyng this filthe and dishoneste of synne with whiche he is entachyd, this lauure rather causeth hym to be juged to oure company, than though so had be he no thyng had be wesshen. The more gestes, the more grace: the gretter wages, the

hyer estate: the more noble and worthy offyce that a man receyueth of his lord and his kyng, the more he offendeth, and the more payne he is worthy, yf so be that he be fals and traytour to his lord; where that another comynere, that nought hath recyued at al, is ferre lesse worthy to be punysshed yf he be founden gylty.* Yf so is thenne, that an hethen man, that hath nought receyued this lauure, belongeth to our company, by cause that he hath it nought—much more thenne, wold it semen skyle, that he be one of ours, that after he hath nought receyued nought only that lauure, but also many other gestes and benefaytes, by the hand of grace de dieu, whiche he hath dishonestly defiled, and despyfed, adrenchyng hym self, as it were, in worldly vanyte, and gone a wey al contrary to that grace dieu hath taught hym, and enformed; ne neuer dyde ne honour, ne reuerence, to these that hath alwey be his helper and defendour, whiche now clepith hym ‘good pylgrym,’ when he hath but lytel cause. For alweye hath he to his lorde ben fals and vntrewe, takyng his name in veyn, clepyng hym self a Cristen man, and auantyng that he was of Cristes court, kepyng nought his lawes, ne doyng the dedes that shold be to his plesaunce; but euer continually, day by day, broken his commaundementys. Suche one is this forfetour, and alweye hath ben, deformyng in hym self the prent and the fygure that god hath set in hym, to hys owne resemblance and lykenes, withouten any mayme, or fylthe, conformyng hym self wylfully, and counterfetyng in hym self the facyon of my fowle fygure. Who is it that may, or ought dar excusen hym? I aske none other wytnesse with me, but he that hath alwey ben next of his counceyl—his owne consyence! That dar nought, ne wil nought lyen in this mater. Vpon hym take I record, that fro the tyme that he was first markyd with the name of the fouerayne kyng, Jhesu, he ne cessid neuer to offend yn hym, settyng ful lytel by his name. And as he more encrecyd in knowyng, he appeyred in worchyng. Euerydele in veyne he bere scrip and burdon, for he ne toke neuer redy weye of vertu, but bypathes of synne and al vnthryftynes. He hath iourneyed by the perylous pas of pryde, by the malycious† montayne of wrethe, and ennuye; he hath walked hym self, and wofshen in the lothely lake of cursyd luxury, he hath ben encombred in the golf of glotony. Also, he hath mys-gouerned hym in the contre of couetyse, and often tyme taken his rest whan tyme was best to trauayle, slepyng and slomeryng in the bed of slouth; and moche worfe he hath done than euer dyd I, many a fowle forfete, whiche I myght nought performe in myn owne nature. Wherfor he hath deserued punysshement more than haue I, ouer at the lest to ben punysshed euen with me ylike, for to me is he ylike, and myn is he by ryght. In heuene aboue hath he nought to doo. Doo fast, therefore, that he were delyuered to me, that I may gone hennes to my marches.”

* See “The Pylgrymage of Man,” Appendix, ff. vii—x.

† See “The Pylgrymage of Man,” Appendix, ff. xxx—xl. London: Basil M. Pickering, 1858.

CAPITULO XIII^o.

How the soule was leden to answer to this accusement.



GLORIOUS god, Jhesu, so grete drede thenne and heuynesse had thorough percyd my herte, soo that I ne wyft what to do, ne saye. But when I sawe myn wardeyn holde hym self stille, me dredde moche more. He sayde to me thenne, that I shold for my self answer to these artycles of myn accusement.

And yf I couthe, or myght, defende my cause ; for to me properly it was apperty-
nent :—other elles, yf I couthe nought, ne durste nought, in myne owne persone, I
shold clepe me somme aduocate, that for me myght speke in the court. And when I
herd hym speken of an aduocate, I gan to bythenke to me yf euer I had seruyd any feynt
whiche at this dystresse wold take my cause on honde ; for wel I wist that aduocates be
not so nyce for to pleden any mannys cause withouten that it be deseruyd, other elles
that they stonde in hope to be rewardyd after. But as for so poure a man as I, there
wold none aduocate pleden without wages paid byfore in honde ; for pledours in worldly
courtes hauen tonges lyke to the languet of the balaunce that draweth hym alwey to the
more peysaunt party, that better wyl rewarden. But neuertheless the aduocates of
heuene, when I had al assayed I fond al of another condycyon ; for surely I fond them
for the porest most redy for to speke. But thenne, I bethought me that no thyng had I
to geuen myne aduocate, ne I ne had in my lyf no feynt seruid in specyal, to whome by
counseyl of Job I myght torne my self to prayen to take my quarel on hond, after these
wordes—*Ad aliquem sanctorum conuertere.* Thenne, of heuynesse that tho distresfyd
me, I made this compleynt.

“ To which of
the saints wilt
thou turn ? ”
JOB v. i.

CAPITULO XV^o.

The pyteous compleynt of the soule.



BLYSSFUL lord on hye, what shall I doo ?
Or in what place may I my selue hyde ?
Refute ne wote I none to drawe vnto,
No doute I mote my iugement abyde.
My foo is alwey redy by my syde,
Me shappyng to appele and accuse ;
I ne can no word my selue to excuse !

I am arryued to a perylous port,
Ne wote I nought to whome I maye retourne.
I am areft ; now can I no comfort ;
Maugre my self ryght here I mote sojourne.
Wherefor now I may forowfully morne,
For in my scryp now find I no vytayle,
Ne my burdon ne doth me none auayle.

Pylgremage of the Sowle.

Burdon ne scrip may I no lenger bere !
 Myn enemy so fore affettyth me,
 I hold it best, to cast away this gere,
 And shape my selue pryuely to fle.
 O blysfyl lord ! y wys it wol nought be ;
 And wel thou wost who that me hath abufed,
 Myn enemy, that hath me now accused.

Wherfor, now I brought to Jugement—
 Syth I am falle in meschyef, and pouerte—
 Ne I ne may to myn accusement
 Ne can nought sey, but after my desert
 And my trespaas, that knowen is apert ;
 Yf that I shal my reward vnderfonge,
 Alas ! why haue I synful be so longe ?

But best it is, yf reson faye me trouthe,
 That of somme help I make purueaunce.
 Parde, some wyght wyl haue vpon me routhe :
 Assay I shal ; but, for my sustenaunce,
 My burdon must I bere, for suffysaunce.
 Of myght withouten it ne haue I none,
 I bere it nought—it beryth my persone.

Allas ! but I haue none experyence
 Of wysedom, how my selue to demene.
 To excuse me haue I none audyence,
 And al my wyt auayleth nought a bene.
 Thus is my hope al discomfortyd clene.
 I ne can nought done, but cryen, and weyne
 That charyte nought rekyth of my peyne !

Why sayth feynt powle that other gestes alle
 Shal faylen here, only but charyte
 Abydyng is—for she ne may nought falle ?
 Where this be soth—but nay as femyth me—
 He wold thenne myn aduocate be,
 And somewhat sey to helpe in my cause ;
 For I can speke neyther word ne clause.

I am adredde lest charyte be dede,
 And fleyn in erthe of wycked folkes there
 Withouten heyer, or yssue of hir seed,
 Left hyr only. Loo ! this is al my fere.

And, yf I wyft that ſhe alyue were,
I wold nought ſpare to calle, ne crye,
If I her myght in ony place aſpye.

O charyte ! ſo good, and gracyous
Thou haſt ben euer to tho that haue nede
I, that am in this brecke perylous,
That in my ſckryp my ſelue for to fede
Haue I no brede, now of thy almys dede
Somwhat thou help myn hongre to abate,
Hanyng reward vnto my poure eſtate.

I mene thus :—yf ony party of grace
Referuyd be in trefour ony where,
That thou for me perueye and purchace
Woldeſt vouchefauf. Grete wonder but ther were
Ynow for me. Nought elles I requere.
Doo ſom what, thenne, after thy properte,
And ſhewe why thou art clepyd, “charyte.”

But now, alas ! ful wel I me record,
Whyle I had myght, and ſpace of tyme ynowe,
Of this mater ne touchyd I no word,
Ne to no ſeynt I my ſelue drowe,
That in my nede for me may ſpeken nowe,
As for no ſeruyſe that I haue hym doo.
But I not to whome to make my mone to.

If I to ony ſaynt in ſpecyal
Had ony thyng enforcyd myn entent,
With ony ſeruyſe, other grete, or ſmall,
It wold me haue auayled in preſent.
But thus haue I be ſlowe, and neclygent,
That I no frend haue made, ne ſeynt ypleſyd ;
Wherfor, as now, ful moche I am dyſeſyd.

To theym I am a ſtraungeour, and vnknowe ;
I not to whome I ſhal my ſeluen dreſſe !
To aſke help, as I ſuppoſe, and trowe,
There is none that wyl doo that beſyneſſe.
And nought for thy, this I byhote expreſſe,
Vnto theym I wyl compleyne, and crye,
And make my cauſe knowen openly.

Pylgremage of the Sowle.

To the, Jhesu, the sone of god aboue,
 That were of Mary veray mayd bore,
 In veray flelshe and bloode, for mans loue—
 To the wyl I appelen now byfore !
 Syth thou art veray man, and ferthermore
 Oure broder, and a parte of oure kynde ;
 Good ryght it is that we thy fauour fynde.

This dar I fey, fyth that thou wylfully
 Were done to deth, only for mans sake,
 And of thy felue was none enchefon why.
 This wote I wel, thou wylt nought forsake
 That to thy grace wyl al hym self bytake,
 And aske it ; as, often haue I lernyd,
 Was neuer done yet, to whom it was biuernyd.

This wote I wel, I haue ful foore offendyd
 The mageste—wherof I me repente !
 Ful late it was or I my lyf amendyd,
 But yet ne come it neuer in myn entent
 To defalowe thy gouernement.
 That lord, and kyng, I haue the clepyd euer ;
 Thy lawes also ne forfoke I neuer !

My skryp of feyth ne haue I nought forlete,
 But hole ryght as it was bytaken me
 I haue it kepte, but that no thynges grete,
 This wote I wel. Susteyned I for the,
 Ne done, that I was bounden, of dewte.
 Yet, wote I wel, so grete is nought my synne,
 As grace, and mercy, is the, Jhesu, withynne !

Alweyes, yet nought euery dele that grace
 Dyspendyd is, that tho in thy persone
 Was plentyuous, when that so pale a face
 For me thou penge vpon the crosse alone.
 But, for we beggyng wretches, euerychone
 Ben procuryng alwey for our purueaunce,
 Thy grace thou woldest hyde now perchaunce !

Yet may we by the percyd hooles wel,
 And by tho eke that large ben, and wyde,
 Byholde and see, that certeyne euery dele
 Not splendid is, though that thou woldest it hide.

For though there ranne a Ryuer fro thy syde
That all the Worlde hath fully ouerflow,
Thy grace is hoole—as euery man may knowe !

Syth yet thy grace is nought dispendyd al,
Whiche that thou hast me shewyd in to present,
I come, and with the argue thus I shal ;
Syth it alwey hath ben affluent,
Decrecyng nought, ne none appeyrement
Byfallyth it, though neuer so largely
Thou geue it, where the lyft, habundantly,

Thou oweft to defende me this day,
Kepying my cause, that stondyth al in doute,
Ageyne my foo, whiche al, that euer he may,
Thy grace me to byreuen is aboute,
And me for to passen al withoute.
Ful ofte he hath me greuyd here byfor,
And hopeth now, that al I haue forlor !

Though that my speche be sowyng to folye,
Yet, blysfyl lord ! displese it nought the,
That I haue spoken of aduocacye,
Soo that thou sholdest myn aduocate be,
That art the Soueragne Juge of equitye ;
And nought for thy, to them that on the tryft
Theyr aduocate art, whan that the lyft.

For sothe it is, where synne and wretchednesse
Haboundeth most, there nedyth moost of grace :
To tho that asken the forguenesse
Hit fytteyth the nought to wyre away thy face,
Thy charyte wyl clayme there his place ;
But this were soth grete peryl, most redounde,
Al mortal folk with meschyef to confounde.

* * * *

Mychael prouofte, on the take I record
Thy selue dydest this executyon,
Though I my self wold lye ony word,
Yet am I nought of this oppynyon,
To keuere, so, by excusacyon
Of his infame, the malyce of my synne ;
This were a foolyshe purpoos to bygynne !

But this put I in thy discrecyon :—
 That fuche a fals deformed one as he
 I may refuse by excepcyon,
 That his quarel shal nought receyued be.
 Here, in this courte, ne to accufe me
 He shold nought ben admytted, as by ryght;
 But put away that fowle fals wyght!

For why? fyr prouoft, Mychael gracyous,
 And al the Angels of thy company
 That hym infamed haueth fore juged thus,
 And fals conuycte clere and openly,
 And cast hym in to peyn eternally
 In helle fyr to be withouten ende,
 With tho that soo deformed ben in kynde.

Ful humbly attones I reclame
 You al to do your deuoyr in this caas.
 This curfyd ghooft, whome malyce doth inflame,
 Here in this courte his malyce haue no place.
 This aske I yow of ryght and eke of grace,
 That ye his crye and al his boost abate,
 That neuer he noye hereafter none estate.

Seynt mychael, yf thou reckyft nought al,
 Ne nought rewardyft now myn heuynesse,
 Al maner hope away is fro me falle
 So am I thenne encombred with dyftresse;
 For Danyel the prophete seyth expresse,
 That in meschyef and fuche aduersyte
 He fonde none other helpe but only the!

Wherefore, yf I haue displeyd ought
 Soo that of me thou takest now none heede
 After this houre I mote with al my thought
 The doo plesaunce the better that I spede.
 For who that wol ben holpen at his nede
 Ful syker mote *placebo* goo byfore,
 As dothe the croffe in lytel chyldres lore*

* * * *

* The parts omitted are adoration of the Virgin Mary and saints.



I HAUE nought whome myself to torne vnto
In special to speke, or compleyne,
That may me only help or focour doo
My symple cause to forther or sustene
That me so fore doth arten and confreyne.
The hole court of fayntes I appele
Bytakyng yow my quarel euery dele

Ye knowe wel ynowe what is my nede,
Ageyn the malyce of myn enemy,
That is aboute to noye and myslede
Me nedy wretche, helpeth me for thy !
Geueth audyence vnto my pyteous crye !
And to my kyng now reconcyleth me,
Shewyng the feruor of your charyte !

* * * *

Seynt Paule hym selue wryteth in this wyse,
And seyth that veray parfyte charyte,
A thyng that may to moche folk suffyfe—
She haboundonned nought in properte ;
Sith it bylongeth than in comynalte
Among the nedy for to be dispendyd,
Late myn effate with somewhat be amendyd !

CAPITULO XVI°.

How that Justyce speketh ageyne the sely sowle.

WHAT tyme that I had made this pytous crye not fully yet parfoumed the
mater of my hye compleynt, there rooffe vp soone a lady and enterrupte me of
my wordes, and sayde to Saynt Mychael in this wyse : “Syr Juge, It is knowen
thyng to you and to al this court that repentaunce ne prayer may here no place haue,
ne none aduocate maye be receyued to plede, but only tho that were in erthe bynethe,
by seruyse or by pension withholden for euer, ne here ne may ther none be procured of
newe ; but, it semeth, that this present pylgrym that I here speke, ageyne the lawe and
customme of this court wolde enforce hym selue with this pyteous crye to excyte and
stere al this courte to fauore of his persone. To whiche thyng I ne maye nought con-
fente : namely, sith hit soo is that in tyme of his rather lyf, he had space, and suffysaunt
leyser ynow, for to haue made prayers, and pyteous lamentacyons, and for to haue ensta-
blyshed procuratours, that now myght in this present court haue promotyd his mater.
But now is hit to late to make such purueance. And sykerly, though that I wold, and
peraenture somme other,—dame verite, which that I loue, and is myn own suster, may
not therto acorde, ne confente. And yf I shold suffre suche fauore in my presence,

fothly hit were vnto my self a greuous preiudyce whiche that owe for to dresen the balaunce in whiche al merytes owen to be peyfed, and after that to yelde euery wyzt his meryte by rygour of veray rigt witnesse of good, other euyl, ryght euen as he in dedely lyf deferuyd. Wherefore, in this tyme, ne in this place, no suche maner of compleyntes, ne pledyng for parte, oweth not to be herde : but, only yf it so is that ony merytes and good dedes he hath enstoryd hym with, lete hym put it in the ryzt bacyn of the balaunce.* And, in that other syde, his accusour, what that he hath of euyl, in contrary, he shal also putte it to ben peyfed on that other partye of the balaunce.

CAPITULO XVII^o.

The Juge byddeth the soul plede for hym seluen : And how the sowle maketh excepcyon to excluden Sathanas froo his accyon.

NONE ryght here with after the sownyng of a trompet, I herd a voys that sayd in this wyse : “ The maner and the vsage of this present court wyl that the pylgrym geue answere for hym selue personelly, and pleynly yelde accountes how he hath done his iourney, and other plee ne processe oweth none to be herd ne admytted in this place.” But when I herd these wordys, whiche, as me semyd wel, the Juge hym selue spack, hit lacketh but lytel that I ne had lete falle my burdon of hope and vtterly fallen in despayr ; specyally syth my cause in hit self was nought defensible by ought that I couthe fe. And nought for that, auayle what it myght, I thought that I wolde defende my cause in my best wyse. Tho sayd I to the Juge :

“ Ful gracious and noble Juge, prouost of heuene, hit semyd me, sauynge youre jugement, that me oweth nought to answere to the accyon of these Sathanas, infamed and condempned, and by youre owne execucyon chacyd oute of heuene. And namely, also, sythe that he hath ben alwey my personell enemy, and greuouly pursued in al that he couthe or myght ley for me in a wayte, and forstallyd in weyes, teldyng nettes, arrayng trappes and other engynes, for to take me and deceyue with : and also, I may alledge that he nys none acceptable persone that may to this court oblyge hym self, ne ley caucion to pursue forth his accyon, as he that is eternally condempned, by whiche caucion he myght bynd hym self for to ansuere me yf that his accyon in dome be defalowyd. And furthermore, also hit is no thyng vnknowen he is in hym self and euer hath ben found an open lyer, and autour of al falsheede and vntrouthe, euermore redy to do and say the werft.”

CAPITULO XVIII^o.

How Sathanas pledyth ageyne, and clepyth Synderefys to wytnesse.

HENNE bygan to crye this curfyd Sathanas : “ thou shalt nought,” quod he, “ with such delayes and excepcyons escape so lyghtely as thou wenyft. The ryght of heuen is not of suche maner customme as is the ryght of this mortal

* Cf. *post*, C. xxxvii.



Cy Desclaire finberesio estre les perbis De
 come et sathan e scripte De mot a mot.



Cy parle saint mirbel au pelerin

erth. I haue sefyne of accusment in as moche as my clamour is acceptyd in the Court, when that I was assigned by the Juge to purpose my mater, standyng here withoute, than myght thou not sey ne excepte ageynst me that I ne shal be herd of my compleynt. And namely fyth wytnes opou trouthe that ther within is present, veray sothe it is that al that I haue sayd. And all were it so, that of ryght, other eles by thyn excepcyon, myn accyon were auoydyd, that I personelly shold not be herde in thys present Court for myn vnsuffysaunce, here shal as fast come another whiche thou ne myzt by no wey excepte, ne withseyn. Thou shalt nought be so bold, for he loueth nought to lye; hit is not of his custome. he wyl accuse the of moche more than I can telle or feye, for he knoweth thy Innermost of thy thoughtes, and soo doo nouzt I, saue only by sygnes of thy werkes and of thy wordes withoute forth. And that me fore forthynketh. Come forth, thou foule Synderefsys, and say what thou knowest of this fals pilgrym, for wel I wote thou hast not lernyd for to lye ne failen of the trouthe."

CAPITULO XIX°.

* *How that Synderefsys, which is clepyd here the worm of consyence, accuseth the fowle.*

HENNE come forth by me an old one, that long tyme had hyd hym self neyhe me, whiche byfore that tyme I had not apperceyued. He was wonder hydous for to loke vpon, And of ful cruel semblaunt, and fast he gan to grenne and shewid me hys iowes and his gomme, for teethe had he none, but they were al forbroke, forweryd, and forfaren. And whan I had aspyed hym, I was ful foore abafshyd. He was wonder lothely and fowle to loke vpon, for he had vpon hym self no fleshe at al, ne no body had he vnder this hede, but only a tayl whiche semyd the taylor of a worme, and was despytously of lengthe and greatnesse. To me this lothely beeste ganne for to speke, and sayd in this wise: "I am come," quod he, "for to accuse the whiche am not accustomed for to make fables, ne telle no gabbynges, but in al places I am byleuyd of trouthe. I knowe wel apertely al thy thoughtys, thy dedes, and thy wordes, fro the fyrst tyme that euer thou haddest discrecyon, and veray vnderstandyng. Thou myght ayenst me make none excepcyon, ne ageynseye me of no word, that am sure ynowe. I am soo renommed that I shal be byleued better than thy self, here, in this court. And ful pryue haue I ben at al tymes with the, ful oftymes haue I warned the of thy mysgouernaunce as thylk that loueth the, awaytynge thy profyte, and procuryng thyn hele. I haue ful oftymes for thy mysdedys and mysgouernaunce of wordes, and of thoughtes, vndertake the, and ful fore byten the, so ferforth, that al my teethe ben wasted and forbroken; so hard and obfynate hath ben thy wykked herte, that for no fore bytyng that I couthe set vpon the, ne myght I not ayene torne the of thyn vnthryftynesse. Soo is it ryght that I playne vpon the, and than thou bere thy payne as thou hast ryghtwysly deseruyd. Bethynke the now! Whan I saw the in a tyme goo to a certeyne place, for to see and byhold a merueylous beest, and yafe thy money only

* See note A.

for that fyght, that tyme spak I to the, yf thou now record, and yafe the fuche counseyll, and sayde, 'yf that auyfed,' quod I, 'as thou by refon oweft, thou sholdest goonoo fer for to byholde a wonderful beeft, but to thyne owne perfone, and there myght thou see a foul myfshapen monstre of thyne owne fowle, more merueylous than that other.' And forther, I said the, yf that thou haddeft be subtile and wife, thou sholdest haue hyed the to the preeft and shewyd hym that hydous beeste of thyne owne fowle, whiche thou hast so longe tyme kept in pryuate, that soo foule is blemyfshed and deformed with thy synnes, to that ende, that thy preeft for that fyght shold haue yeuen the ful absolucyon, that ful gladly wyl yeue fuche reward to tho that wylfully haboundoune theymselue to shewe hym fuche a deguyfe and horryble vyfage."

CAPITULO XX°.

How that the Sowle anfweryth to Synderesys, And he to the Soule ageyne.



"**W**HAT arte thou," quod I, "that thus spekyft to me?" * "Yf thou haue mynde," he sayd, "of the lady that made the the sermon, whiche that bare the yerd, the beeme, and the maylet, she made of me remembraunce; for she told that there was a worm bred and noryfshed within thyn herte whiche that must be broken with labour of fore contrycyon by offyce of this maylet. And thenne she clepyd me the worm of conscyence, for wel she knewe and wyft that alwey lyke a worm I am woned to byte and to rounge them that wronge theym selue, whiche that lyfteth not to set honde, ne for to touche my venemous tayle, ne for to bryse ne beten it with this forsayd malet. My self, I am that fame tayle and worm whiche thou hast nought smyten, ne bruyfed as thou sholdest; but hast cowardly to thy grete defauntage cheryfshyd it, and sparyd soo that it is woxen now wonder grete, bytterly pryckyng. That shalt thou know hereafter, for sykerly thou hast made thy conscyence soo large that nedes must this worm wexen thereafter; and yf that thy conscyence had ben more streyte, this tayl ne shold so be ouer woxen: for, in a place streyte of nature, may no thyng ouerpaffen mesure in wexyng."

"Thou seyft," quod I, "that thou art a worme, and so thou femyft wel! I wyl ayene the haue skilful excepcyon, soo that in myne accusement thou oweft nought be admytted; for thou that art of so foule a nature, ne myght not ben acceptyd to accuse me, that am the ymage and the lykenesse of the fouerayne lord. And sothly litel set this lord by this ymage, yf he suffred fuche a deformed worm bringe hym in to Jugement, and for to haue audyence in his accion ayenst him!"

Thenne answered this tailed worm: "Yf so that thou haddeft kept and gouerned that ymage and noble refemblaunce whiche thou receyuedest of the fouerayne lord, other, whan it was blemyfshed by synne, haddeft by penaunce hastely reformed it, thenne myghtest thou ayenst me haue had a good excepcyon for vnsuffysaunt and vnworthy to haue accused the, ne I myself, ne none other shold, ne myght haue had

* See "Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme," Appendix, p. xvi. London: B. M. Pickering, 1858.

ony cause or quarel ageynst the. But thou art al deformed and defygured by many foule synnes and forfetys, by ful wyched werkes, vnthryty and euyl wordys, fowle, horryble, and shameful thoughtes of thy wyched herte, whiche thou ne hast not al dyskeuered, ne shewid in confession, as thou sholdest. And soo by thy fowle, corrupt lustes and desyrous, whiche ben to me ful clerly discourd, I see the fynally that thou ne myght not ayenseye me, ne shalt not be so hardy ne so bold to make none excepcyon; for I shal proue openly, in prefence of this court, that thou art moche more horryble and fowler than am I: for in me is ther no maner of euyl, but that thy self hast causyd; yf that I am foule, that thou hast made thy self, that by thyne owne wretchyd mysdedes soo oftymes hast troubled me, and desefyd, and brought in grete heuynesse and peyne an honderd tyme and ofter in the wyke; for me ne woldest thou neuer byleue, nouzt withstandynge that I haue put al my power, and my tyme dyspendyd in the that canst me no thanke; so that I may wel, and haue skylful cause to accuse the; and thou no place ne lyberte shalt haue, to make ayenst me none excepcyon at alle."

CAPITULO XXI°.

How Sathanas wryteth the accusation by tellyng of Synderesys, and how the sowle answereth thereto.

HENNE was it cryed as faste in the courte and sayd in this wyse: "This court wylle, as is the olde vsage, who that wyl mayntene thesein ony just quarel he ne shal not be refusyd by no maner of excepcyon, excepte that lesyng shal here haue nought to do." Thenne byganne to crye this curfyd Sathanas, and sayde, "thenne am I nought forclosyd oute of this court but that I may frely accuse and sey myn auys. But for cause that I ne knowe not soo moche as doth this subtyl Synderesys, I leue to hym al myn accyon; and I my self wyl only be wryter and tabellyon of al that he wyl sey, and in this present court wyl openly purposen." Tho this forsayd Sathanas satt for to wryte.

And Synderesys byganne for to telle, and sayde to the Juge: "Syth tyme that I took first rewarde, or entent to pilgrymys iourneys, I ne sawe ne knewe none that more vnthriftly hath hym self gouerned than hath this fame pilgrym that present is byfore yow. For suche day and tyme he dyde thus and thus." And soo he rehercyd in specyal al that I hadde done for my youthe, that was not purged with penaunce. "And wyteth wel of certeyne," quod he, "that I neuer dyd ne thought, pryue, ne aperte, ne seyde no thyng that shold be to his harme, or ony dysfauantage." This, shortely for to sey, he told forth his tale. Sathan sat wrytyng contynuelly, whiche tale were ouerlong to be rehercyd here, to grete shame and confusyon of my persone. And euermore also, fast as this worm told, as fast wrote alwey this curfid Sathanas in a grete paper. Ful moche myslyked me the wordes, and the wrytyng also me plesyd nought: ful grete necessitye that tyme hadde I of an aduocate for to haue spoken for me, for I ne durste, ne couthe no thyng seye at al, for the grete shame that I hadde. Alweyes I was boden by the Juge hym self that

"Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."

GENESIS vi. 5.

I shold haue answerd, and defended my cause, yf any right were where by to defend it. But I ne couthe, ne myght than feye none other, but that, as I supposyd, sothe it was wherof I was accused. Neuertheles I was auysed of somwhat that I hadde for to feye, and hym befought of audyence. "Syre Juge," quod I, "vouchefauf to haue reward vnto my sympleneffe, with pyte to ward my persone in determynyng my cause by youre Jugement, conciderynge al be hit soo that I haue mysdone, I haue att al tymes borne scrip and burdon, that is sad feyth, and hope; ne I ne caste neuer yet my scrip fro my shulder, that that was bitaken me, what tyme that I firste bygan my pylgremage, ne I ne dyde neuer thyng in contempt of my creatour; but al that I haue forfetyd, and mysdone, was by inclynacion of naturel frealte that soo deceyued; for, as the scripture seyth of goddes owne sentence in the book of Genises, 'The wytte and the thoughte of man is alwey enclyned to synne, and to corrupcion.' And though it soo be that this excusacion hath none suffysance, I adde this therto, that this writer is none acceptable tabellyon in special ayenst my persone. For he is the same whiche sithe I had first knowyng of good and euyl, hath be to me so importune, and seten me so nye, that I ne myght neuer haue good leyser ne veray free choys to the better parte. But with soo many subtyl deceytes he bilapped the euyl in semblaunce of good, and somtyme couered the good vnder colour of euyl, that I ne couthe nought clerely wyte to whiche I shold fet to my hand. And so, ful oftentymes ther I nought purposid, ne thought vpon euyl at the begynnyng, I was caught therinne, er that I myght haue leyser to bysene my self.

"Also ferthermore, what tyme that I had purposid to amende me by penaunce, anone he put slouthe byfore me, whiche that so lette me that I ne myght nought performe my purpoos ne confesse me, whyle it was in my mynde. And alwey when I was moved with any good entent, anone he hath putte another in my herte, and occupied soo my wyttes with other thynges for to enpechen this wel bygune purpoos, and suffred me nought in noo weye for to sette hand vpon the maylett of contricion, wherwith I sholde haue broken and forbrused these that thus accuse me now, wherof ful fore me a thynketh, and not without cause. Nought for thy as now it wol not be amendyd.

"And also, fyr Juge, the wykked world bynethen hath alweyes ben my greuous enemy, for he hath me shewed his rycheffe, and his vanytees, hys honours, and wretchydneffe, and made my fleshe that now lyeth and roteth, to delyte therynne, soo that by my folye, that one of vs, that is to saye the fleshe and the sowle, hath eueryche deceyued other. Whyle we were to gyders this fals worlde behyghte vs moche thyng whiche that he ne wold nought yeue. And yf it so were that he had any tyme perfourmed his promysse, no doute ful soone after ageyne he withelde it; and sothely, of fuche nature is he, that ther nys no wyght may demene a sure ne clene lyf, excepte souerayne grace that moche hath to medle therwith. Soo thenne, yf that any excusacyon myght here auayle, in as moche as al that I haue y done amys, is nought only of my self, but by mouynge and instaunce of other, I wold gladly, Syr Juge, that it were acceptyd."

CAPITULO XXIIº.

Here Justyce pledyth ageyne the sowle.

BUT thenne with an hye voys herd I one speke to my ful grete empesement, one that hade spoken byfore. Justyce it was. I vnderstood it wel. "Syr prouost," quod she, "ye haue here herde and vnderstande that he hath confessyd, here, openly, in presence of this Court, al that Sathan and Synderesys haue putte vppon hym, ne he can in no wyse denyen hit; but now it is come to excusacyon, it auayleth nought: witnesse vpon reson and trouthe, whiche be two worthy ladyes assessours in this Jugement, and knoweth wel al the old vsages and custommes of this present Court. Wherfor I shal seye, as touchyng this mater, vnder theyr correctyon, somewhat of myn aduys; and yf ought be mysseyd, I wylle that by them it be redressyd, and amendyd. I seye at the begynnyng that this pylgrym oweth nought to be herd of his excusacyon. For why? he knew the lawes in what wise he shold haue gouerned him self at al tymes, and by what weyes sholde passe al good pilgryms to that soueraigne cyte. He allegeth for his excusacyon, that his owne fleshe hath deceyued hym, and meued hym to euyl; but this accusacyon auayleth nought at al! For why? this myght he ful wel haue amended, yf he had wel gouerned hym selue after the lawe that was bytake hym, whiche was clerely shewyd and taught hym in the ten commandementes, and also in the counseyles conteyned in the gospels of Criste, whiche ben in a maner renouellynges of the forsayd pertes; of whiche ther nys no mortal wyght that may ben excused. On that other syde, he hath redde and knowen, bothe wordes and werkes of the rather seyntes, and in what wyse they kept goddes lawe; for kepyng of whiche lawe they putte theyr bodyes in ful many greuous distreslys; wherfor some of them haue ben slayn, and martyred in many dyuerse wyse, whoos peynes and anguyshes no tong suffyseth to seye, ne ere for to here, and ony herte may skylfully agryse for to thynke. Some other haue loken them self within lytel place as recluses and anachorites; some exyled them self in wyld heremytages; some closyd and bounden them self in dyuerse Relygons, and taken vpon them soore afflictions, and rygour of penaunce, that by reson who that hereth it, shal ful lytel sette by hym selue. He hath also herd and red theyr lores, and their wrytynges, in what wyse a man oweth to subdue the body to the soule, and how al that they wryte and seyde, they perfourmed veryly in theyr owne persones. In this wyse, yf he wold, he myght haue done hym self. But, sothe it is, he hath alwey ben slowe and rekeles, and soo cheryfshed his caytyff careyn, and soo moche suffred hym for to haue his lustes, and seruyd hym to his plesaunce; soo ferforth that the wretchyd body that oweth to haue ben seruant, hath had the soueraynte and maystre ouer the fowle, that shold haue be mayster and souerayne—what excusacyon may hym in this caas helpe or auayle for to reherce, whan that grace dieu brought hym to her owne place, and ther bytoke hym armoure, and taught hym in that wyse he shold haue had hym self ageyn his aduersayes? And how he ne appryfed nought hyr doctryne, ne dyd no thyng thereafter, I sawe hit, and apperceyued wel my selue yet ferthermore, that

Pylgremage of the Sowle.

he ne ſhal by no weye excuſe hym. It befelle ones when he laye in his bed, cortined lyke a lord, this ſame noble lady ſhe dide hym ſo grete honour that ſhe ſend hym her own ſpecial lettres, whiche, when he hadde redde, he ſette at lytel prys, but caſt them anone fro hym to the erthe; but I fought them vp, and haue them here preſent whiche I ſhal rede in your audyence. And wyteth wel, fyr Prouoſt, though he wold denye it, ſothely his name is wryten in the begynnyng, he may not deſauowe it!" Soo thenne Juſtyce toke oute theſe lettres oute of hyr boſom, and they radde theym, word for word, wherof this is the veray content.

This is the Epyſtle that grace ſendeth to the ſyke fowle:—

I, Grace, quene and heuenly pryncesse,
As depute by the ſoueraigne kyng eterne
In erthe alowe, to be theyr guydrefſe
That lyte the redy weyes for to lerne,
In pylgremage thy ſelue to gouerne,
Tretynge with yerd of loue, and diſcipline,
To the that haſt and muſt ben one of myne.

Hit is me done to knowe and vnderſtande
That thylke dethes ſergeaunt, maladye,
She hath areſt, and haldyth now in hande
Oppreſſyng the, not knowynge the for why
I wyl, therefore, as for thy remedy
Ordeyne in my beſt maner wyfe
That thou be hoole, and of thy bed aryſe.

I haue ben with the whan thou knewe it nought,
Enſerchyng loo! thy pounce of conſcyence,
By whiche I knowe the ynnermoſt of thy thought:
Thou haſt thy ſelue, with veray neclygence,
And alſo for defeaute of dilygence,
Nought takyng hede vnto thy gouernaunce—
Thy ſelue brought in anguyſhe and greuaunce.

Thou haſt with furfet, leuyng ſobyrneſſe,
Ful greuouſly encombred thy courage,
In luſt dyſpendyng al thy beſyneſſe
Syth that thou were a childe of tender age.
That now the doth ful grete diſauantage.
Wherfor, the nature of thy maladye
Wyl aſke ſothely a ſlobotomye.

Also, I see that ful art thou withynne
Of corrupt humour, al aboute y spred,
That renneth ay bytwene fleshe and skynne,
That causyth that thou kepyst now thy bed.
Thyne ydlenes and slouth hath this y bred.
Thou hast not swette out of thyn eye a tere,
Whiche thyng to the ful necessary were.

For yf thou myghtest dayes two or thre
With mynd vpon thy foule wretchydnesse
Haue such a swete, it wold auayle the
For leue it wel, I say the expresse,
But yf thou doo the rather besynesse
With fuche a swete, thy selue to amende,
This maladye wol of the make an ende.

Take hede now, and to thy selfe conuerte,
And see what wretchydnesse is the withynne,
Er deth take oute thy lyf of thyn herte!
Doo, by my red, anone that thou begynne
To make the clene of al thy fory synne
As fer as thou canst thenke, or aspye,
And weishe them oute with teres of thyne eye!

For yf the deth sodenly the affayle,
Byleue it wel he spareth no persone;
With hym to trete it may no thyng auayle;
On the hath he no pyte, though thou grone.
Compleyntes sothely he rewardeth none!
But buskyth yow vnto pyttes brynke.
On this I rede thou befyly bethynke!

Take hede, and here how to euery wyght
Within forth he clepyth pryuely.
Arayeth yow, and, be al redy dyght.
For I wyl come! byleue it sekerly,
Er ye be ware, paraenture sodenly.
And me byforne there may no prayer spede,
And none wyl I spare for no mede.

Byholde, and see, how his messagers
Now in a wayte ben leyde for the!

Seest thou not age with his whyte heres,
 Hath hyd hym self ful nye? canst thou not see?
 And maladye hath the areft, parde,
 Hereft thou not how they cryen lowde alway?
 "What eyleth vs to tary thus al day?"

How ofte haue I warned the byfore,
 Som whyle aperte, som whyle pryuely,
 That redy sholdest thou haue be euermore.
 Witneffe vpon thy self, I faye the, why
 Thou myght the not excuse vtterly.
 Synderefys, she knoweth euery dele
 She wyl be thyn accufer; wyte it wele.

Anentz me that alwey wold the throwe
 Ful folyly thou haft thy self myftake;
 For thou byhete, this wottest thou wel ynowe,
 That al thy foly woldest thou haue forfake,
 And woldest thy felue very clene make,
 Puttyng thy flefshe vnder subiectyon
 To be gouerned after good refon.

But, fykerly, euery dele reuerfe,
 Vfurped hath hyr owne lady ryght
 By her delyte, and luftes ful dyuerfe;
 Oppreffyng hyr with al hyr mayn and myght.
 A foole is he, as femyth in myn fyght,
 That by lore ne wylle his frend yknowe,
 Tyl that he in mefchyef be ouerthrow!

But now, I rede, take good entent, and kepe
 Puttyng away thy flomber and thy flouthe.
 A foole is he that leyth hym self to flepe,
 To whome is ysprunge veray fterre of trouth!
 How ofte haft thou refused, fro thy youthe,
 To here me; and fone haft thou foryete
 My lufly songes very hony fwete.

Now fey me, by thy feyth, where thou be he
 Alone of woman in this world ybore
 So clene of wem, that no thyng nedeth the
 To weyle, ne to wepe thy finnes fore?

Nay, fykerly ! and me forthynketh fore
That thou ne canst nought thy wretchednesse
Thy synne, thy surfet, and vnthrytnesse.

An hard conflycte of bataylle the withynne
Thou fele myght ; but, yf thou be vnwife
How that thy fowle afayled is with synne
And vndercraft, thou art of his malyce ;
And subiect thou hast made thy self to vyce,
Whiche that of god Juge omnipotent,
Condempnid is, withouten iugement.

A shame hath he that at the cheker pleyeth,
Whan that a pown seyith to the kyng, chekmate !
And shame it is whan that the ghooft obeyeth
Vnto thy slefshe, that shold obey algate
Vnto thy ghooft ; and now though it be late
Yet help thy self, and cast hyr vnder foote
Or thou art lost ; ther is none other bote !

In batayl, as it often hath betyd,
A myghty man to falle hit is no shame
The fyrst tyme, the second, and the thyrd,
And ryfeth wel : this hold I but a game.
But hugely me thynketh he is to blame,
And worthy as a foole to be repreuyd,
That nought enforcyd hym to be releuyd.

Now youthe may no lenger the excuse,
For age is come, and chalengeth his place
Yeld thy promysse, I wyl it nought refuse !
A foole is he that dyfobeyeth grace,
And is to me ward fallen in trespase,
And castyth hym nought amendys to make.
Suche one what wonder is though I forsake ?

Ful longe haue I byden, and susteyned
To haue amendys of the forfeture ;
And ere this tyme I haue me not compleyned,
I may nomore thy wretchednes endure.
I rede the, doo thy besynesse, and cure.
Amende thy selfe ; it is ynow to me :
That is the amendys that I aske of the.

Now chese thy port at whiche thou wilt arriue.
 But two ther ben of folace and dyftresse;
 At one thou myght thy seluen kepe alyue,
 And euer abyde in ioye and lustynesse.
 That other port is care, and wretchednesse.
 Here cometh deth, and yf that he the smyte
 There nys no leche that may thy lyf respyte.

See now thy self, that thou hast no defense:
 Aboue thy hede, the swerd is redy drawe.
 I rede that thou loke thy consyence,
 How thou hast lyued ayenst thy lordys lawe.
 And after this another wey thou drawe,
 That al thy tyme in foly hast dyspendyd,
 Yet at the last lete it be amendyd.

How oftyme haue I the told, and taught
 The worthynesse of vertu, and the mede;
 How ofte haue I the fro the clothes caught
 Of Sathanas, yet tokeft thou none hede!
 But now beware, and nought withouten nede.
 For sykerly the bowe is bent full fore,
 To smyte the: thenne may I doo nomore.

The byrd that syngeth on the braunche on hye,
 And sheweth hym self a lusty iolyuet,
 Vnto the deth is smyten sodeynly,
 Er he be ware, or taken with a net.
 I haue the fayd how deth the hath affett,
 And wel nye vndermynded is thy wal.
 But thou beware, ful greuous is thy fall!

Allas! what thynkest thou? what wylt thou seyne
 On thylke day of anger and of drede
 Vnto the hye Juge souereyne?
 What doest thou, man, why takeft thou none hede?
 Yf thou wylt be releuyd in thy nede
 What helpyth it thus for to telle and preche?
 But shewe thy fore to me that am thy leche.

And I the shal auoyde of thy fylthe,
 Receynynge the anone vnder my cure.

I shal the brynge, of redynesse, the tylth,
Soo that thou shalt thy selue wel assure
That, whan thy fleshe is leyd in sepulture,
Thou shalt be lyft vp in to heuen blyffe,
Eternal myrthes shalt thou neuer mysse!

CAPITULO XXIIII.

Here Justyce exceptyth ageyne al excusacions.

WHAT tyme that Justyce had red this letter, she sayde vnto the Juge,—“ Byholde, syre prouost, how grete honour and worthyp hath grace dieu shewyd to this pylgrym, what chere she made hym by content of this letter, hym techyng and enformyng how for to saue hym self; so that by my wil he ne shal nought be herd of his excusacyon. And ouer this, to grete shame and confusyon of his owne persone, I say ferthermore, that he hath redde bokes of moralyte whiche that techen kyndely how that vertu shold be loued, and what wey a trewe pylgrym owed for to take, and not for to mystorne to one syde, ne to other. But he, as a fool, hath lacheffed, and lost his tyme in veray vanyte. He auauntith hym also of his skryp and burdon, whiche, as he seyth, he ne left neuer. But what suppose ye yf he had ben in the cruel tyme of Nero, other in the felle tyrauntes tyme Dyoclecyane, and of other perilous pursuers of the feyth, whiche in that tyme enforcyd them for myscryppe pylgryms, with al theyr besynesse, and elles, with importable peynes, put them to the deth? I suppose that ful smartely he wold haue voydyd his scrippe, for al this grete auante! Outher of the perylous Heretyke Arrys, outhere other of his secte had met with hym, I drede that ful soone he wold haue byrafte hym that scrip, and broken his burdon, of kepyng of whiche now he auanteth hym. Wherefore, there is nought why that now he make his bofte, wher by he may excusen hym. He seyth also, that Sathan hath hym deceyued, excytyng hym to al euyl werkes in whiche he hath surfetyd, and that he hath withdrawen hym fro werkes of penaunce; of whiche mater it wold more auaylen for to hold his pees. For why? Yf he had vsed the armure that grace dieu had delyuered hym, Sathan shold but lytel myght or none haue had ayenst his persone; for ther is neuer man ouercomen by hym, but only of his owne consent. In the selue wyse it standeth of the world; for he that seeth and byholdeth hit, standeth euer in perylle, but he that closyth his syght, that he ne see not vanyte, the wycked world may haue no myght ayenst him. But this foole hath had alwey his syght open therto, and abandouned hym self therto, withouten drede of perylle; receyued the yestes, and the lustes therof with grete ioye, and gladnesse of hert, as oftentymes as it was profered hym. And more ouer, at some tyme with grete cours hath he pursued, and traauayled for to haue it; soo that this excusacyon is of no valure. Wherefore, yf reson and trouthe wil consenten, skil it is, sire Juge, that ye yeue the sentence.”

CAPITULO XXV°.

Refon pledeth ageyne the fely sowle.

HENNE biganne refon for to speke, whome I had as yett not herde speke bifore. "There is none," quod she, "that maye agene feye that Justice hath purposid ful wel hadde grace dieu shewed the right weye to this pilgrim. Ful clerely hath she told hym bifore, that his owne fleshe was his owne enemy, and he wold deceiue him, but he kepte hym felue. She taught him ful pleynly how that he shold saue and defend hym self in eschewing of the places and snares of his enemye. As touchyng the world also, and al his vanyte, I fey in this wyse: that yf ye had wel and thryftely kepte his fyue wyttes, clofying them and byndyng with double and treble boundes, and crossyd his spyrit with good, deuote prayer, as he that sawe hym felue in his daunger, he myght ful well haue anoyed his grete meschyef, and perylous dysese. I can nought see by no thyng that here is seyed att this tyme that he ne hath deferuyd the deth. Now, trouthe," quod she, "seyth what you femyth in this mater?"

HENNE ansuerid trouthe and sayd in this wise: "Al that ye haue said it is ful trewe, and rightwys; for, sothely, excusacion maye hym none auaille. For why? Yf he had his mysdede shewde to his lady, dame Penytance, and tolde hir of his estate, soo that she hadde bathyd hym, bowkid hym, and strongly welshen hym, than myght hym nought haue failed of skilful excusacyon, and so shold he haue founden favour in this iugement. But, sothe it is, though it so be that he hath at somtyme presented hym self to that lady, he hath ful litel tyme abiden in hir bathe, withoute teris of his eye, or hertely contricion. And litel sauour hath he had therinne, but feined contenance, ne failed nought lest he were repreuyd, and markyd of the peple. He hath also done his enioynte withouten ony peyn, or enforcyng of sorowful herte, withoute withdrawynge fro his euyl custommes, in purpoos, at the doying of his penaunce, for to retorne to his rather foly. And suche maner of penaunce that torneth and retorneth, maye wel be resembled to the whele of a mylle, that lyghtly torneth alwey to ther that he bygan: For thy on hym is falle the sentence of the sauter *in circuitu impii ambulans*, 'the wycked goth alwey in compas,' retornyng fro synne to penaunce, and eft fro theyr penaunce to synne ageyne. And such manere of penaunce is nought but scornynge of penaunce, ne hath but wrong his name. Wherfor this pilgrym hath deferuyd his deth by ryghtwys iugement."

"The wicked walk on every side."—PSALM xii. 8.

CAPITULO XXVI°.

Here Sathanas axeth Jugement.

SATHANAS thenne bygan for to crye, "Loo Mychael," quod he, "now myght thou noo lenger dysslymylen the sentence, that thou ne must by jugement delyuere me my prysoner! Wherfore I requyre the, syth that al myn

artycles, and many moo than I couthe remembre, ben here in this court alledged, and proued by suffisaunt record, and also by his owne confessyon, that thou yeue the sentence, as therto bilongeth, delyueryng me myn askyng. And ful soone he shal be brought in torment, and peyne eternal, perdurable." Whan I had herde these wordes, I felle sodeynly in swounyng for cause of grete heuynesse and drede, that I had no word, ne myght I speke, ne wyft what to say. And, as me thought, and verayly supposyd, the Juge made hym selue redy, femyng by his chere for to yeue the sentence of my dampnacyon. Sodeynly come that worthy lady whiche that byfore hand had buryed my body, that was clepyd dame Misericorde, and spekyng to the prouost she sayd in this wise.

CAPITULO XXVII^o.

Here Mercy pledyth for the sowle.

SYRE prouost," quod she, "I haue wel herde and sene how that Reason, Trouthe, and Justyce, haue spoken in this mater, and haue ententyfly herkened to theyr wordes; wherfor I requyre you that I also wel may haue wilful audyence for the poure partye. For, yf I dyde not my deuoyre and myn offyce, sothly my name that am clepeth, as ye wele knoweth wele, Mizericord, I bere it but in veyn. Good skyle it is that Justyce and Trouthe att al tymes be seruyd. And sothely Reason wyll, that I, with my swetnesse, modefyte and amende the rygoure of rightwysenesse. Ye knowe wel, Sire Juge, that by the weye that men mote nedes passe ther nys no pylgrym that goth so redyly but that oftymes he mote foruoyen; and somtyme he muste passe by foule weyes, neuertheles, somme more, and somme lesse, fayleth in this wyse. And eueryche knoweth wel that here is now present, there was neuer yet no pylgrym so hooly ne parfyte, that he hath oftymes erryd and fayled in his weye,—excepte the fouerayne lord, that ones bycome a trauaylour, and a pylgrym, to teche men the weye. For er the tyme that he hadde done this, there was neuer pylgrym that acheuyd parfytely the ende of his iourne. At whiche tyme it is not her vnknown Dame Justice, that now is here present, withsaide me ful fore, and let me ful long of my purpoos, nought for thy at the laste we felle at acord: and soo hope I at thys tyme that we shal also here, in your presence, of thynges that I shal seye ageynst hir rigour, whiche is somewhat ouerstraite bent vpon this mater. Sith it soo is that this bleffid lord Jhesu Crist somtime soo ferforth remitted his rigour, descending downe to the erthe oute of his heuenly trone, to helpe wefshe and relue his peple whiche the wretchyd horrible owle of helle had drawen out of theyr nest, hit femyth me that good reason wyll that tho whiche ben subgettes to this fouerayne lord owen for to drawe hym after his example. You selue, thenne, that fytteth here as iuge in this present assyse oweth, as me semeth, holde and sewe the maner and the guyse of this noble lorde, namely, in youre Jugementes. Also ye owe for to helpe and defende fro this curfyd owle pryncipally al tho that bere* skrypp and burdon,

* See "Le Pélerinage de l'Homme," p. 25. London: B. M. Pickering, 1858.

and haue kept it manfully to theyr weyes ende. Now apperceyue I wel that it standeth thus, that this present pylgrym hath done his deuoyr duely at al tymes in kepyng his scrip and his burdone. And also, be it that he hath at somtyme erryd and mys-gone, and ben empechyd in his forseyde iourney, as it is knowen in this court; yet hath he douteles done some maner of penaunce and withdrawen hym often fro euyl, for loue of his creatour,—and al somme tyme the ensamples of other seyntes, though it soo be that he ne hath rought done as they dyde, that whylome were feruent in the loue of Crist, by vertue of his passyon, and of his blessyd blood, that al thylk tyme was yet newe shed, al smokyng hoote. For ryght as fyre warmeth and eschaufeth tho that stonde nye, welmore than other that stonde after, ryght soo thylke hooly men that were nye that tyme hadde more enchefon and more heuenly receyued by vertu of this precyous bloode, than these that now ben come so long tyme therafter; al be it that the vertu of his passion nouthur passyth, ne dispendyth. For why? though this pylgrym haue nought gouerned so hym, ne wonder I nought! This seye I not in purpoos to excuse hym, for wel I wote as muche is he byhalden to his lord, as though that shedde for hym al theyr herte blood, and diyd for his sake. Wherfor, I seye to my purpoos that this forsayd pylgrym oweth nought to be furclosyd fro the grete grace whiche oure lord Jhesus dyde to synful men, what tyme that he suffred dethe for their redempcyon, whiche grace withouten ony fayle shal endure for euer.”

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CAPITULO XXIX°.

Justyce speketh ageyne Mercy.

IVSTYCE thenne spak and seid in this maner: “ Certes,” quod she, “ fyre Prouost, wonder grete grace did that blysfyl lord goddes sone Jhesu to the kynd of man. Ful syth it is he ne dyde them nought that grace for occasyon and lyberte of synne, but his purpoos and entencyon was this, that they shold, after receyuyng of that grace, be more besy and tendre aboute the kepyng of them self, dysposyng them in goodly wyse to entre in to paradyse by veray passage of vertu, whiche passage byfore that tyme was so fast closyd and wardyd, that though they had them selue neuer so wel gouerned and dysposyd yet ther come noone within in to that tyme of grace. And wel I wote what proufite or auauntage that man hath therby, yet is hit sothe that Jhesus Cryst neuer ne suffred deth in mayntenaunce of synnes: but only to theym it shal auayle that haue forsake her synnes, as ferforth as they myght; for sykerly that blisful lord hade made, as me semyth, a symple marchaundyse yf he shold haue taken his deth for tho that neuer wold konne hym no thank, ne neuer wolde amende them of theyr synnes. The deth of Jhesu Cryste may helpe and auayle only to these whiche that retourne fro their errour wilfully. Nought that this was establiished by me but clene ayenste my law—by purchase of this present lady dame Miserycord, to whome I mote at somtyme assent. And elles, sothely, it myght not haue ben suffred. For a ful huge merueyle it is in my syght, for to saue these that so greuouusly mystaken agenst hym.”

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CAPITULO XXX°.

Here Mercy with certeine demandes axyng of Justice, induceth a Conclusion that Mercy must haue place.

MY SERICORD thenne spak, and said to the Juge in this wise: "Sire pro-
uoft," quod she, "as it is to your selue clerely knowen, thyng witnesse vpon
al wife clerkes of whiche many one that here is now present haue redde the
bokes, and trouth her selue wil record the sothe, that euery clerke oweth to be con-
sidered in iugement after the ende and the pryncipal purpos that ony wight is inne, yf
it maye be knowen. But the principal purpoos and entent of this pilgrym was alweye
to perfourme his iourneye, as it wel semeth, by that he ne lefte neuer pilgrymes habite,
that is scrip and burdon, al were it soo that he was many dyuerse tymes empechyd in
his weye, and put oute therof, ne he entendyd neuer vtterly to forlete his iourneye; as
it clerely is preuyd. And also, notwithstanding al his errour, in his laste ende he was
founde contrite of in wyll, to amende and satysfy for his trespaas of al that he had myf-
done ayenst god and man; euen forth his power. Confession also he hadde, al be it
that not so clerely and openly in specyal as it had ben nedeful of euery synguler dede,
yet neuertheles that general knowlege of al his synnes, in that he yeld him self fynally
ayenst god gylty, is suffyfaunt record for hym that he forsoke his synne. Neuerthelesse,
by lycence of the Juge, to yow, suster Justice, I haue for to speke. Ye ben, as me
femyth, somewhat ouer sharp and rygorous ageynst Pilgryms more than it nedyd. But
wyl ye vouchesauf to answere me to, a fewe demaundes that I shal aske of you?"
Quod Justice, "as ye lyst." "Syth it soo is," quod Mercy, "that no thyng is done,
ne neuer was, ne shal, of god, oure souerayne lorde, withouten skilful cause, as reson hyr
selue wyl recorde, to what ende or for what encheson was man made for to ben chyef
and pryncipal of erthely creatures?" Her to answerd Justyce, and said in this wyse,
"Man was made chyef of erthely creatures for to receyue the seruyse of al other lower
creatures, and hym selue to serue and obeye his creatour, yeldyng to hym, and retornyng
by thankyng and presyng and by his other good obseruaunces al the seruyse that he
receyued of these other creatures, and soo by his seruyse al creatures shal be knyht in
compas to hyr fyrst maker."

"Ful sothe it is," quod Mercy, "and therefore is he partyner of bothe two kyndes,
hauynge bodely matere of the erthe, and forme substancial fro heuen, that ryght as the
eyez that of nature is hoothe, and moyft, knettith to geders fyre and water, as parteyner of
bothe tho kyndes, ryght so man, of heuenly nature and erdely very partyner, knytteth
to geders bothe heuen and erthe. Yet ferthermore," quod Mercy, "to what ende was
lawe made and ordeyned of god, and taken to Moyfes in the montayne? and whether
alle other lawes ordeyned of man be not subalternat for to serue the lawe of oure lord?"
"Thenne," said Justice, "the lawe that oure lord wrote in the two tables ben only ten
hestes, and al the remenaunt of the lawe ne were not but obseruaunces and menes
necessary for the tyme to kepyng of these hestes; whiche obseruaunces, Crist, at his

Itai. xxviii. 19.

comyng, auoydyd, as than nought necessary. But the course of the law he renoueled in his gospel by his subtile and necessary counceyles. The cause of the ordeynance of this lawe was for to teche the rude peple in what wise they shold serue theyr creatour, and obeye to his plesauce: with resonable werkes doynge, and vnskylful werkes forberyng. And al other worldly lawes ben, as ye seyn, subalterned to gods lawe, in enforcyng ther of, for to compelle vnbuxom men to kepyng of this lawe." "Syth it so is thenne," quod Mercy, "that bothe by goddes lawe, and mannes, ben ordeyned peynes and punysshementes, in to what were they fyrst deuyfed?" "In chastyfying," quod Justyce, "of misdoers and brekers of goddes lawe, for to drawe theyr hertes by dreede and felynge of peynes fro mysfrewled affections, and so for to make them for to thynke theye forfet and compelle them by suche wyse to kepe goddes lawe; for to suche folk, as seyth the wyfeman, *Sola vexacio dabit intellectum*, tribulacion and anguysshe only maketh such men vnderstand that al is nought leeful that lusteth." "This is ful sothe," quod Mercy, "but I wolde wyte of yow, in to what ende was ordeyned Jugement of deth both bodely, and ghooftely?" "Sothely," quod Justyce, "Jugement of deth was ordeyned for tho that ben obstynate, and rebelle, and wylle by no weye obeye to goddes lawe, leste they shold with theyr malyce drawe many other to the same maner of mysgouernaunce, and so destroublen the rewle and the ordre of al the wnyuerfite, that god and his creatures shold not be knette to geders by due seruyse and obeisaunce done to hym selue; so that by the drede of deth, *poteß ultimum terribilium*, the last and most dredeful thing, other shold be chastised and withdrawn fro forfet. Also the iugement of eternal peyn was made for al tho that fynally rebellyth ayene gods wil." "Yet put I this cas," quod Mercy, "that that a certeyn lord hath bouzt and payed for hym his raunson, in purpos for to haue hym for his seruauant perpetuel, and therto he is assured; this lord chargith him vpon peyn of fore punysshement that he haue hym to his own court, ther to done hym seruyse. This seruauant thus bouzt and raunfond is lettid by the wey, somwhat by foly of hym self, somwhat by other that desire his seruyse, so that he taryeth fro his lord dayes and yeres, yet at the last he breketh out of these malicious mennes handes, and comyth to hys lord, submytting hym lowely to his grace, and offrith hym self redy to his seruyse, so as he can or may, whether shal the lord refuse this seraunt, and delyuer hym to thylk that haue withalden him, either els he shal receyue hym in to his own seruyse?" "By myn auys," quod Justyce, "he shal be punysshed proporcionably after the tyme of his abfence, and sithen receiued in to his seruyce at his lordes wil, ne to tho that withholden hym he ne shal not be delyuerd." "Thenne," quod Mercy, "the punysshement shalle nought execute by thought that empechyd hym." "No sothly," quod Justyce, "standyng that he hath thus lowely submytted hym to his lordes seruyse." "Yet aske I ferthermore," quod Mercy, "whether a seruauant thus bought maye make any testament?" "Sothly," quod Justyce, "he may make none withouten his lordes leue, as for to alyene any goodes out of his lordes hond." "What?" quod she, "yf he byquethe al his good to his owne lord, standyth the testament?" "Why shold it not?" quod she, "as veray strengthyng of the lordes ryght!" "Thenne," quod Mercy, "who that enforcen for to byreuen this lord that seruauant, or any of his

goodes, by that same seruantes lyf, or after his deth, wrongeth the lord in the dede."
"In certeyne," quod Justyce, "this is ful sothe."

CAPITULO XXXI°.

Here Mercy concludeth upon these answers.

HENNE sayd Mercy thus to Justyce: "Sothly, suffer," quod she, "sauyng your reuerence, your rygoure, by youre owne Jugement, is somewhat vnmeasurable, withoute that ye be gouerned somewhat by me. And ye that oweth to yelde eueryche that to his ryght bylongeth, me thinketh that ye fayle of youre offyce, but yf ye demene your self in this caas after my counceyll, and I shal seye yow why. Sith it so is that man was made, as ye sey, fynally to this entent and ende, to be goddes seruauant, and for to knette to god al erthely creatures by retorne of His seruyce, then ne wrongeth ye the fouerayn lord that besyeth about to alyene this seruauant, and forclosen fro that offyce that he was ordeyned fore. Also, syth the lawe wryten of god bytaken to Moyse, and also the lawe of the Gospel yeuen by Cryst hym selue, and practysed in his owne persone, entendyth no thyng elles, as ye sey, with subalternacion of al other resonable lawes, but for to teche the peple, and holde them vnder gouernaunce for to make them obeye to his seruyse, by what skyle may thenne ony wyght withdrawe this pylgrym fro his lordes seruyce, by desordeyne rygour of ryghtwysnes, for to exclude hym, and schytte hym fro this deute? But herto ye seyn that he oweth to be punysshed: for that he hath mysdone; but, by your own sentence, punysshement was deuised for to drawe pertes of men fro foule affection, and for to chastise them for that they haue mysdone; which chastisement is a maner medicin to purge thaffection of man. Thenne semith it wel also soone as thaffection is clenfid by hertely forthinkyng in ful wil and purpos to kepe gods law, the punysshement shold cesse, and this seruant resorte to his lordes seruyce; namely, sith it so is that this seruyce is of more value infynytely than is ye punysshement; for a very fool may he be clepid that leith a plaister corosyf to a wounde, after that he is purged—for it shal thenne noyen, and no thyng auayle to hele. And worldly lawe also vseth this condicion, that yf a man hath done trespas to another, either offendyd his lord in ony thyng, for whiche he shal be punysshed; also sone as he knowlecheth the trespas, and maketh amendys, byndyng hym selue neuer after to offende, thenne shal he be receuyd of his punysshement, and al that is done ouer this, may rather be clepyd cruelte than ryghtwysnes. Al be it so that this pylgrym hath greuoussly trespacid, yet at his passyng oute of the world he stode in this plyte: wherfore, he oweth not to be putte in eternal peyne, how euer it be of other punysshement. For why? as ye haue sayd your self, 'Jugement of deth and eternal peyne was ordeyned only for tho that ben rebelle and obstynate ageynst gods lawe, lest they shold be malycious excityng to bryng many other to the same mysgouernaunce soo that the ordre of vnyuersyte shold be destroubled.' But sothe it is nouthur this pylgrym is obstynate, ne purposith not to dystrouble the vnyuersal ordre, ne euyl example may he none yeue after this tyme to noo creature. Wherfor he oweth not to be deliyuerd to eternal peyne. Thenne con-

clude I thus by youre Jugement, that this pilgrym, Cristes seruaunt, bought and raunfoned with his precious blood, al though he haue by malyce of his enemyes be taryed fro his lordes seruyse, yett at the lasste he brake oute of theyr handes, and come to his lord, submyttyng hym to his grace, offryng hym self lowely to his seruyce he ne oweth not be delyuerd to his enemyes, though that he shal be punysshed for the trespase: but he oweth at the lordes wil be taken to his grace, and after skilful punysshement ben admytted to his lordes seruiſe. This is youre oune sentence! how thenne wil ye acquyte yow in this mater that by rygour of punysshement wolde haue this man delyuerd to his enemy and alyened fro his lordes seruyce, to grete wrong and amenuſyng of his worshyp?"

"And also, as ye sey your self, the testament that he maketh in yeuyng al that he hath to his lord shal stonde in effect in ful record of his lordes ryght. And who that procureth ony ſuche alyenacion he wrongeth the lord. Why thenne be ye so besy to delyuer this man, out of the lordes seruyce that hath by testament yeuen hym self euerlaſtyng to the same lord? This was his last wil, and who that withſtandith the last wil offendith the lawe. Wherfor, suſter, ye ben ouer rigorous, as me ſemyth."

CAPITULO XXXII°.

Reſon conſentith to Mercy and the iuge biddeth arayen the balaunce.

AT this word dame Reaſon made a ſygne to Juſtyce, as though ſhe wolde ſeye this is very ſkylful that Mercy hath ſpoke. And thenne anone the Juge commaundyd Juſtyce for to take hyr balaunce, and ſet it in ſuche a place that it myght openly be ſene, and ſayd to hyr thus: "In decyſyon aud ſtyntyng of al maner of ſtryf, take al the merytees and good dedes of this preſent pylgrym, and put them in that one parte of the balaunce, and in that other ſyde al the forſetys, and treſpases that Sathanas can bryng forth by record of Synderelys—the pylgryms vpon the ryght ſyde, and that other vpon the lyft ſyde; and ſoone it ſhal appere whiche hath the better partye, ne mercy ſhal no ſuſpecion haue toward me that I haue ought receyued of yeſtes, ne take no mede of nouter parte. The balaunce wylle nought lye, but withoute fauour iuge the trouthe."

CAPITULO XXXIII°.

*How Juſtyce apoynted hyr balaunce, Reſon and Trough ſtandyng in eyther ſyde; and how the pylgrym leyd in the ſkryp and burdon, and Synderelys with Sathanas bylle weyed in that other ſyde.**

HENNE, vpon a ſkaffold on hye, aboue this corteine, Dame Juſtyce ſhewed hyr ſelf, and apoynted hyr balaunce that both partyes weyed lyke heuy. This lady was gyrd with a ſwerd with a thwong, al with gold apparaylled.

* See Coloured drawing No. II. Plates III. and IV. and Note A.

Hyr fered wel a lady of ful huge estate as duchesse, or prynceffe, ne none was that sawe hyr that he ne tremblyd for drede.

Refon also was with hyr whoos eyen shyned bryghter than the sonne so ferforth that hyr fyght percyd al maner of obiectys aboute in euery syde: I sawe also the thyrd that had the mouthe al clene burnyd gold. And it was me certyfied of other that knewe hyr persone that hyr name was Trouthe. But whan I sawe these thre gone to geders, whiche hadde, as me semyd, long taryed me with theyr parlement, desyryng my dampnacion, I was ryght moche desmayed, namely fyth that in theyr balaunce my merytes sholde be peyfed, wherupon had I no maner of truste; for none other thyng had I for to leye therin but only my scrip and my burdon, that peyfed but lytel, as I sawe wel afterward. Neuertheles, in the balaunce I leyd it. And there ayeine myn enemy leyde in his accusement, wryten in the bylle by tellyng of Synderefys. There was neuer notary, ne tabellyon, that me so fore agrysed; for that bylle whan it was leyd in the balaunce peyfed so fore, that smartely that other syde aroos as nought hadde ben therin; and yet that me greued moche wors, by cause that the peis shold be the more Synderefis hym selue styrt in to the balaunce. Thenne bygan Sathan for to cryen with a lowde voys and seyde: "Now," quod he, "thou lady on the skaffold, thou feest wel how it is; make now this prouost, that soo long hath taryed me, for to yeue Jugement as fast!"

CAPITULO XXXIIII°.

How that Mercy taryed the Court, whyle she wente to beuen and purchacyd a chartre of pardon.

BUT thenne herde I how humbely dame Mifericord gan to prayen for me, and said in this wyse: "Now dere Mychael," quod she, "wylle ye vouchsaue a whyle for to tarye in youre Jugement? I haue a lytel thyng to doo aboute in heuen: I thynke ther to purchace a grace that no thyng shall be to your preiudyce." Then sayd the prouost: "It lyketh me ryght wel at your request for to abyde tyl that ye be returned. I pray yow tarye nought." Soo then was the Jugement suspendyd in to the tyme that Mercy had ben in heuene; and smartely, withouten taryeng, she had done hyr deuoyre, and was descended doune vpon the skaffold. And sothely so sawe I wel she was that seluen fayre swete, that bare hir brest alwey redy oute of hyr bosome which had me before hand in my fleshely lyf ful often tyme comfortid. And now she dyde me moche more comfort, what tidynges that she brought. In her hond she brought a skypet, and neyeng toward the balaunce with the hede enclyned, she sayd to the balauncer: "How is it," quod she, "in oure partye?" "Sothely," quod Justice, "had ye nought taryed this Court, ful long tyme passyd, this pilgrym had be foriuged; witnes vpon Trouthe and Reason!"

"Now thenne," quod Myfericord, "shal I telle wherfore I haue trauayled." And she took forth the Charter, and sayd, "I haue ben in presence of oure lord Jhesu Cryft, and his bleffyd moder, and byfore all the companye of seyntes assembled to geders for

helpe of this pylgrym. And so haue I here of oure lordes graunt and chartre of pardon which I shal rede to fore yow ; whereof who that wyll shal haue the Copy." Thenne tooke she forth a fayre chartre asselyd with gold, and redde it openly, word for word, whereof this is the sentence.

THE CHARTRE OF MERCY.

UHESU kyng of hye heuen aboue,
 To Mychael my chyef lyeutenaunt
 And al thyn affeffours which I loue,
 That in my seruyse ben perseueraunt,
 Haue euermore, and to me ful plefaunt,
 My gretynge, and vpon the peyne of drede
 Unto this present chartre taketh hede.

Me hath befought this present lady here
 Myferycord.* * * *

Ther ben pylgryms, as they certyfye,
 That toward me theyr weyes hadde take
 Whiche haue mysgone, and erryd folylly
 By styryng of the fowle fendes blake,
 That somme of them theyr iourney had forsake ;
 And eft theyr iourney had ayene begonne,
 But sodenly hath fayled them the sonne.

Some haue be lette by fowle temptacion,
 And styryng of theyr fleshely wretchydnesse ;
 Somme, by dysese and tribulacion,
 And fallen in to huge heuynesse ;
 And somme also the worldes besynesse
 Soo greuoufly theyr hertes ouerfett,
 Of theyr iourney soo that they haue be let.

But than they haue repentyd wonder fore,
 Some of them but ryght at theyr lyues ende,
 And somme of them a lytel what before
 Bygonne theyr lyues somewhat to amende,
 In wyll therafter neuer to offende
 Haue shryue them of al theyr old trespase,
 And put them selue holly in my grace.

* The intercession of the Virgin Mary is introduced here and in the other parts which have been omitted.

* * * *
This grace I graunt them of my Regalye
That I shal them receyue vnto my pees
Of helle payne I graunt them ful relees.

Soo that they haue me, Jhesu, mercy ! cryed
Or that the brethe oute of the body yede,
And al theyr ful lustes haue defyed
In veray feyth, as techeth them the Crede.
Soo that ye shal ayenst them nought procede,
As to foriuge them to helle payne ;
But that in this Rygour ye refreyne !

To mercy here I haue bytake
Of the trefour of my bytter passyon
* * * *

To counterpeyse ageynst the fendes part,
Soo that he fayle of his entencion
To bringe them so with his subtile art ;
To haue them juged to dampnacion ;
For that hath ben his occupacion,
With curfidnesse of al the synnes seuene
Syth tyme that he was chacyd oute of heuene.

And nought for thy this is not myn entent ;
Ne, for this cause my blood ne shed I nought
That ony wyght in misgouernement
Abyde shold, and truste in his thought
That hym this chartre shold auayle ought,
And of this pardon be partynere,
Or of this grace that I haue grauntyd here.

Therefore, oute of this chartre I except
Tho alle whiche in to theyr lyues ende
Haue euermore in cursyd synnes slept,
Purposing nought theyr lyues to amende,
Vpon the tryft them selue to defende
Fro helle payne by this present grace.
Alle tho shal be exyled fro my face.

And these also, whiche that ben obstynate,
And neuer wylle to my lawe obeye.

These also, that ben veray desperate,
That wylle no grace ne no mercy preye,
But ryght foo in theyr curfyd synnes deye.
So thenne is dewe the hoothe fyre of helle
With Sathanas eternally to dwelle.

Wherfor, no man foo bold ne hardy be
Tryftyng vppon this present pardonaunce
To forfette, or to synne in no degre
Vpon the trift of fynal repentaunce,
Which is my yest; and after my plefaunce
I yeve it them that shal my mercy haue,
Withoute whiche no wyght ne wyl I haue.

CAPITULO XXXVI.

*How Justyce byfore the Juge pledyd ayene the chartre, affyrmyng it insuffysaunt as for
the forsayd sowle.*

WHAT tyme that this chartre was redde Justice somewhat egrely loked vpon Misericord, and sayd to hyr thus: "Syfter," quod she, "ye haue ful wel purchacyd for somme of pylgryms; but for this present pylgrym, thy laboure but lytel auayleth, as semyng is to me." Thenne Reason and Trowth seyden to Justyce, "Syth it foo is that this maundement is dyrected pryncipally to the prouost, as lyeutenaunt and Juge at this tyme, and sythe, secondly, to vs that ben his assessours, pryncipally to hym this mater apperteyneth. Wherfore in decisyon of stryf go we fast to hym, and see what he seyth to this chartre; and, as he wylle that shal be done, we shal applye vs fully withoute ayensfeynge." Soo thenne at this poynt they ben acordyd, and wente to the Prouost, and toke hym this chartre. Thenne sayd Justyce to the prouost thus: "Syre prouost," quod she, "I doo yow to vnderstande that this lady Misericord, sauynge hyr syfterhede, hath caused in this Courte grete annoye in taryenge of oure Jugementes in this present assyse, by cause of purchacyng of this letter, which ye see your self of what it shal auayle—it standeth at youre plefaunce. But, me semyth forsothe, that somme poyntes conteyned therynne ben not to be receyued; for they semyn geten and purchacyd by surreptyon, and importune prayer, whiche the souerayne kyng of his debonayrte he can, ne may nought werne. But it bylongeth to yow, that ben his lyeutenaunt, for to doo rize and equyte. For why? the offence is wonder grete ayenst that lord, that euer is perdurable, whoos lordshyp and soueraynte is withoute ende, and mesure. Yf so is thenne, that this present pilgrym shold haue payne determyned, enduryng for a tyme, I can not se wherof hereafter shold serue my balaunce."

CAPITULO XXXVII^o.

How after a longe counseyll bolden bytwene the Juge and his affeours, the balaunce was lyft vp, and the forset with merytes was put to peysen ayenst the fendes partye.

THENNE, after the sownynge of a trompette, the Prouofte lete make a grete conuocation, and thus I herd hym seye: "Cherubyn, dere broder, at this present nede I preye yow that ye helpe. Ye also, Justyce, Reason, and Trouthe, and ye also, Peter, porter of heuen, and al other whiche of ryght oweth to be present, yeueth now good counceyll what best is in this mater! Loo! here cometh this reuerent lady, dame Mysericord, whiche hath brought a letter to our souereyne lord, to me, and to yow also, for this present pylgrym; whiche letter, by cause it is to yow vnknowe, now hereth it redde byfore yow." Thenne held they a counceyl so softe and so styll that I nomore herd for a good space. And thenne I bethought me vpon that fylence, that seynt John speketh of in his apocalips, whiche fylence was made in heuen, what tyme that Sathanas was chacyd fro thennes in to the pytte of helle. Soo hoped I thenne somme tydynges for to here ageyne the malyce of my peryllous accusour, whiche that abode my Jugement. So whan that this counceyl had dured a long space, at the last I herde cryed with a lowde voys, that anon the balaunce shold be take, and the Juge shold yeue Jugement.* Anone this lady Justyce took this balaunce by the ryng, and bygan to reyse hit vp, that one bacyn henge al doune to ground, and that other was reysed alofte, wherein femyd ful litel. And that other that was alowe femyd so ful ther myght nomore be in. Thenne sayd this balauncer, whiche I fond euermore fyers ayenst me, "Syre prouost," quod she, "byholde how it standeth, and, of all the remenaunt doo as lyketh yow, for I haue done my deuoyre, tyme is it that ye doo yours. I haue nomore to seye."

Thenne said Misericord:—"Syre prouost," quod she, "ye haue wel sene and vnderstande what grace oure lord Jhesu Cryst hath graunted this pilgrym by this present chartre whiche ye haue redde and sene with your counceyl. And, as it femyth me, al your counceyl is wel consentyng to, and loo here the forset, whiche by your lycence I haue fette in heuene, lete put it in the balaunce, and thenne shal we see how it wyl goo, and how this balaunce, wyll bere it selue vpon bothe partyes." Thenne was this forset put in the bacyn on the ryght syde, whiche peysed anone so myghteley, that notwithstanding al that was in that other, yet was it peysed vp sodenly as nouzt had be thereynne. And thenne sayd mercy thus:—"Syre prouost ye see by the grace that I haue brought, how oure parte peyseth. Doo now youre deuoyre as the grace asketh."

* See Plate II. and Note B.

CAPITULO XXXVIII°.

Here is yeuen the Jugement of Saluacyon of the sowle, sendyng hym to purgatory.

HENNE beganne the Prouost speke to me, and sayd in this maner:—"Pylgrym," quod he, "take hede what I shal sey to the. Thou hast here in this Courte many grete frendys whos names I telle the nought at this tyme, thou shalt wel knowen whiche they ben here after. But how moche this worthy lady Mysericord hath laboured for thy saluacion in parte thou knowest. And sothely had nought ben that grace whiche that she purchacyd for the, and for other of oure lord Jhesu whiche she wanne, and got with ful grete labour, that now she hath leyd in the balaunce, thou haddest be dampned to endeles deth, euer, withoute ende! Soo now shal I telle the what thou mote nedes do. Thou shalt take ageyne thy scrippe, and thy burdon, whiche thou haddest byfore. And here to dame Justyce I yeue in ful charge that she trusse thy fardel of al thy wretchyd synnes, whiche Sathanas hath putt in the balaunce. This fardel shalt thou bere in to purgatorye, and there shalt thou brenne it, and soo longe must thou there abyde tyl it be al wasted, and thou clene purged of al thy fowle synnes. Thus shalt thou make thy gree with Justyce, that Mercy and she be fynally acorded; whiche acord may neuer be brozt to an ende, but yf thy mysdedes be punysshed at the left, for a certeyne tyme. And to this she hath goodly agreed hyr selue, slakyng hyr ryghtwys rygour at the instaunce of Mysericord. And elles she was auysed that thou sholdest haue had eternal punysshement, of whiche thou art relecyd: specyally by vertue of thy chartre of pardon, and the lytel forset of Trefour, whiche mercy brought from heuene. And thynke not thy selue lytel holden to Justyce by cause she hath so befyly pursewed ageyne the: for, sothely, the good lord grauntyd neuer grace in preiudyce of hir balaunce, ne none may be faued withoute hyr assent. So is she at this tyme assentyd to thy saluacion, in this maner wyse as I haue told the here. This is thy sentence and thy Jugement; spede the fast hennes, that this were perfourmed ryght as I haue the seyde!"

CAPITULO XXXIX°.

How Sathanas maketh protestacion of apele fro this Jugement.

BVT this ne suffryd nought easyly this cursyd Sathanas, but hydously began to crye, and sayd:—"Mychael," quod he, "thou dost here no ryght, but grete wrong and veray fals trefon, that thou sendist here this wretchyd pylgrym in to peyne temporel, that dureth but a space only, for the prayer of this vnthryfty fals conspyratryce Mysericord! Myschaunce mote she haue! for this fals bulle whiche she hath traytourly hyr seluen counterfeted, outhir elles by fals suggestion subtylly purchacyd, sholde lyghtely haue be withseyd, yf I must haue hadde tyme and place of audyence. And no doubte yf Justyce must haue trauayled therefore, she wold ful soone

haue purchacyd a bulle in contrary. Outher, yf I myght haue gone, I wold my self haue done it ; and wyte it wel, yf my counfeyl wyl it, I shal appele fro thy sentence, as for veray fals and very open wrong, though I the dysplese yet spare ne wyl I nought, and to the souerayne Juge wyl I bryng this cause at the last day of general assyse ; and yf ther may be founden in thy Jugement ony poynt of errour, he shalle spoyle the thy worthyp and of thy prouosty with grete shame and shendeshyp. And certeynly, yf I wyft that it shold be plefaunt to Lucefer, my lord, and al the grete counceyl of hell, anon withouten taryeng I wold openly appelle. Wherfor I make protestacyon in prefence of this court, that within ten dayes I shal make myn appelle, yf foo is that my counceyl assente therto. And wyte it wel, forsothe, that this pylgrym shal no weye passen that I nyl doo my besynesse to greuen hym yf I may ; and euer wylle I ben his enemy euen forth my power." Ful forrowful was this Sathanas when he sawe that he ne myght nought achenen hys defyre ; and grete anguyfshes he hath, when ony pylgrym escapeth hym fo by Jugement.

HERE ENDETH THE FYRST BOOKE OF THE PYLGRYMAGE
OF THE SOWLE.



Liber Secundus.

Here begynneth the second book.

CAPITULO XL°.

How the foule was brought to purgatory.

WHAN I hadde herd the sentence of my Jugement, I was wonder glad, by cause of my sekyrnesse that I shold be saued. So thenne, withoute moche taryeng, ful smartely had Justyce arrayed my fardel by commandement of the prouost, and in this mene tyme ful merueylous thynges I bothe sawe and herd. There come an huge company of pylgryms syngynge with a ioyeful tone, eueryche of them more bryght shynyng than the sonne at myddaye, hauynge with them eueriche his owne Angel, that led them by theyr handes. And this was the noble songe that I herd them syng :—

HONOURED be thou, blysfyl lord on hye !
That of the blessed mayden was y bore,
And with thy deth vs boughtest myghtely ;
Thyne owne fleshe and blood thou yafe vs fore,
And for vs suffred peynes wondre sore,
Bothe feete and hand nayled to the roode,
And bleddest al thy veray hertes blood.

Honoured thou be, fader souerayne,
That vouchesauf suche raunson for to sende,
Thyne owne loued sone to suffre payne,
Oure myse and our meschyef to amende.
Thou, holy ghooft, that art withouten ende
With fader and sonne one god in Trynyte
For euer honoured be thy mageste !”

* * * * *

How the angels answered.

What tyme that theſe pylgryms had ſongen in this Wyſe, theyr Aungels that led den them anſwerd another ſong ful ſwete, and ful delycious, and ſeyden as it foloweth :—

THE ANGELS' SONG.

ALMYGHTY lord, our blyſful Kyng Jheſu,
Thou Myrour of the faders mageſti,
In whom is ſene his myghte and vertu !
The Welle of Wytte and Wiſedom is in the,
To whoos preſence now we retourned be
With the pylgryms which we to the bryngeth,
To thyn honoure ful joyeful ſyngeth.

Towardes the ful long they haue trauayled,
Thou woteſt thy ſelf, how they haue be diſtreſſid.
The fals fende, ful fore hath them aſſailed,
And greuouſly dyſefyd, and oppreſſyd,
But of thy grace his malyce was repreſſyd,
And of thy mercy wel they ben releuyd,
And their entent fully they haue acheuyd.

What labour and anguyſhe haue we had,
Syth that we took them in our gouernaunce,
Jheſu, thou woſt ; and now we ben ful glad
Of all that we haue done to thy pleaſaunce.
Wher for thou wylt with reward vs auance
Suche as the lyſt, aboue in thy blyſſe
There abyde in ioye euer withouten myſſe.

Lo ! we preſentyn to thy hand ageyne
Almighty Lord, that thou to vs bytake.
Honoured be thou, Jheſu, ſouerayne,
Of all that we haue laboured for thy ſake !
Of this laboure amende now thou make.
Thy creatures vnto thy preſence
Receyue them, of thyn hye benyuolence.

For though they haue ought erryd or myſwent,
They haue abought it wonder hard and fore
Y purged with grete paynes, and torment,

Pylgremage of the Sowle.

As duely was aiuged them ; ther fore,
Al though they had deferuyd moche more,
The remenaunt is relecyd of thy grace :
In heuen on hye affigned is theyr place !

CAPITULO XLI^o.

How these sowles left scrip and burdon, entrynge in to heuene.

AND thus, rehercyng this delectable song I sawe these pylgrymes passe within the corteyn,* theyr aungels goyng byfore. And of one thyng tooke I good reward, that al these forsayd pylgrymes leften withoute the corteyn bothe scrippe, and burdon. For good skyle it is as it semyd me, when that I hadde aperceyued it, that syth theyr labour and theyr iourney was fully adertermyned, and theyr vyage endyd, that they shold leue the habyte a fygne of trauaylours. And soo also soone as they were entred within, I herd another company within, forth that songen a song withouten comparyson more lusty than I had herd bifore. And though it passe my wytte, and myn abylete, for to counterfeten it in veray trouthe of lykelyhede, yet somewhat as I can sympelly reporten I shall it now rehercen.

THE ANGELS SONGE WITHIN HEUEN.

AL worlhyp, Wysedom, Welthe, and Worthynesse,
Al bounte, beaute, joye, and blysfulhede,
Al honoure, vertu, and almyghtynesse,
Al grace, and thankyng unto thy godhede,
Fro whome al grace and mercy doth procede !
Ay preyed be thou, lord in Trynite,
And euer honoured be thy mageste.

That by mankynde our nombre is encrecyd
Of these that long haue ben in pylgremage ;
And now is al theyr noious labour secyd
That was bygonne theyr fyrst dayes age ;
Here is the porte of syker arryuage.
Honoured be thou, worthy lord on hye !
And welcome be ye to oure companye !

Now passyd ben youre peryllous auenture,
And al youre trauayl hath an ende y take.
Ryght welcome be ye, bleffyd creatures,
Tyme is that scrip and burdon ye forsake !

* Cf. *ante*, Lib. I. Cap. IV.

For now ye that no lenger journey make.
And after labour tyme is of quyete,
Al heuynesse and anguyshe is foryete.

For ye haue done a noble vyctory,
And al your labour nobelly dispendyd,
That fo ageyne youre treuble enemy
Yow seluen haue myghtely defendyd.
And that ye haue mysdone, it is amendyd
By sufferaunce of purgatory peyne.
Y thanked be thou, Jhesu, Souereyne !

In heuen blyffe here shal ye ben, with us,
Unto the day of fynal Jugement !
To which day ye shal abyden thus,
And preysen god with your hole entent,
Whyle that youre bodyse by assignement
Of god, is torned to corrupcion,
And fully shal haue his purgacion.

For refon wyll, and also goddes lawe,
That he, whiche hath done al his besynesse
For goddes loue youre lustes to withdrawe,
Encombrynge now with moche unthryfty nesse,
That fro that foul and woful wretchydnes
Hit purged be, and al renewed clene.
That maner wey your fleshe is that we mene.

Soo, at the last day, they shal aryse,
And come byfore the Juge souerayne
To yow conioyned in a wonder wyse
In good acord, withouten ony payne,
And in this ioye eternally remayne.
What ioye is here ye shalle affaye and see,
Honoured be thou lord in thy mageste !

CAPITULO XLII°.

How an holy sowle was brought to blyffe with moche melodye of Angels.



N this poynt I herde, in that other syde, comynge a lusty melodye of wonder
swete songe, and instrumentes sownyng. And I byhelde, and sawe where
come with grete solempnyte a pylgrym al vnlyke, more clere, and bryght

shynyng than these other were, and was brought forth with an huge multitude of angels, eueryche hauing on hand somme lusty instrument, as Harp, Organs, Sawtry, and many moo of other whiche I knewe nought, ne couthe nought then descrynen. And so was he ledde among that companye, his own Aungel hauynge hym by the honde, that songe wonder lyke to this that I shalle now rehercen.

THE ANGELS SONGE.

HONoured be thou, blysfyl lord Jhesu !
 And preyed must thou ben in euery place,
 So ful of myght, of mercy, and vertue,
 Of blyffe, of bounte, pyte, and of grace !
 Whoos honoure may no maner thyng deface.
 Who is it that withstanden may thy myght ?
 But seruen the of fors mote euery wyght.

Honoured be thou, Jhesu, heuen king !
 Thou hast bytake vnto my gouernaunce
 Suche one that hast aboue al other thyng
 Alowed the with lowely obeyfaunce,
 And loued the with sad perfeuerance,
 Thy counceyl, and thyn hye commandement
 Obseruynge, with his hertely hole entent.

He hath nought walked in the weyes large
 That to the fleische soo lusty ben, and grene,
 But he hath ben ententyf to thy charge
 Fro dedely synne to kepe hym seluen clene,
 And gone the wey of trauayle, and of cene,
 Of penaunce, and of tribulacion,
 In greuous stormes of temptacion.

So hath he hadde in erthe his purgatorye,
 Whiche that he hath susteyned wylfully.
 Wherfor, now receyue hym to thy glorye,
 And take hym vp in to thy blyffe on hye
 With the to ben in ioye eternally ;
 In what degree that to hym is condygne,
 Ryght as thy seluen lyketh to assigne.

Honoured be thou, Jhesu gracious !
 Thou man bycome thy selfe, for mannes nede,
 And man thou taughtest to be vertuous,

To seruen the by verry loue and drede,
Rewardyng them with blyse for theyr mede
That done theyre deuoyre as they may, or can,
Now thanked be thou, Jhesu, god and man !

CAPITULO XLIII^o.

Here ben rehercyd the excepcions of Mercy, and the Jugement yeuen vpon synful sowles.

SOO thenne was this Pylgryme with grete solempnyte ledde sawe I nought where. But of al this ioye this curfyd Sathanas ne sawe no thyng at al, for he was fallen grouelynge gretying and cryenge with a lothely voys, byholdyng doune in to erthe. Ful oftymes wyshed I that he neuer must arriſe, ne shewe his foule face ; but soone after this, al other wise it befelle. For Justyce, that hadde me bitake my forry fardelet, as I haue seyde, she steyh vppon the scaffold, and said in this wise : “ Cometh forth, ye creatures that hauen long abyden your Jugementes, and hereth your sentence : for many ther be of you for which Myſericord hath nought at al purchacyd, though soo that she hath here a chartre of pardonne generall graunted here of the Soueraigne lord !—in whiche Chartre is contyned an excepcion as touchyng dyuerſe poyntes which ben theſe in ſpecialle :

“ Al they, that wilfully and wyttyngly hauen contynued in synne to theyr lyues ende, pauſen withoute hertely repentaunce.

“ And al tho that hauen been obſtynate to the lawes of oure lord God, ſcornynge, blaſfemyng, and deſpyſynge tho that lowely and ſympelly obeyſaunt ben therto, and hauen nought amended theym with wylful repentaunce.

“ Alle tho that wylfully and wyttyngly breken Goddes heſtes, dyſclaundrynge tho that repentyn them therof.

“ Alle fals pilgrymes, that hauen leſte the ſharp weye of penaunce, and vertue, and hauen gone by pathes of luſtes, and of alle vnthryſty vyces, as been forſworen Wretchys Falſe Renegates, Traytours, Manſleers, Morderers, Theues, Glotons, Conſpyratoures ; and alle other that wylfully haue applyed them ſeluen to wycked ſynnes, that ſhalle nought been rehercyd. And al tho that haue ſewyd theyr owne vycyous wylle, withdrawynge theyre hertes froo the wylle of oure lord god. Also alle Heretykes, and Scyſmatikes, that preſumptuoſly peruertyn hooly Scrypture by falſ vnderſtandyng, gloſyng, cuttyng, koueryng, and cloutyng with vycyous adinuencyons the lawe of Cryſtes Goſpel. And alle tho that hauen receyued ordre, offyce, or eſtate, to mayntene Cryſtes lawes, and they wretchydly, and cowardely, withdrewen theym to wordly luſtes, nought doynge theyr deuoyre in ſhewyng and techyng the lawe of oure lord, ne in chaſtyſyng of myſdoers, but only for couetyſe of wordly goodes. And alle tho that ſuche eſtates, ordres, or offyce, yeuen or receyuen by ſymony, or ſuche vnloſful menes, and nought to the entent to proufyte of theyr offyce, but only to be magnifyed and maad ryche, and for to lede theyr lyues in luſtes and delyces. Alle thylke alſo, that vppon the tryſte of mercy haue leyn in theyr luſtes to theyr lyues ende, and hauen nought hadde veray

repentaunce of theyr fowle errour. And theſe and many other whiche that hauen theyr accuſours here redy beſydes theym, whiche ſhalle haue place and audyence to appelen them of many other poyntes in ſpecialle, whiche that ben exceptyd froo the pardon conteyned in this forſaid Chartre; for mercy hath for none ſuche purchacyd no pardon at al, the balaunce ſheweth the ſoother.” Soo thenne, by ordre they wente to the balaunce, theſe accuſours with theyr empechementes, but theyr pryſonners hadden nought for to leyen in that other parte. And though they ought hadde, it was of no weyght. Somme other alſo there were, for whoos parte was leyde the forſet with the treſoure.

And they anon were aſſigned with their fardels to gone to purgatorye ryght as I was. To alle the remenaunt after, Juſtyce ſentencyally ſeyd in this wyſe:—

“ In the name of oure ſoueraigne lorde and Juge, Jheſu cryſte, goddes ſone omnypotent, by ſentence of Mychael, the prouoſte of Paradys, and lyeutenaunt of oure blyſful lord, goo, al ye condemnyd and foriuged to brenne withynne the fyre of Helle, withouten hope or truſte euer to be reluyd!

“ And ferthermore I aſſigne yow to comen byfore the ſoueraigne Juge eſte ageyne, clothyd in youre curſyd bodyes, receywyng your ſynal Jugement, body and ſoule at ones, of endeles dampnacion. This day loke that ye kepe whanne Gabryell ſhall blowen with his dredeful trompe. Hyeth yow faſte hennes as the Prouoſt yow hoteth, and commaundeth withoute ony taryenge!”

CAPITULO XLIIII.

Here Sathanas ſeaſed his pryſonners and byaſte them ſcrippe and burdon.

HENNE lyft hym vp this curſyd Sathanas, And byganne to crye, “ Hyder, hyder, faſt cometh on with me, For alle to longe haue we taryed here abydyng this Jugement; and that me ſore annoyeth!” Thenne come there dauncyng forth a lothely compaignie with fowle defourmed vyſages, and griſely of theyr perſonnes; they flouted, and they taberd; they yellyd, and they cryed, ioyinge in theyr maner, as ſemyd, by theyr ſemblaunt; but ſoothly vnto me, and other of my compaignie, hit was the mooſt peyneful ioye, and the mooſte encomberous melodye that euer I herde byfore.

Soo come they to theyr Pylgrymes, and ſayden to theym thus: “ Caſteth awaye fro yow theſe ſcrippes, and theſe burdons, for of youre pylgrymage ye haue made an ende; youre wardeynes ben flowen theyr weyes, of them gette ye no more comfote; but we wyl done with you ryght as lyketh vs. Goo we faſt in to helle: there ſhal we fynde a warm duellynge place.

“ Now, wepeth, yellyth, cryeth, brayeth, as beſyly as ye can; there is none other bote, and lete this be youre dyte and youre ſonge:

“ ‘ Alas! the careful tyme that euer we were conceyued or in this World, y bore for to come to ſo moche ſorowe as we ben now to war. Now auayleth nought vs oure terys, ne our wepyng; for oute of this peynful meſchyef maye neuer be redempcion, ne no manere of comfote.’ ”

CAPITULO XLV°.

Here how wretchyd sowles ben defourmyd thorough dedely synne.

NOWE shalle I saye yowe, how this carful companye sodeynly was defourmed, that it was a gryfely fyghte to beholde vppon theym. Somme of them were horned, as hoolys; somme of them tothyd as boores; somme, theyr eyen femyd hangynge vppon theyr chekes; somme hadden longe hoked clawes, lyke as they had ben lyons.* * * *

And whanne I sawe this horryble fyghte, my herte tremblyd for drede, and I beganne ful pytously to beholde myn Aungel, to aske hym of this thyng. Thenne sayd he to me in this maner wyfe:—"A wondre huge grace haste thou founden in oure lorde Jhesu Cryste, whanne he delyuered the froo this vnthrifty companye, that dampned is, and soo hydously defourmed by cause of theyr synnes. These that ben horned ben prowde men, and desdeynous, that settyn att nought al other men, and holdyth al other vnwyfe, but only them seluen; and now for theyr fyers condicions of prowde auauncynge they ben caste a bak in to endeles dampnacion. These other whos eyen hangen doune vpon their chekes, that ben suche caytyfs, that by enuyous loking and beholding on other mennes prosperite, euer had theyr ioye of other mennes meschyef, and peyne of theyr welthes; wherfore theyr eyen be fallen oute of theyr hedes. What tyme that thou somtyme or this mettist with enuye, that loked asquynt, she enfourmed the plenerly of al her fowle condicion thou hast not yet foryeten. These other, that ben tothyd lyke to hydous bores, they haue be mansleers, and morderers, in wylle or in dede, wretched folke and irous, ful of venym, of rancour, and of hate, neyhe to whoos company no man maye endure by cause of their teeth, soo bytterly they byten. These that hauen theyr nayles hoked, and cotchyng, they be coueytous men, that euer ben besy by many dyuerse wyfe by falskede, sleyth, and by extorcion to gaderen to them seluen other mennes goodes; wherof enfourmed the couetyse when that thou mettist with her.*

* * * *

"Now byholde, and see with goode auyfement vpon these folkes that thus ben defourmed, and loke where thou were fayre and femely, what tyme that thou were in suche array, what tyme that thou passydest in thy pylgremage. 'What seye ye?' quod I, 'thenne I was neuer, as I trowe, of suche facyon dyffygured in this wyfe.' 'Soo foule,' quod myn Aungel, 'what is hit that thou seyft? what is hit thenne that thou beryft soo trussed in thy fardel? Caste a doune faste, for hit shal be vnbounden, and thou shalt wel wyte that I haue nought lyed of nought that I haue sayd.'" Anone he vntrussed my fardel, and soone was I taught that sooth was that he feyde.

For therynne sawe I greete hornes longe, hokyd nayles, and despytous sharpe teethe, and ynoughe of suche other fylthe, the that shame is to rehercen; with whiche harnois

* See "Booke of the Pylgremage of Man," Appendix, p. xxxv, *et seqq.*

had I ben arrayed, as these other were, I hade ben as fowle, and paraurenture fouler, than any of them alle that I had sene byfore.

"A!" quod I to myne owne dere aungel, "mercy, lete me bynde agene this vnthrifty fardel, for I haue spoken folylly, by cause that I knewe nought my self. Grete folly it is, and huge disauantage that al these pilgrims, that passen by the world in thylyk dedely lyf, ne wylle not byholde, and euery daye besene their owne self in a good myrroure, soo that he myght voyden the fowle spottys, and wonderful defourmytees whiche he shold apperceyuen in his owne persone." "Ful soth it is," quod he, "that thou hast seyde me now, and wel I am remembryd when ther come some tyme to the a marchaunt with a myrroure,* whiche, when thou haddest beholden, and sawest thyne owne fylthe, anone withouten more thou casted it ageyne in the panere." "I haue it wel in mynd," quod I, "and now hold I my self a wretche, and a caytyf, that I so soone forsoke it!" "Now here after," quod he, "forgete it nomore, but thynke how moche thou art holden to thy lord god, that of his grete grace hath thus lete bynde thy fylthe, and hyd it in thy fardel, that they maye be brente nought vpon thy persone, as these other wretches whiche thou hast sene before the, dampned in to helle."

CAPITULO XLVI°.

Here dampned fowles ben led to helle.

BUT now to my purpoos. These fowle fendes ledden these forsayd fowles with such solempnyte as they ben woned to vsen toward the fyre of helle, the sely fowles wepyng, and them seluen yellyng with a carful melodye. Grete horroure and heuynesse was it for to here. And so they departyd fro my syght. I sawe nomore of them, saue only my Sathanas was euer abydyng me, beholdyng alwey what wey that I wold take. For wel had he herd my Jugement, wherof hym ne lyked neuer a dele at al. Soo at the laste, this fardel was trussed on my necke, my scrip and my burdon was ne bytake ageyne, and thenne myn aungel sayd to me thus: "Come on," quod he, "thou must to purgatory. I haue hadde for the in to this tyme grete heuynesse, and laboure; for thou woldest not be rewlyd after me whyle thou myghtest chese. But now we myghte thou none other chese, but go there, as thou art assigned, in to the tyme of thy ful purgacion. Long tyme haue I be taryed fro the souerayne blyss by cause of thy mys-gouernaunce, for al though I haue presently before me the syght of the souerayne fader, yet is my ioye in so moche dystracted that thou art not ther. Thou sholdest be on hye in ful felycyte."

Thenne Sathanas auancyd hym self byfore, thretyng me, and seyde: "withouten me thou ne shalt passen." And so alwey he wente, kepyng and costeyng after, as he durst, for drede of myn Aungel, to whome he wold not neyghen. But with ful heuy chere I neyhed to the fyre, whiche I sawe byfore me al black, and hydous, enflammed al aboute. But alweys it semyd transparaunt that I myght see thorough, as it had ben a glas. There sawe I also many other pylgryms, that suffred greuous tormentes of this brennyng fyr,

* See "Booke of the Pylgremage of Man," Appendix, p. xxxiv.

that was wonder sharp, as femyd me; for, therein was I cast with my wretchid fardel; wherof me lyked but lytel.

O swete crift! who is it that may bethynke or feye the tormentes, and the peynes, that I there suffred and that I sawe other also suffren in that fyre? there is no tonge may tellen, ne wryter descryue, ne none ere of man suffyseth for to here, ne herte to conceyue, ne vtterly to byleue it may no creature, but yf he had assayed as I and other dyde. In euery parte, and in euery side, the fire was hote brennyng within, and withoute, ne ther is no mortal creature that wolde suppose, or trowen, that any fyre myght be half so hote. For sykerly, al this erdely fyre is but thyng depeyntyd in regard of that other, and that shal he conceyuen that hath bothe assayed. In this fyre I was abydyng ful longe, as me thoughte, about for to brenne this vnthriftly fardel, wherwith I myself also brente continually. Hit femyd me sothely, that I was in that payne passyng a thousand yere. And ouer al my grete and greuouse peyns it dyspleyd me most in parte, the presence of this Sathanas, that alweye continually shewid me so vnthriftly semblaunt, that dyd me a grete discomfort, for fayne he wold haue neyed me yf he myght; yet it nedith noo thyng: for I felte ynowe of that that I suffred vpon myn owne persone, al withoute hym. And sothely to me ne myght he not neyhen, ne done none disese as to my owne propre persone, myn Angel alweye soo besily defended me fro his malice, and often tyme comfortid me, abiding euer before me, ful neye to my persone. And elles shold I nought as me semed neuer haue endured the tenthe parte of the payne. And oftyme thus said he to me: "loo! now myght thou by this wel vnderstande, and see, how moche hit harmeth and annoyeth a pylgrym, for to leue the ryzt wey, and the trew path, that oure lord god hath shewed to pylgrymes, bothe in the olde lawe, and also newe late establyshed: in the newe, so that for as moche as thou hast erryd, and myf-went, now arte thou thus in peynes that greuen the I wote wel, wonderly fore: and soo thou hast ful ryghtwisly deserued. And noo doute had not the hye mercy of oure lord god sparid the, and forborne, thou haddest yet deseruid moche more.

"Wherefore, ne be thou nought dismayed; for when thou art full purged of thy fylthe, and dyscharged of thy fardel, soo that hit be wasted vtterly, and euery dele forbrent, thenne shalt thou be fynally deliuered oute of these peynes, after thy desire. For, wyte it wel, ful heuy is to me so long iourneyng out of my ioyeful felausshyp, and wonder fayne wold I be fro hennes. But soothly, sith I haue thus fer brought the on thy wey, I wyl not departe fro the tyl that thy self be purged, and thou go euen streyght with me in to the hye blyffe: for I abyde nought elles but only thy persone."*

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CAPITULO LI.

Why the fend trauayleth for to destroyen sowles.



HENNE sayd I to myn Angel: "I am," quod I, "hugely abafshed of this cruel Sathanas, that so fowle grenneth vpon me, as it were thretyng me with more greuouse peynes, ne it suffyseth nought to his malyce the peynes that we

* The four following Chapters contain diffuse descriptions of Purgatory.

suffre. I wonder moche, and wold fayne wyte, yf he ought wynneth ther by, or may winne hereafter; and also I wold wyte yf he may thus endure within the fyre withoute hete or brennyng, as yow self dothe." "Soothly," quod he, "al the cure and besynesse that these Sathan doth for to greue pylgrymes is only of enuy; for he is wonder sorowful that the place fro whiche he was cast out, is granted them. Therefore alweye he occupyeth his malyce to ben auengid, yf he myghte, ne neuer hath be ynough, ne neuer shalle, of siche malyicious and cursyd occupacyon.

"For, vppon tho that ben dampned he besyeth hym contynuelly to tormente and dysese them. And no doute he wynneth nought thereon, ne kepeth none other yefte, ne wynnynge, but that the wretchyd sowles be greuously peyned. And wyteth wel, when he seeth ony pylgrym escapen, that he may nought tormenten hym, ne dysesen, he hath an huge sorowe. And trowe thou nought that he is withoute torment and peyne: for alwey withouten cessyng he is in the hote fire, contynuelly brennyng; ther is no parte of hym that nys with the fyre peyned, and tormented. The cause loo! is this: he is entatched with synne irremyslyble, ne he may haue no redempcion, for as moche as he synned withouten suggestion of ony entycement of withoute, ageynst hym that was his foueraigne, almyghty lord of heuen. And by cause of his symplenes of nature he myght not be chaunged fro that fowle affection of pryde, and enuye. And duryng that fowle affection he myght not, ne neuer maye, ne shal here after to grace be reformed. But, for cause that man is of double nature, both he hath occasion of synne by his flesshely kynde, and also chaungeablyte of wylle, and of affection fro euyl to good, and fro good to euyl. And loke! what is his affection at the departyng of these two natures, the ghooft that is symple, ne may neuer forleten it. So, haddeft thou departed fro thy body with affection of ony maner of synne, withouten repentaunce, and forthynkyng of thy rather forfet, no doute hit had ben impossible that euer thou sholdest haue be saued, but sholdest eternally haue ben felawe with the fende of helle. But, for as moche as the synne that thou hast done was by fals entycyng of the cursyd fende, by drawyng and inclynacion of the freel fleshe, and not by very malyce engyned of withynne;—therefore, whan the wyll chaungeth, the swete lord receyueth the to his grace. For why? he that is by another deceyued, by another he may be reformed; but he that wyllfully deceyued hym self, who may hym releue of myschyf?"

CAPITULO LII^o.

The Sowle axeth why sowles ben dampned eternally, and the Angel answerith.

AND why," quod I, "ben they dampned to eternall peyne that were so deceyued by the deuyl and by their owne flesshely febylyte? And why may they not be reluyd by other, which that by other were falsely begyled?" "For cause," quod he, "that they haue done wors, and in maner more ben to blame than the fend hym self. For why? Also sone as Sathan had synned he was confermyd in malyce by symplenes of his nature, ne he myght not be reformyd by cause of his vnchangeablyte. But these that ben dampned, no doute they hadden lyberte of choys

and resonable space for to amende them. And yf the fende haue mysconceyfed them, they hadden also counceyll in that other side, which that descouered to them the venym and the malyce that was hyd in his fals suggestion. And skylful menes they hadde also, how they shold auoyden it, and plenly was it shewed them the meschyef, and the foly, with his counceyll; and in that other fyde, the medeful reward, and excellent ioye, that was ordeyned for them that myztely withstandeth his suggestion. Some of them haue redde, and herd in scriptures, approued examples of many good pylgrymes, how they haue gone and wel acheued theyr iourney; but al this haue they set at nought, and better loued theyr enemy, that drewe them to myschyef, than theyr frendes, whiche that enforced to saue them ther fro. And soo they dyden euen contrary to that they hadde lerned. And notwithstandinge al that mysfouernaunce, when grace was profered them, and mercy of al that was mysdone, yf that they wold torne theyr fowle affection, they refused it, and wold nought therof. Wherefore I sey, and wel maye, that a creature that hath hadde good counceyll and vtterly refuseth it, is moche more to blame than he whiche neuer had counceyl, ne grace profered hym, after hys mysdede. Sythen thenne that these dampned soules haue ben euer adherent to the fendes counceyl, obstynat to grace, and rebelle to al good enformacion, with a peruerterd wil, and malicious herte, good skyle it is, that they with hym be peyned, and tormented endeles perdurable."

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CAPITULO LVIIº.

Here the fowle nyched to his dede body.



F such maner thynges I sawe many mo than I haue tyme to telle in al a moneth space, though I nought elles dyd. And thus myn Angel ledde me al aboute, and shewed me, as I haue sayd, many wonder thynges, whiche I wold for no mannes word neuer haue beleuyd, lyuyng here in this mortal erthe, but yf I hadde sene hit and proued hit by myn experyence * * As me thought myn Aungel ledde me forthe, as though I shold entre in to the erthe, where I felte anone a wonder greuous stynke. And soo I stent a whyle for to byhold, and see what maner thyng hit was, that hadde suche a wykked fauour. Thenne sawe I lyggyng in a pleyne many dede bodyes, among the whiche I apperceyued myn owne bones, whiche I knewe ful wel. And of that fame it was that I felt such a fowle sente. But notwithstandinge al this fowle fauour, I myght not ben in pees tyl I had with that body a speche, by cause of old falau-shyp. "Art thou there," quod I, "thou wretched body, soo horryble, and so fowle, stynkyng wormes mete, and noryfshyng of corrupcion? where is now thy pryde, and thy fyers herte? in what lewed pleye were thou, and how hast thou lost al thy queyntys? Sothly, as me semeth, I sawe neuer a fowler defourmed figure. And certes, wel is worthy! for I myght neuer haue ben fully venged vpon the; for while that thou and I were coupled to geders, thou madest me to lede a ful vnthryfty lyf, and madest me to lese many a dayes labour in foleyeng, and in tyme waftyng by crooked weyes; for thou

foughtest alwey thyne owne ese, and thyne owne plesaunce, and madest me languyshe with thy mysfouernaunce, alwey contraryeng to that that shold haue ben to myn auauntage; wher by I was brought in ful grete dysese and heuynnes, and hast made me ynowe to doo for many a day hereafter. But, yf the mercy of god abredg in distresse, but nought for thy, bleffid be his grace that hath me putte me in sykernes, oute of the perylle that thou haddest me brought ynne. And had nought ben that grace, I had be lost and dampned by thy purueaunce."

CAPITULO LVIII^o.*The body speketh to the sowle.*

HENNE lyft he vp a lytel his foule lothely vyfage, and beganne to opene his horryble mouthe, seyng in this wyse: "What seist thou?" quod he, "Euel comen be thou! that now begynnest thus to despyfen me, that owest for to comforten me as moche as were in the. Ne thynekst thou nought that thou somtyme were mayster, and governour of my fleshe, and that thou shalt in that same fleshe come to jugement, at the general resurrexion of me, and of al other dede. Hast thou not vnderstanden here bifore the wordes of Ezechyel, that somtyme was here in the same feld, and in this same place, seyng in this wyse, 'the drye bones here ye the word of god,' att whiche voys euery bone went to other, ioynyng them self in theyr propre places, and sewyngly the spyrites repayred to the bones, soo that they stoden vp, as men, in the same perfonen, ryght as they were byfore, withouten any spot or vylonye? Wherfor, thou owest nought so fowle to despyse me, ne soo rudely for to blame me; for, sothly, this syght that Ezechyel sawe in spyryte, it shal be fulfylled at the day of Jugement, veryly and bodely, withouten any doute. Therfor sholdest thou not soo shortly sette me at nought, for cause that I am now thus fowle deformed, and thus greuoufly tormentid amonges wormes and al fowle corrupcion. For thou hast better ryght to blame thy self, than to pleyne on me; for of al my fowle horribilite thy self art the cause. What reson hath the fyre to pleyne vpon the wode, whiche when hit hath caught, hit brenneth in to ashes? why shold these ashes be blamed, or rebuked for theyr vnthryfynesse?" "Noo cause," quod I, "of skyle hath no wyght for to blame the ashes; but bytwene the and me this maner of lykenes is not comparable." "Sothly," quod this body, "this lykenes is accordaunt. Vnderstandist thou not that when I was departid fro my moder wombe with me thou were? And after that tyme alweyes occupiedst me til I was thus vtterly wasted, and when thou fondest in me nomore for to wafte, thou forsoke me, and lefdest me lyke vnto ashes? And I suppose wel that yf thou haddest leste me sodenly in my helthe, or els that thou haddest by vyolence be cast oute fro me, thenne woldest thou nought haue despyfed me as ashes, but paraenture called me black forbrent coles."

Ezekiel xxxvii.
1—14.

CAPITULO LIX°.

The sowle to the dede body.

PUTTE caas," quod I, "that al this were sothe: yet must I nedes blamen the, and forowen and compleynen that euer I come in thy companye; for I was in my nature as clere as is the pure element of fyre, withouten any corrupcion. And ryght as the fyre taketh smoke, and derkenesse of the mater to whiche he is conioyned, ryght soo toke I of the, what tyme that I approchid the, and medled with thy company, suche fowle derkenes and smoke whiche thou castest oute fro the, by thy foule, vnclene, and stynkyng vapours."

CAPITULO LX°.

The body to the sowle.

BUL wel," quod the body, "may I answere to this, thou were in me actyf as fire is in the wood, and I in to the passyf as woode is in the fyre. I ne myght not hyde myn humours in soo pryue place that thou ne soughtest them oute, and drofe them oute fro me, whether I wold or no, soo that I ne left nought myn humours by myn owne assent, but only compellyd for to suffre the to doo what the lyst, by as moche as thyne was the action, and I nought but aby l for to suffre, whether I wold, or no. Wherefore, yef hit so is that in the is ony fylthe, or vnclennes, infectid by my vapours, as thou berest on hond, soothe it is, syth that thyne is the action in me, as in the mater that hast thou procured thy self, and on thy self is only the defaute, I was bytaken the that thou sholdest me gouerne, and teche in the best wyse. My maister were thou ordeyned; and yf I haue disobeyed the, I trowe thou puttest on me but litel disciptyne wherby that I myght haue ben holden vnder subiection. What that I desired thou grauntedest me, and so moche thou entendest to my plesauce, that I was encombred ful oftyme of our bothe ryote. So haste thou, that sholdest haue ben souerayne, made me thy mayster, that sholde haue ben subget. Al that I haue desyred was but only of naturell inclinacion to the countre whiche I come of, that was this wretchid erthe. Wherefore in erthe I lye rotid, hauyng here my veray purgatory, but thou that art of that souerayne countre, and the noble werke of the hye Trynyte, thou sholdest haue drawe me to the with thy good gouernaunce after goddes lawe, to the countre which that thou come fro. Therefore was I betaken to be vnder thy reule, and thy gouernment. But, sothely, al otherwyse hast thou done, nought consentyng to myn vnrewly lustes, but moreouer ful oftymes thou hast excyted me to synne, and moche vnthryftynes, techyng me for to caste sleightes and cauteles, whiche that ne come me neuer of nature, ne but only by thy techyng I had neuer knowen them. And for to speke more proprely of my defautes, thy seluen arte to blame as cause of euery dele; for withoute the myzt I not parforme no maner of desire, neither good, ne euyl. And ther that thou hast me cleped fowle, and stynkyng, yf thou reward to Refon, and wel auyse

thy self, of the come all my stynke; for wele thou woſt, that of wexe, ne of matche that is cloſe withynne, al be it hемpe, or cotton, ther cometh neuer stynke, but yf that it be fyrſt enflammed with fyre, yf that this fyre be quenched, thenne cometh of this mater fowle ſmoke, and stynke. I aſke the, thenne, that haſt lerned of Ariſtotiles the cauſes of corrupcion, wherof cometh this wycked fauour, and ſmoke of the torteys when the fyre is oute? Whether is it of the matche, or only of the wex? ſith it ſo is that neyther stynketh of theyr propre nature."

CAPITULO LXI°.

The ſowle to the body.

SOTHELY," quod I, "as I vnderſtande, that fowle vnholſome fauour cometh of the corrupcion whiche the fire hath cauſed in the torche, what tyme that the fire is withdrawn hym by vyolence, or elles in maner of compleynt he caſteth oute ſoule vapours and ſmoke whiche ben, as it were, terys of wepyng, by cauſe of the harme that the fire hath done theryn in waſtyng of his ſubſtaunce. And, as me ſemyth, the more noble that the mater is, the fowler is the fauour when it is thus corrupt, as it is preued clerely by wax, that ſmelleth wors after it is quenched, than doth ony talowe."

CAPITULO LXII°.

The body to the ſowle.

THIS anſwere," quod the body, "ſuffiſeth to myn entente; for that thyng only that is corrupt, stynketh, and is of euil fauour; ſoo that bothe the waxe, and the matche, haue toke corrupcion only of that fyre that both alterate the mater, and appeyred hit, ſpecially at the forletyng of that ſame mater. For why? thou haſt no cauſe to repreue me by cauſe that I stynke; for in me haſt thou ben as fyre in the wax, and me thou haſt corruptyd and cauſed that I stynke; in as moche as thou haſt thus forleten me, thou oweſt of right more to be blamed than I. And more cauſe haue I to compleyne on the, than thou haſt on me. And ſemyth wel by the fowle fauour that thou ſelyſt, whiche aſcendith fro me, to the compleynnyng of the corrupcion whiche that thou thy ſelf haſt cauſed in me. The stynke that thou ſelyſt in me is nought elles but thyne owne ſynne. And I ſeye the ferthermore, that there ben many one lyeng on this place al hote, withouten any corrupcion in theyr ſepulture, wherof the cauſe is nought elles but that they were wel taught, and diſciplined, and kepte oute of ſynne, and gouerned in a ful gracious ſcole, vnder a full good and gracious mayſter, that had them vnder gouernaunce. And yf thou haddeſt alſo holden me ſhort, I had nought now ſo fowle be corrupt; for only by thy ſynnes it is that I am ſo lothely, and of ſo fowle fauour."

CAPITULO LXIII°.

The fowle to the body.

HENNE said I thus, "Who that is put in a narowe sack, bounden fast without, he hath not the maystry, ne the gouernaunce of the sack, but the sack hath the maystry of hym whom that he holdeth so enclosid. Now this knowest thou wel, that holdest me enclofed within the, and keptest me ful derworthly, that I went nought fro the, ne that I myght not doo myn own plesaunce; so that by the is it that I haue be let fro gracious gouernaunce, and thou art cause of my forfet and of al my foly."

CAPITULO LXIII°.

The body to the fowle.

NOW quod that other, "now arguest thou folyly; for thy reson is more to my purpos than it is to thyne. For he that is closid in a sack hath more myght and power than hath the dede sack, that kepeth hym enclosid, namely, sith that the sack is of grete largesse, soo that his wyttes mowe vsen theyr jugementes withouten any lettyng. Sothly the sack it self may nought meue to, ne fro, but yf he that is sacked, meue hit of his owne myght. I haue ben nought els but, as it were, thy sack, whome thou hast caryed whyder that the lyst. Thou haddest within me large space ynowe, and al thy myght myghtest thou vse atte thyne owne plesance, soo that thou ne woldest nought departe, ne suffren thy sack for to be vnbounden, ne disclosid by thy wyll."

CAPITULO LXV°.

The Angel endeth this parlement.

MYN Aungel thenne auanced hym before me, and said, "what, hast thou," quod he, "founden cause of Ryotyng? Hit is ful hye tyme that the discencion of you bothe stynte, and take an ende; for it is nought to youre hele auaylynge, bitwene tho suche maner of stryf and wordes shold be meuyed, whiche that ben perpetuelly dampned in to the payne of helle; but ye that ben predestynate to saluacion, and shal hereafter be reioyned as frendes, ye oweth nought for to stryue, but ye sholde ben of acord; and soo wyll I that ye be, and that ye soo departen."

Thenne my fowle body bigan to hold hym still, and spak no word. And I also held my pees, and wold no more seye, saue only that I bad hym adyeu; "And god graunte," quod I, "that I maye be with the hereafter in the fouerayne ioye!"

HERE ENDETH THE SECOND BOOK OF THE PYLGREIMAGE OF THE SOWLE.



Liber Quartus.

The Third Book gives long descriptions of the pains suffered in hell, and the Fourth Book begins with a very fanciful description called "the greene tree and the drye," containing a comparison between the fall of Adam and the Redemption of Christ.

Then follows an account "of two wonderful ymages one armed and the other naked whiche the fowle sawe."

CAPITULO XXIX°.



ANY suche thynges tolde me this wyse lady whiche I haue now to rehercen. Soo thenne wente we forthe, myn Aungel and I, and at the last I saw before me a wonder machynament, and meruaylous! Two ymages huge, of disparayl fourme, were set in hyhe place, that one ymage was lyke to a lusty knyght syttyng vpon horsback, shewyng first by manere of his contenance, and femyd al redy for to wage bataylle.

That other ymage was wonderfull, as I shal shewe hereafter. And nought ne wyf I what hit wold mene; but as I asked of myn Aungel. Neuertheles, I me remembred of the statua which Nabugodonosor somtyme sawe in his seueenyng. And soo was this resembled therto by text of the Scripture.

This ymage was huge of quantite, and gryfly to behold; and had the hede of fyn gold, the armes and the breste of clene pured syluer, the thyres of bras, the legges al of yren and of erthe. Thenne ganne I to behold toward myn Aungel, in purpoos to asken hym what this sygnyfyed. "Full well," quod he, "haft thou long tyme passid seen them, and redde in the book of Danyel, how that Nabugodonosor somtyme laye thynkyng in his bedde, how that his Royamme and his peple myght be gouerned, treted, and demened, soo that it myght be to his own hertes reste, and worshyp to withouten. Soo was hit shewed hym in his slepe, of the lordes grace, by Interpretacion of the prophete Danyel, to knowe how that it stood for the tyme present, and hit shold standen after his dayes; how that his Reame shold be wasted, and destroyed, what ende it shold take, and in to whoos handes it shold bycome. The facione, and the fourme of this forsaide ymage haft thou sene thy self, in this present statua, and by the delaracion of the hooly prophete. Or this ymage signyfyed the same kyng Nabugodonosor, whiche hadde an

heede of gold, to that ende that alle kynges, and emperours, and al that hauen estate of gouernaunce therof, sholden taken theyr ensamples to vsen good gouernment. Take good heede now, what I shalle seye to the, as I haue lerned and herd seyen byfore, this word statua, whiche that we transumen in to Englyshe, that is to mene an Image, hit cometh of this latyn word 'statuo:' that is as moch to seyn, as for to ordeyne, setten, or stablyshe a thyng to be nought remeuyd oute of his place, but for to standen stedfastly, alwey permanable. And therof ordynaunces of pryuate lawes in Reames and in comynaltees ben cleped 'statutes,' for they sholde be stablyly kepte, and obserued, euer withouten chaungyng.

"Hit was somtyme ordeyned, and establyshed to that ende that a kyng shold ben in remembraunce to alle tho that were his lyeges, that ther shold be made an Image also nyhe refemblynge to the kyng of the Countre, as ony crafty man couthe cast, or counterfeten; that, for as moche as the kyng myght nought in alle places be present, ne his persone myght come to the syght of comyn peple, they shold bihold that Image: by whiche syght they sholden be adred for to disobeyen, or rebellen ageynst the lawes. And this ymage shold representen the kynges estate to euery man's herte, as though he said to them in this maner wyse:—'Suche is your kyng, this is his land: beware! for he wylle be wroken of his enemyes, and tho that disobeyen hym.' And trewely, ful sothe it is, that the moste parte of kynges, and gouernours, that haue ben in oure dayes, ben lyke to the dede ymages, as to ony comforte or help of the peple, and trewe mayntenance of the iust lawes. They faren right as done weryels of ymages made of clothe, stopped with strawe, that holdith in his hand a bowe, bent to fere away the fowles oute of the corne; but, soothly, they sheten neuer shotte, ne they done none execucion vpon extorcioners, ne tyrauntes, that falsely oppresyn his peple, ne nought els he rewardeth, but only that his persone be mayntened myghtely in honour, and worthyp.

"And who that ought seith, or doth that therto repugneth, he nys but dethe's mete. But the wyse kyng Salamon, in his book Ecclesiasticus, writeth and faith ryght thus: the gouernaunce of the wyse man is euer ferme, and stable; suche as is the Juge, such ben his Jugementes; suche as is the kyng, eyther lord of the cyte, suche is the peple. An vnwyse kyng or gouernour, lesith his people; but by the wytte of a suffysaunt souerayne, the peple is saued, and defended. Wherefore, I seye, the werkes of a gouernour ben properly his 'statua,' or his ymage fourmed and depeynted to his lykenesse, by maner of his gouernaunce, whiche must nedes be open to al his peple, be it one, or other; ne he ne shalle nought ben of power be he neuer so myghty for to werne the peple jugen his ymage pryuely, amonges them, and for to descryuen to the vttermost, be it good, or badde. Of this statua, or ymage it is, that men of hye power ben cleped 'men of estate,' for they standen alwey open to the people by maner of theyr gouernaunce, that they vsen better or werse. And euery persone of estate shold ryght-wysly bere that name of estate, by stablesnes of his gouernaunce. And yf he be nought stable, but varyaunt, and flytting fro veray stedfastnes, thenne bereth he the name of estate after 'statua'—that is an ydole, or an ymage, that nothyng auaieth. Of suche a persone or gouernour speketh the prophete Ysaie in repreuyng his vnthrifynesse, and

Eccus. x. 1—3

seyth ‘O pastor et ydolum domus Israel;’ ‘O thou wretchyd herd and fals feder of the hows Israel, that arte clothed with gold, and sette in huge arraye; alle folke the alouteth, and obeyeth, and thou arte veyne, and voyde of al maner of vertue, ryght as an Image that nought hath of manlyhede, but only of lykenesse, by maner of shap withouten.’

“Wherefore, fuche perfonen of estate shold bere theyr name of stabylneffe, and al that they sayde or dyde shold be of fuche delyberacion, that it myght be taken for autoryte of lawe, right as a statute, ordeyned and sette to rewle the people. And, yf so be that a kynges wordes and werkes, be of fuche sadnes, and lawes keped stably withoute ony cauyllacions, or fals fauoure of perfonen, or Couetyse of propre lucre,—thenne is thilk estate trewely deryued of this latyn word ‘sto,’ that is to seyne, ‘stand,’ and stably abide euer in one, by veray constauce of his free courage; and thenne is this statua able to be honoured, and dred of the peple. In this maner of stabilite stood neuer Nabugodonosor, ne neuer had his ymage fuche honour, ne worship, but yf it were of Japers and flaterers. But, shortly for to speke, by the stablenes of the statutes of a kyng, or prynce, wel kepte, and mayntened to gouernaunce of the peple, the gouernour is knowen, and in contynuel remembraunce many dayes after, and leueth, as it were, behynd hym a statua, or an ymage his allowable and sadde condicions. Wherefore, euery kyng and gouernoure, hath grete mater and cause that their statua be soo well portreyed, by their good maners and sadnes of gouernaunce, that it may be loued, and honoured of the peple; for no doute he standeth in soo open place, that euery man full ofte casteth to hym his eye, beholdyng thervpon, preifinge it, or blamyng in his herte, after that hym semeth he duely hath deferued.

“The Emperour Constantyn somtyme said in this wise, as touchyng this mater: ‘In the more heyhe place of estate that we ben set amonges other men, the more clerely be we sene, and apperceiued of euery mans eye; wherefore all thyng that we seyen, or done, shold ben att al tymes good, and commendable, that noo reproof were founden therin.’ This Constantyn by this maner of seyeng, sith he had soo hye estate as Emperour, and cheef of the world, in temporel gouernaunce, he wold establishe soo hym seluen and his lawes, that no man fynde in hym noo manere of defaute; but that euery wight preifed and bleffid, both hym, and his lawes.

“For why? euery good kyng is preifed by the exampler, figure, or statua of his good condicion, and knowen therby, ryght as a man is knowen by his visage. And therfor, this haue I said, and yet seye: that a kyng, or prynce, that hath a Reaume to rewle, and to gouerne, he may no better shewe hym self to his peple, ne putt him self in knowledge, than by his good and vertuous gouernement, by the whiche he shall be honoured, and worshiped, either els by his euyll gouernement, be blamed, and dispreifed. If he be a Tyraunt he shalle ben hated, and despised; if he be lacheffe of his lawes, men will scorne hym, as a dede ymage, that of nought ne feruyth.”*

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* The next eight chapters contain “a descripcion of this ymage in speciall,” given by the “Aungel.”

CAPITULO XXXVIII°.

Here he telleth of the Chaumpyon of liberalyte.

Of the knight," quod I, "that stondeth besydes this ymage yet haue ye seid me no thyng at al." "Ful sooth it is;" quod myn Aungel, "but ful soone I shalle seye the somwhat therof. There was somtyme a noble kyng that hyght Poeticus, of grete power, and wonder grete renoune. To this kyng by cause of his worthyp and also for his worthynesse, knowen into full ferre countrees, ther come knyghtes and soudyours of many dyuerse costes, for to see, worship, and also for to done hym seruyse, in what that hym nedid; supposyng therby for to geten honoure and fame, where that they shold come after. For why? soo grete and worthy name had this kyng neuer none had gretter sith the world bigan, soo that his loos and his fame spred euerywhere in to ferre cowntre, by long tyme withouten admenusyng, or lesyng ought of his renoune. Soo, after a grete whyle, there come to his Courte a knyght of a straunge cowntre, for to seken worship, for as moche as he had herd speke of the worthynes of this noble kyng. And as it happed, the tyme of his comyng there was no meyne walkyng ne steryng in the Court, ne no wyght founde whome to speken to, in spedyinge of his purpoos. Soo walked he forth tylle he come to the entre of a lytel gardeyn, where he sawe syttyng vnder an ympe in an herber, a wonder fayre damoyfel, of passyng beaute, that ful bitterly wept, grete doel and pyte was hit to byholde. He salewed hyr goodly, and she welcomed hym ful connyngly, as she wel couthe. The knyght thenne asked of hyr, why she wepte so? But she wold nought tellen hym, but said it was for a thyng she sought hym for to know; so left this knyght to aske ony more of that mater, but he enquiryed of hyr, where the kyng was. But thenne began she to wepe wel faster than byfore. 'Now worthy knyght,' quod she, 'I preye yow of youre gentilnes, and for the loue of god, yf ye lyst for to see hym abyde for to morowen, and thenne cometh, and ye shalle me fynden in this same place; and I ensure you feythfully, I shalle bryng yow to a place where ye shalle sene hym all youre hertes fylle.' Then sayd this knyght, 'I wylle, with ryght gode herte, doo by youre councelle. But, paraenture, whan I am retorned I fynde yow nought here, ne knowe nought youre name, thenne sholde I hold my seluen as deceyued, and fayle of my purpoos.' 'I am,' quod she, 'by my ryght name clepid "Lyberalyte," and here shalle ye fynde me to morne at this tyme. Asketh of me now no moo demaundes, I praye you. I am soo full of forow, and of heuynes, that I haue no herte to speke to yow, ne to doo yow fuche chere as to youre estate bylongeth.' The knyght soo departid, and vpon the morowe he come thyder ageyne, right as he was assigned, this damoyfel was redy, and honestly receyued hym, and took hym by the hande, and soo ledde hym forthe in to the paleys, where the kyng was that tyme with full lytell meyny of noblesse, or of worthy perones; but he found in his prefence an old vnseemly one. I ne can nought calle hyr lady, ne wyl nought dishonoure the honeste of wymmen with so fowle a name as she femyd worthy. She was ryght fowle, disfigured with a lothely mouthe, whiche that sat

al a wry in ful dishonest wife. This fame of whome I speke, pletid and held parlement ful vnwomanly bifore the kynges prefence, and bare hyr feluen boldely, right as she were maystresse, and hadde alle the gouernement of the kyng, and his houshold. What tyme that this worthy knyght sawe this maner of doying, he helde hym self abasshed, and dismayed, and anone retourned hym withouten any speche, seyeng to this damoyfell, whiche had brought hym there: 'What is this,' quod he, 'that I am comen to feken oute of so ferre countre? Sothly, I am deceyued, and that wonder foule, of this kyng that I haue now sene; for I haue herd all otherwyse speken of his persone, than I see at this tyme present, with myn eye. But seye me,' quod he, 'gentil damoisell, what meneth al this? and what is this old one, that soo befily pletith in the kynges prefence?' 'O!' quod this damoiselle, 'my dere, gentil knyght, for these fame it is that I am thus in anguyfhe, and dysese; for I was woned to be loued of the kyng more than any other, and euer in his companye. And that tyme was he lyke to a lord, and euery man hym loued, and recommendid; thenne he hadde pryce, and renome, wel more than euer hadde Salamon. But now, alas! with sorowfull herte, that I shall ought seye, other than worshyp by hym that I haue founden soo noble a lord! For now hath he had newe counceylle, of folke newe comen, whiche haue brought hym fro bynethen the erthe this old one, that ye seeth, and dryuen me oute of his prefence.'

"And soothe it is, he is ful wery of hyr, sauynge that he dare not offende these counceylours, they ben so wonder wyse, and ben as ful of eyen as euer was Argus, that had a thousand eyen; the beestes that seynt Johan sawe, that were so full of eyen byfore and behynd sawe not half so clerely. Wherefore hath he graunted, and establyshed, that alle thyng ordeyned and deuysed by theyr counceylle, shall be holde, and kepte of alle men, be they more, or lesse. And sothely, the kyng ne thynketh none other, as I suppose, but that all theyr ordynaunce is to his hye honoure, and worship. And yf he wyft the contrary, withouten doubte he wold not long suffre them; he wold rather dye; for wyte it wel, syre knyght, theyr ordynaunces whiche they maken, is to grete greuance, and oppresynge of the poure peple. Ful soothe it is that Pharao put the children of Israel in to grete seruage, and in to grete afflictions. But no wonder was it, for they were straunge foreyners, nought of his propre peple. Wherefore, though that he put them in trauaile, and distresse, it was not moche merueyle, ne soo moch mystoke hym not, as yf he hadde thus oppresyd his owne kyndely peple of his owne countre. But here is it otherwise. For nought only straungeours, but also the kyndely borne men of this fame land, ben troubled, and dysefed, by counceylle of these fals deceyuours. Soo they leden the kyng at theyr owne lust, ryght as tutours and curatours, for to ordeyne and gouerne hym, ryght as he were to yonge within age, and couthe nought gouerne hym feluen.' 'But wote ye euer,' quod the knyght, 'yf the kyng take any grete auantage by these folkes gouernaunce?' 'Soothly,' quod this damoisel, 'neuer a dele at al; but it torneth euen contrary. But they hauen the auantage, and he moche harme. Hit is wel seene in theyr howfes; for they hauen gold ynowe to bye, and purchase grete londes and rentes. They haue plente of Jeweles, and of siluer vessel; but the kyng hath nought wherof to paye for his mete, but of white stikkes that no thyng auailen; wherof

hit is grete pite for to knowe and here. Thus is the kynge of his people waryed, and curfid, soo that meschyef and myfauenture mote nedes falle at the laste; bothe he and his Court torne to nought, and vterly be destroyed. For soothely, alle his trewe seruantes ben departid fro hym, for drede of the old deuel, that hath hym vnder hande. But whyle that he was woned to haue me in his company, and we lyued to geders in ioye, and gladnesse of herte, thenne was the kynge moche preysed, and worfhypped in alle the world aboute. Wherefore, sithe I see this fowle, monstuous old one, brought in to his companye, for to fordene his noble Renome, and I am cast oute fro hym, to his grete dishonoure—no wonder though I dye for sorowe. And yet weyle I more the lesyng of the kynges worship, than of myn own dysese; for he had more worfhypp by me, than euer I had by hym, or may haue hereafter.

“Thenne said the knyght: ‘Now gentil damoyfel, cesse of thy wepyng; for wel I see that thou art to the kyng stedfast, and trewe, and louest hym hertely. But seye me, what wolt thou yeue me, yf I make thy pees, so that the kynge put away that foule, mysfarynge old one, and take the to his companye ageyne?’ ‘Certes,’ quod she, ‘ther shalle neuer be that day that ye shalle fayle of my loue. And yf I may els doo that may be to youre worship, and myn, I shalle hit done ful gladly, with all my dylygence.’ ‘Now, by seynt george,’ quod this knyght, ‘I shal speke to the kyng; I wol no longer tarye.’ ‘Syre kyng,’ quod he, ‘god yeue yow moche worfhypp! With hugefull peyne, and laboure, I am comen fro ful ferre countre, for to visite, and see youre Ryal estate, and for to honouren yow, after my symple power—for as moche as I haue herd speke of youre full excellent, and noble persone; of whiche the renome is spred in all the world about. Soo haue I, syth come in to youre land, founden the sooth, that ye ben full worshipfully gouerned with Justice in youre jugementes, and in your assyses al your offycers in the countre, done wel theyr deuoyre, that moche plesith my herte. Wherefore ye ben moche to preyse, and commende. But of another thyng haue I herd speke of sythe I come to countre, by which youre loos and worship moche empeyreth. I haue founden a damoifell fayre, and gracious, ne were nought here importable sorowes, that she maketh hyr teres, and hyr pytous wepynge, whiche ye were woned to cherishen, and to loue, right as youre owne peramoure. And standyng soo that she hath nought mystaken hyr, ne no thyng mysdone, but moche honour and worship haue ye had by hir, ye haue cast hyr oute, for an vnthrifty, and vnsemely tyraunt, whiche ye haue take in hyr stede; for whiche thyng al folke prayseth yow the lesse, and lesse wylle hereafter, whyle that she is with yow in companye. Wherefore, by my counceylle, casteth hyr fro yow, and take to yow that other, as it better bysemeth youre honourable persone, and also your worfhyppfull and Royall estate.’ ‘Fayr syre,’ quod the kynge, ‘ye speketh of a thyng wherof ye knoweth lytell. The Damoyfel, that ye speketh of, haue I not put away, ne taken this other: but my counceylle hath done hit, for my greete profite, and worfhypp. I must nedes trowe my counceylle, and be gouerned after them, as euery kynge mote, yf he wylle sauen his honoure; soo that I nyl not cast away this olde, ne receyue the yong, but yf I doo it by the counceylle of them that brought me to that gouernaunce. But therto suppose I nought that they wylle

contenten.' 'And how wylle ye,' quod this knyght, 'suffren them thus bytrayen yow, withdrawynge youre worshyppe, and your fame, by suche maner of gouernaunce?' 'I wote nought,' quod the kynge, 'but I byleue fully they done hit for my worshyp, and my profyte.' 'Soothly,' quod this knyght, 'and I shalle anone, right bifore yow, prouen the contrary, and shewen yow openly, that tho whiche yaue yow this counceyll, haue done aweye the worship of youre name; and falsely is it done, and traitourly, of whoso euer it be. And of trefon I appele them here in presence of you, and of alle youre baronage! And here I wage my gloue, to proue this vppon their perfonen, with my right hand. Make them to come in to youre presence; for I am redy for to take this bataille, be there neuer soo many; therfore wille I not spare. Soo moche I triste in the trouth of my quarell, and soo moche trefon I knowe in their perfonen! Soo that I wille not leue them, till I haue made them for to crye you mercy, and knowleche their trefon, that they haue falsely and wickedly put liberalite oute of youre presence, and brought in Couetyse. Wherfore, sire kynge, doth me right as touchynge this appele. For ye maye nought with worship werne me myn askyng, ye knoweth well you seluen.' 'Soothly,' quod the kyng, 'I graunt yow this bataill, for to be done in the playn ordeyned therfore, the eighte daye after this daye present.'

"'And I accepte this journeye,' quod the knyght, 'with ful gladde chere, al redy anone right in this fame houre.' 'And I shall,' quod the kynge, 'sitten present as juge. And in this eighte dayes I enquire whiche of them alle is moost able to defende this quarel, and take hit on hand.' Soo thenne, at the eighte daye, the feld was arrayed; the kynge set in his tente redy for to see this bataylle. Forth cometh this knyght, ful thriftely armed, and entred the feld. And whan that the Heraudes hadde made theyr proclamacion, hym seluen of hye courage byganne to cryen and feyde:— 'Cometh forth, ye cursid traitours, that haue bytrayd youre lyege lord, youre kynge, byreuyng hym his good fame, and honourable loos. Cometh forthe! I defy you as fals and vntrewe! I shal shewen the trefon openly, whiche ye haue withyn yow pryuely counceyled. Cometh forth oute, and shewe yowre seluen present!' Soo this knyght abode a wonder long tyme, appelynge these traytours, but none was so bold, ne so hardy for to shewe hym selue: wherfore the peple that there was assembled, and had longe abyden, were annoyed gretely.

"The kynge thenne, fyttyng in his tente abydyng this bataylle, lete cryen pees, that he myzt haue audyence to speke to this knyght. Soo was this knyght clepid to the kynges presence, and he vnhelmed hym, and come before the kynge, to whome the kynge said: 'Fayre sire,' quod he, 'I hold the for a worthy, and a valyaunt knyght, ful able to moche worshippe, and worthy for to bere the signe of knyghthode, and of worthynesse; for thou hast manfully pursewed thyn appele, and hast deserued victorie of thyne aduersaryes. And in as moche as they wol nought apperen, I deme them culpable. I wol neuer truften them hereafter, but they shalle haue their peynes, as to suche fals traitours belongeth. And the I yeue the worship of the felde, as thou hast wel deserued; and my self I abandoune to be gouerned after thy counceill. Wherfor make

come to me the damoifelle, for whome thou tooke this batail. And this other olde one, I will that she be voided as fast, withouten ony taryeng.'

"And so was the damoifel liberalite brought to the kyng, and that other put oute of his presence; by the which thyng the kyng recovered suche honoure, and preising of the peple, so that al folk loued hym entylerly, as they owed their lyege lord, with al their hoole hertes. And here myght thou see the courage and manfulhede of a good knyght. Here myght thou see the meschyef of vntrewe counceyll, that made this gentil Lyberalite prifond, and put oute of preesence, and curfid Couetise clepid in to Court, and coupled to soo hye a persone of estate as is the kyng hym selue. Caste, and ymagyne, euery man his luste. Worship and couetyse acordeth not to geders, but they ben euen contrary. Who that loueth that one, he voydeth that other, withouten ony doute. Now I seye the that this worthy kyng, for the grete courage of knyght-hode, and trewe counceyll, that he fond in this noble knyght, he lete grauen his ymage, and set it here in this open place, for to be had in contynuel remembraunce; and to that ende that euery kyng thereafter shold take ensample to kepen hym seluen fro vntrewe counceyll. And this is thyng wel knowen to all tho that dwellen nyhe the place, where this statua standeth here in open fyght."

HERE ENDETH THE FOURTH BOOKE OF THE PYLGREIMAGE
OF THE SOWLE.



Liber Quintus.

Here begynneth the fyfthe book.

CAPITULO I^o.

How the fowle was toke out of purgatory and led vp thorough the heuently speres toward the blisse.

AFTER this parlement of theſe two ymages, I retourne me ageyne to my fyrſt purpoos. And, ſoothly, me ſemyd that wonder lytel or nought my peynes were abredged in all this mene tyme. And certeyne, yf it had be pleaſaunt to grace dieu, me thought it had ben tyme that ſomwhat had ben leſſid of my payne, and that I had ben brought to another more reſtfull place. And fykerly, after this, ful longe there I boode in my torment and payne that I ſuffred, ſoo that alwey it decrecyd by a litel and a litel. And ſoo long I there abode that I ne felte no more payne at al, and that my fardel was waſted and torned to nought, I ſawe no more therof. Thenne ſemyd I to my ſelf ſo lyght, that I bygan to flee withoute ony lettyng, and ſo ſawe I in to heuene, whiche was thenne to me diſcloſid and open, ſo that I ſaw thenne the thynges whiche I haue before hand ſeyde were corteyned fro my ſight, that is to ſey, the hye prouoſt of heuene, ſeynt Mychael, ſittyng as Juge, and alle theſe other that ſhold make jugements of all dyuerſe peples. The grete clernes that there was within, ſhynnyng al aboute, made me haue ſo grete ioye, and comfort, that I ne felte no maner of dyſeſe. Myn Angel oſtyme flowe vp to that place, and oſtyme retorned ayene, and badde me that I ſholde a whyle abyde, and be of good chere; for within a lytel tyme I ſhold be brought in to hye heuene.

“Ful ſoone,” quod he, “ſhalle I lede the thyder, for I haue leue of the prouoſt, and alle his aſſeſſours, that there ben preſent with hym. For now ben Miſericord, and Juſtyce acorded to geders; and ſoo ben as well Reſon, Trouthe, and Equyte, withoute ageyne ſeyng; all they ben one, and of one wyll.” When I thus had abyden a whyle, and ſene many thynges, that is to ſaye, the elementes, and al that was within, Angels alſo I ſawe fleen to and fro, and Sathanas, ful beſyly, by ſee and land, and in the eyer

abouen. I sawe hym ful ofte fle hyder and thyder, for to espye pylgrymes, by pathes, and by weyes. Soo, at the laste, myn Aungel took me by the hand, and syngynge, he said to me thus: "Now goo we vp in to that souerayne Cyte, withouten more abydyng; for now ben ended the peynes, and tormentes, and fully adetermined. Now syng we, mounte we, fle we vpward, as fast as we may! for full nyhe is the ioye whiche that we abyden; we ben full nyhe to that reste that we haue longe desired, that neuer shalle failen, ne be ended!" And thus syngynge, he ledde me forth, and shewed me the fyrmament. But in this poynt I sawe grete foyson of byrdes, in euery side aboute, that songe in the eyer, no thyng els seyng but euer "Jhesu! Jhesu!" withoute ony cessyng. "What may this be?" quod I to myn Angel, "where haue these byrdes lernyd thus to syng so redyly, and lustyly to nempne this blyssful name Jhesu? It is grete ioye, and solace to here them, and for to see them also it is a plesaunt thyng." "Certes," quod myn Angel, "thou sholdest nought ben abafshed, for thou hast sene them er this, but thou art not auysed therof, now at this tyme, ne hast bifore this tyme taken but litel hede of their swete songe; and that hath hyndered the gretely. And grete dole hit is when that mortal folk taketh none hede to theyr owne auauntage. These ben the byrdes that god almyghty maad, to that entent, that mortal folke shold take theyr example, to done as they done. These ben cleped larkes, whiche that in latyn haue the name of preifing, and of worlhyppynge, and ben cleped 'alaude,' nought withouten cause. For why? they ryfen, and mounten ferre fro the erthe, and spreidyn theyr wynges, preysen god with theyr mery songe; and alle theyr disport and pley, is to syngen 'Jhesu.' And no byrd is in erthe whoos werke and occupacion is haluende so fayre. They ben the fygyre and the patron, by very lykelyhede, of the ioye of paradys of angels, and blessed spyrytes, that there contynuelly worshipen theyr creatoure, with grete reuerence, and honoure. And they also haue take ensample of contemplatif men, conuerfaunt in erth, that hauen contynuelly Jhesu in theyr mouthe; therof they maken all their song and solace, spredde and extendyd with cryst on the crofs, by compassion of hert presyng hym alwey, withoute ony styntyng. And thus for to done, nought only mortall folke, but alle thynges fourmed of god, counceyled the three children in danyels book. And Dauid in the ende of his sawter clepith alle creatures for to preysen god. 'Preyseth god of heuene first ye blyssfull angels, for ye haue grettest cause. Preyseth god bothe sonne, and mone, sterres, and alle that yeueth lyght. Preysyth god, ye hyhe heuens, and waters that ben abouen in the fyrmament, preysith the name of the hyhe lord! for only his name is, and oweth for to be, exaltid, and presyd of alle creatures!' And wyte it wel, for sothe there is no thyng that it ne dothe his deuoyre, but only mortal man, whiche that is abouen alle creatures bounden moost therto. Soo, haddeest thou somtyme soo done thy deuoyre, lyke to these larkes, thou haddeest not soo longe be lette fro this ioye, but euer now here after this shalle be thyn occupacion, when thou arte in heuene. That shalle be ful hastely; goo we fast thyderward, for we ben loked after!"

Thus, thenne, myn Aungel ledde forthe, and shewed me the fyrmament, whiche with his tornynge aboute made a wonder Armonye, soo melodyous, and so full of swetenes, that alle erthely Instrumentes that euer haue ben, or ben at this tyme ordeyned by

deuys of maystres of mufyk, shold be sett at no reputacyon of hym that had herd that solace, and that myrthe. The cause of this melodye is the merueylous mouyng, and wonderfull tornyng of the spyeres, whiche I saw tornen, and wenden, eueriche within other, by contrarious mouyng, and by embelif, tornynge so swetely, they entercounted to geders in their circute about the erth, and alle other elementes, withouten ony tyme cessyng, or restyng. Two greete spyeres saw I tourne, that one within that other; in the Innermore of whiche, the sterres were fastned bryght, and clere shynynge, somme more, and somme lesse, as it lyketh to the fouerayne maker. This nether spyere, after the wordes of tholome,* so contraryeth contynuelly the mouynge of that other, that in a honderd yere ne hyndereth a degree, fro there he was beforne. And thou shalt vnderstande, that in the hole compas of the spyere ben of such degrees thre honderd and fyfty. Within this Innermost spyere, I sawe seuene other spyeres, moche lesse than these other two, of whiche seuene eueriche was lesse than other, as nedes must the lesse be conteyned within the more. And within eueryche of these speres, there was a Cercle, embelyfyng som what, and thwartyng the thycknes of the spyere; whiche Cercle clepeth the different. In the circumference of eueriche of these cercles, was sette a lytel Cercle, whoos compas ne passid nought the forsaïd thyckenes; which Cercle is cleped of Astronomyens the Epicikle. This Epicikle was soo wonderful set vpon this difference, soo that it abood not euer in one poynt, but moued vpon this Cercle by ordre, and processe, fro place to place, about this forsaïd different.

In eueriche of these Epicycles was fitched one of the seuene name couthe planetes, that ben cleped of clerkes sterres erratiks; saue only, that the sonne was withouten epicykle, fitched euer in circumference of his different. These epicycles beren aboute merueylously the bodyes of the planetes, somtyme forthward, somtyme backward; somtyme abouen, somtyme bynethen, so that who so hadde playnly sene the mouynge of them euerichone at ones, hym shold wel haue femyd, that they hadden pleyed and made grete ioye, namely, for to here the merueylous melodye whiche that they maden in their mouynge. As I thus beheld this merueylous tornyng of these forsaïd spyeres, that moch delyted me, myn Angel ledde me heyer; and abouen al these spyeres he shewed me a water, whiche that beclypped them in compas al aboute. Soo clere it was, and pure in hit self, that nature shold haue ben abafshed in the beholdynge. For, as to my judgement, she made neuer suche an other. For clerely saw I through oute this water, alle thyng that I had sene byfore, bothe erthe, and see, and alle other elementes, with all these forsaïd spyeres enclosid within. Forth passed we thenne, thorough another spyere, that femyd all of Cristall. And forthe I behelde, and sawe far abouen me, the prouost of heuen, whiche as me femed, I had sene bynethen; and there I sawe al the Court fytyng, with the same perfonas as is bifore seïd, alle but Sathanas, and the peple abydyng judgement; for them ne sawe I nought.

“What maye this be deere Wardeyn?” quod I. “Me thynketh that I saw many yere ago this same prouost, fytyng in his assyses in another place, whyder ye hadde

* See Plate II, Coloured Drawing, and Note C.

brought me for to anfwere to Sathanas, myn aduerfary, of myn olde errour." Thenne beganne this Aungel foftely to fmylen, and faid in this wyfe: "Haft thou nought mynde," quod he, "vpon the black corteyn that was drawen bytwene the and the prouoft, what tyme that thou were abydyng thy jugement?" "Certes," quod I, "ful wel I remembre therby." Quod this angel, "thou muſte vnderſtanden that the fyrment was but as a corteyn, bytwene thy fyght, and that thou ſeeſt now preſently. And moche more clerely ſhall thou ſene hereafter, what tyme that thou arte paſſid ſomwhat. Ouermore, this corteyn ſemyd black, by cauſe of the fyght that deceyued the, that ſo fowle was, infect with filth of thy ſynne. Alſo, it was nought well apertynent, that thou haddeſt that tyme ſeyen any thyng that ſhold haue gladed the, or cauſed any ioye in thy herte. Ful ſoothe it is, that for a lytel moment that corteyn was withdrawn, to that ende that thou ſholdeſt ſee how fowle thou were deceyued, that thou, thorough thy foly, haddeſt lorne ſoo moche blyſſhe. If that this Court ſemyd the lowe at that tyme, and not here, on hyhe, as thou ſeeſt now, in ſoothnes, yet was it not ſo in very trouthe; but this ſame place it was, that now thou ſeeſt it inne. But to ſynful wretches this Court ſemeth lowe, and nyhe to theyr fyght, for the more peyne and drede that they ſhold haue therof. What tyme that thou were alowe at thy jugement, thou ſaweſt this Court nyhe the, for as moche as thou haddeſt deſeruyd the dethe of endeles dampnation; but now, thou art eſcaped by the grete grace that god hath done to the. The ſemyth that the Court hath chaunged his place; neuertheles, in ſoothe, hit is no thyng ſo, as thou ſhalt knowen clerely when thou art paſſed the corteyn, of whiche thou art now fulle nyhe. The entre, that is, the Cryſtallyn, that yett is not ouerpaſſed; this ſame hit is which that thou clepedſt the Corteyn." "Sootchly," quod I, "ſoo am I ſurpryſed of the Joye of this Countreye, that I not what to aſken, ne wherof for to ſpeke." "Seye, or aſke," quod he, "what that the lyketh. The grete comforte, and ſolace, of this Countre, is ſo moche merueylous, and the perdurable ioyes ſo blyſſfull, and glorious, that herte may not thynke, ne no tong telle. This is Jeruſalem, the noble, Royall Cyte; to whiche thou were excited for to trauaylen, ſomtyme in thy youthe. This is the ende of thy iourney, and the fynall reſte of alle thy pylgremage." Thus this Aungel talkynge to me, and ledynge me forth thorough the cryſtallyn, I come where he made me to behold, and loken al aboute. There ſawe I ſoo grete lyght, and clerte, that it myghte not fall in no mans mynde fully to deſcryuen it. And though that the ſonne were ſeuē ſyches clerer than it is now, it ſuffyceth nought to ſhewen hym ſelf in preſence of that lyght, that was ſo excellent.

Ful ſoothe it is, that oure blyſſful lord Jheſu ſaid in his Goſpel, that in his faders hous were many dyuerſe manſiouns. And this found I veryly trewe; for this hows is chyef and pryncipalle of alle other howſes. And to this hows all other ben ſubget, and ſeruant, whether they wyll or noo. And for to vnderſtande ſhortly the manere of this hows, the largenes therof may not be comprehended by thought of mannes wytte; for it is Infynyte. Now ſhall I ſeye yow of theſe manſions, and of the grete dwellyng places that ben in that noble Cyte, after my power, and after that I myght ſene hit my ſelf; for ſoothly, I ſawe therof not the hondred part, ne no part proporcionable, as

to regard of alle the hole cyte. For why? this cyte is so large, that hit is endeles, bothe in lengthe, and brede; and of endeles thyng maye no proporcion be lymtyed, ne accounted. And no doute the grete heuen, with the sterres, in regard of whiche, the erthe hath no proporcion sensible, that may ben assigned at certeyne, and yet it is nought endeles, ne infynyte, as clerkes knowen wel, ne may nought enclofen within it self soo many smalle pelotes, of the quantite of a small pefe, as this noble cyte may enclofen within it seluen, of such worldes as we sene, and dwellen in, acountyng the world for as moche as is enclosid within the sterred heuene. And yet shold it semen neuer the fuller. For a thyng that is infynyte maye not be fulfilled. Wherefore, I may full well seyn, and affermen, that I ne sawe not the hondred parte of Royal habitacions that weren in that cyte. And euery habytacion yet semyd me as moche, and no doute wel more, than alle this wyde world.

But alle these forsaide mansions weere cleere, and transparaunt, soo that I myght sene clerely thorough oute them alle, as ferre as me lyft. These mansions so wonderly were disposid, that euerichone enuyronned and enclosid this world that we ben inne. The centre of the myddes of this Cyte, was oure lord hym seluen, fulfyllinge alle this huge, noble, and merueylous cyte; but the boundes, or the bordures of this cyte, ne mowe nought be founde. The beaute of this mansion ne maye no man telle, ne diffyne the ioye, and the grete arraye, the enhabitours of the places, the ordynaunce of theyr dwelling, theyr ioyefull occupacion, the swete lusty smelle, the glorious disportes; the swete and lusty sownes, and delicious songes, maden alle heuynes fully to be forgotten, and for to conceyue a ioye, and a gladnes withouten ony ende, contynuelly, with grete reuerence, to worshipec, preysen, and honouren oure bleffid saueour! In the place next to this Crystallyn, was put this Comyn peple that come fro purgatory, and they contynuelly answered to them that songen aboue. Ful often was rehercyd this word "sanc-tus," and ful deuoutely songen aboue, and bynethen, there was ne tune of musik that ther was forgotten: the fayre dyapente, the swete Dyapason, and ofte, amonges other, the lusty Dyatefferon felle in theyr songes. And who that had herd the song that was among the Angels, by wonderfull entermellynge, and full swete accord, he myght wel haue saide that there was a feste, disparayle to alle festes that euer he sawe before. Thenne was seynt Poule, of whom that I had redde in his owne scripture, that he was rauysshid in to the thyrd heuene, and there he sawe secretes wherof he wold not speke, seyenge that no man ne owed, ne durst speke therof. And fayne I wold haue wyft whiche that he cleped the thyrdde heuene, sithe hit soo was that I sawe soo moche merueylous clerte and ioye, that ther is no creature in this erthely Regyon that myght thynken or conceyue soo moche as I saw.

Thenne said me myn Aungel: "Of the Appostle paule, I saythe for certeyne, that he hath his heuen above, as many other seyntes haue; but he was rauysshid in to a full hyhe place, where that was shewed hym moche of goddes pryuytees, whiche that were shewed to none but to tho that were fully bylouyd; whiche pryuytees, were nought to be tolde to them that dwellen alowe in erthe, for they wold not byleuen hit. Soo sholde they neuer be the better thouz that it were told them. On that other side,

2 Cor. xii. 2.

these priuitees were so grete, and merueilous, that he held hym self vnable and vnworthy to speken ought therof. And soothe hit is, that he ne myght nought seye hit; for hit passed his wytte. Thenne muste hit nedes passen the power of his speche. And also, no doute, euery man is holde for to kepen pryue the counceylle of his lord, but yf he haue commaundement, or leue, at the left for to telle hit forthe. But, in as moche as faynt powle was cleped of god a vessel of election, and shold ben excellent in the pryncipal merites, for which merytes he shold deserue the treuble Aureole, that is to fey for mayden hode, for prechyng of goddes lawe, and for martirdom, shedyng his bloode for the loue of Crist—therefore was he rauyshed through oute the two, in to the thirdd and hiest, that is martirdom. In the fyrst heuen of vyrgynte, that first is in worchyng, and first his deseruyd, he was taught in the lore that bylongeth to maydens, and also to them that ben maryed wherof he speketh in his Epystel to the Corynthes where he seith *De virginibus*. In the second, was shewed hym the fourme of Cristes feithe, and alle the hoole gospel, ryght as he shold prechen it after. Soo thus he seythe hym self, *notum vobis facio euangelium*, I make knowen to yow, to wyte, that the gospel prechid of me I had never of man, but only by reuelacion of oure lord Jhesu. In the thyrd heuen, was shewed hym the mede, and the reward, that he sholde receyue, yf he dyd his deuoyre, to that ende that he sholde be the more afterward, for to done his besynes in ful hope, and trust, for to receyuen that noble reward, whiche tonge maye not telle, ne herte thynke, ne no creature maye verily, ne worthyly, deserue, but only of the grete goodness of our bleffid lord, as hym self seith: *non sunt condigne passionis huius temporis*, all the passiones and peynes of his lyf ne ben nought condigne, ne euen worthy, to the ioye and blyffe, that shalle be shewed in vs. Now shall thou vnderstande, that what tyme faynt powle hadde ben ther abouen, and was retorned ageyne in to the world, he confydered and was wel auysed of these worldes that he sawe abouen in that blyffe, and said in this wise: *Regi seculorum*, to the kyng of worldes, immortall, and inuysyble, to hym only god, honoure, and glorye in the world of worldes!

Romans viii. 18.

1 Tim i. 17.

“Holy chirche also seith, as oftymes as she prayeth god of helpe, or of grace, or dothe hym any worshippe, hit is nought foryete but that he seith euen in the ende that his regne dureth by worldes infynyte. And therof prophecied Dauyd and sayd ryght thus: *Regnum tuum regnum omnium seculorum*, thy regne and thyn empire is the reame of alle worldes.” “Here nedeth hit,” quod I, “that thou me answere to a lytel doute whiche that I am inne. I here yow well speken here of many worldes, but in latyn the world hath twoo names; for it is cleped *seculum*, and hit is cleped also *mundus*; nought for thy it is not al one in clere vnderstandyng, though we, for defaute of langage, take one for another. For well I conceyue that *mundus* is the material world, but *seculum*, is taken for the enduryng of the world. Neuertheles, the competifler in the Craft of the Kalendar, he cleped *seculum* the ‘tyme of an honderd yeere,’ and ye clepe *seculum* the world here abouen. What mene ye wold I wyte, by this equyocacion of that name?” “Sothly,” quod this Aungel, “he that made this compute, and the kalendre, ne saw neuer these worldes, only the world bynethen he saw, for his tyme supposyng that there were no moo, ne none other. And, for as moche

Psalme cxlv. 13.

as mannes age passith but feld the place of an honderd yere, therefore, he cleped that space *seculum*, that is the tyme of duryng of a man's world; soo wold he thenne, by distribucion of many honderd yeres sewyng by succeffion, eueryche after other, shewen the pluralite of worldes: wherof the scripture maketh so ofte mencion. And ryght as the world bynethen is made of many honderd yeres, and so of many worldes whiche though the nombre be vnknownen to man, yet it is atermynded at a certeyne ende in the firt of god; rizt so is this fouerayn world made of Infynyte, such hole worldes, withoute any nombre lymyted euer to be endyd. So seith holy chirche, presyng our lorde, that he regneth and shalle regne by worldes Infynyte. And that thou trowe me the better of this that I sey, what tyme that hooley chirche maketh mencion of the Trinite, in the vers *Gloria patri*, that ofte is reherced, he seith in this wyse: 'worship, and ioye, to the fader, sone, and holy ghoft, as was in the begynnyng, now, and euer shalle be, in to the world of worldes.' Ne it sufficeth not to setten this word *semper* that is 'euer,' but yf he adde therto in *secula seculorum* whiche wordes no man may conceyue, but yf he haue hoole vnderstandyng. For this word *semper* enclofith nomore but al the tymes of the world binethen, whiche shalle haue an ende: but by this word sewyng in *secula seculorum*, wherby is vnderstonde this world her aboue, that conteyneth suche worldes withoute nombre infynyte, that ne euer shall ben atermynded. Yet shall I seye the ferthermore: our lorde god that in hym self is Infynyte, fythe that his grete power maye nought be comprehendyd, no doute his werkes ben infynyte also; so that none entendement ne may them vnderstande. For why? he werketh and maketh as many werkes as better ben made, than vnmade. And no doute there is noo good thyng vnmade, that he ne may make. And there is no good thyng that he may make, that he ne hath made, maketh now, or shal make hereafter. For he is the welle of all manere of goodnes; and he hym seluen is fouerayne bounte. Therefore, hit is conuenient that his goodnes be shewed and spred aboute among alle his creatures. He must nedes contynuelly flowen oute his bounte; for there is nothyng that may therof empecchen hym. How thenne durst ony wyght trowen, or supposen that he wold leuen his regne that is infinite, vngarnysed of his werkes, as a thyng deferte, and was as thyng that were forsake?

"But, fithe he is almyghty that he wolde anone fulfille hit with his creatures; for hit is wel fyttyng to eueryche that may doo wel, that he sholde doo hit, wherof he may nought faile that may doo what he wylle. Wherefore, when thou herest speken of worldes infynyte, ne be thou nought abafshed; for, sith hym seluen is infynyte, his werkes must of reson be endeles; for he maye nought be voyde, ne ydell for to werken thynges that ben profitable, belongyng to his worship."

CAPITULO II°.

The fowle axeth a question of the mansyons of heuene.

SYTH ye haue," quod I, "said me thus moche, yet wyll I asken a lytell what more, yf hit lyke yow for to seye me, of that I couete to knowe. Of these worldes, and these wonder mansions, in whiche the seyntes of heuen dwellyn, somewhat I see, but fayne wold I yet knowe a lytel what more, for to vnderstande better that I haue herd before." "O swete god," quod he, "what seist thou? hast thou not lyued in erthe more than fourty wynter? and yet, for al thy peyne and besynes that thou haffe put to lernynge, with labour of thy wyttes, yet knowest thou but lytel of the world in regard of alle! And now thou arte comen hyder thou woldest knowe anon al that there is merueylous, ordynaunces that ben withoute nombre; but, certes, that shalt thou neuer knowe in to the tyme that thou haue beholde in the mirrour of the fouerayne deyte, that is god hym seluen, wherein thou shalt see clerely all that thou canst desire. I see nought but that I will gladly telle thee somme thynges in speciall, of whiche thou hast moost desire to knowe. For yf I shold speke of all, I shold neuer make an ende. So saye me thenne wherof thou hast lieuest for to here." "Of eyghte worldes," quod I, "wherof thre ben corowned with flowres of disparayle kynde and coloure eueryche fro other; herof wold I here tydyng with right grete desire. One of them is corowned with faire rede rosys, that other with rodys, and the thyrd with lusty prymerofys and lylies entermellyd, and gracioussly arrayed. Of these thre worldes, and of the other fyve, I hadde leuer here speke, than ony thyng elles, for cause of the grete Joye that I see therynne. Ther is none herte that he ne must be rauyshed with the desire of soo hyhe, and excellent gladnes of this rial cyte, whiche that I am ynne, thanked be the lord of his grace!" *

CAPITULO V°.

Of the eyghte mancion, that is of the godbede.

THE eyghte worlde, whiche thou seest hyhest of alle, theryn sytteth the hyghe kyng, and in myddes therof is sette his royal throne, that is wondre precious, and ful clere polyshed. And it is full lyke to the sonne, but his was moche more reede, and also moche more shynynge bryghter in it seluen.

"There he yeueth his bleisyng in euery parte aboute, to them that hym seruen, and obeyen, as to their fouerayne lord. Abouten hym is that ioye with whiche he is corowned, more lusty and fayre hit myght nought be deuyfed. And this corowne is ful fowen of precious stones ful bryght shynynge, of merueylous beaute.

* Chapters III. and IV. contain detailed descriptions of the "seven corowned mansions," and of their occupation by saints, martyrs, &c.

" Among the whiche ben sette, wonder subtylly, sterres of huge light, wonderfully sparkelyng, and castyng oute bemes of huge bryghtynes, and passing clerte."

* * * * *

In this poynte I ganne to byhold in to the hyhe heuene, that euerydele shyned as bryght bornyshed gold. And there I sawe a merueylous cerkle, of syngulere gretnesse, conteynynge within it self wonder grete space, and a full circuite hit made, the gretenes therof ne couthe I not gesse, nor acounte.

This Cercle entred in to that one side of that golden heuen, and come oute in that other, in maner of a Reynbowe. This Cercle in his bordure was, as me semyd, of mesurable brede of coloure, saphyryn, and was redyly lyned by ordre, and set full of sterres, wonder bryght shynynge, and clerely flammynge, whiche were sette by thyrty, and by thyrty, in suche a maner wyse, that in euery thyrty was sette a grete sonne, as me semyd, as large as the bordure of this Cercle.

Abouen this Cercle Aungels songen, and maden moche melodye with many dyuerse instrumentes, that yf ther had be herd suche a songe in erthe, I suppoose that the stones sholde nought haue kept them fro syngynge, for the passaunt ioye. There nys thyng in erthe that ne wold haue hafted thyder, and have receyued lyf by meuyng of this forsaide cercle, different soo mesurably it torneth aboute. These forsaide Aungels ledden thre spirites whiche were coroned with gold, and clothed to the foote, of reed bloody purple, gyrd with ceyntes of gold, wonder bryght shynynge, within this golden heuen they entred. And in a litel while they comen oute ageyne; and all these other sayntes oute of their manscions assembled them, redy for to mete with them. And soo they wenten aboute enuyronnyng the heuene, and syngynge besily, and said in this wise:—"Blessid bee thou, lord, oure god, and oure souerayne god, Jhesu goddes sone, that bought vs with thy blood! that so honourest oure felauship, for the good dedes of whiche we ben partyners of thy souerayn grace." Thenne I bethought me vpon the byrdes as thrushes, and thrustels, and stares, which I haue sene sytynge in assemble vpon an hie tre, in a clere day, syngynge so swetely and preifing the lord, that is hyr creatour! Ryght so dyde alle these sayntes, ful besily, honourynge and preysynge the souerayne lord aboue, ful mekely and deuoutely ioynynge their handes.

CAPITULO VI.

Of the kalender of heuene.



DERE Aungel," quod I, "seye me, I byseke yow, teche me somewhat of the yonder Cercle, and also of that solempne fest, whether that it endure in suche solempnyte." "Thou wotest well that the chirche militant," quod he, "that laboureth here in erthe, hath in comyn vſage for to holden oftymes solempne festes, somme more, and somme lesse, after the tyme and dygnyte bylongyng therto, and after the worthynesse of the sayntes for whiche they ben holden: eyther els, for somme specialte of seruyce that they owen to them, as knyghtes to seynt George; Goldmythes to seynt Dunstone; and soo forthe, of other; thenne to that ende, that no defaute be

ne the tymes foryete, ne falle oute of mynde, att whiche tymes suche feestes shold be holde they ben wryten in a kalender, eueriche in theyr ordre, as the yere falleth. Now is it so, that this chirche mylytant, enforceth for to sewen, and counterfeten, as moche as he may, the hye chirche aboue. For wel she wote, and vnderstandeth, that fro thennes she come, and there she bygan, as the doughter comyng fro the moder. Loo ! thus seyth seynt Johan, ' I sawe,' saith he, ' the cyte of Jerusaleme, descending newe fro heuen ! ' And yf thou knewe clerely, or vnderstood this thyng, thou sholdest wel wyte what it is that thou hast sene, here aboue, and that it is the exampler, and the patron of this cercle aboue.

" This Cercle aboue that thou seest, is the kalender ; whiche, with the tornyng aboute, sheweth the dayes of the sayntes, what tyme they shall solempnyse theyr festes. Euery yere this cercle maketh a torne aboute ; euery sterre standeth for a day ; and euery sonne for the space of thyrty dayes, whiche is cleped a monethe.

" But thou shalt vnderstande the mesuryng of these dayes after the mouynge of the materiall sonne, and sterred heuen bynethe ; for we taken for a general rewle, that these ben none alternementes of dayes, neyther of monethes ; but one contynuell day that neuer shalle ben ended, alweyes, that other may be had parfyte remembraunce of alle these that haue put payne and laboure, to louen oure lord god, as some hauen for his loue shed all theyr blood, and somme in otherwyse suffred grete dysese, the dayes of theyr obitus, in whiche they yelden theyr ghooftes, ben marked in this present kalendre. The sterres that standen, as I haue sayd the, in stede of the dayes, haue suche an ordynance as I shal here telle the. The day byfore the feste that shall be solempnyfed, the sterre sheweth hym self, castyng a beme of ful grete clarte to the same saynt of whome shalle be the fest, for to make this feste the more notabely to be knowen to all. Thenne cometh the angel of that same seynt, of whome shalle be the fest, with moche multitude of other Angels, to the forsaide shynyng sterre, syngyng, and makyng moche melodye, and bryngyng with them this forsaide saynt, and presentyng before the mageste, ryght as thou hast sene here, thre clothed in purple, and corouned with gold, whiche entred within the golden heuene. These thre ben thre noble marters, that myghtely stoden for the feythe of Cryst. That one is saynt Laurence, whiche that now the day of his feste is brought byfore our bleffid lord. These other two ben seynt Steuen, and seynt Vyncent, whiche that were in erthe of the same ordre of dekene. These gone forth with hym for to doo hym honoure byfore the hye lord. There is before oure lord now made an huge assemble of moche multitude of sayntes, that ben comen for to see this grete solempnyte, and for to amplye this feste with ioye, and with preysyng of god. Right soo after them, by tornyng of this Cercle, cometh forth other sayntes in the same wise, eueriche after other, as theyr dayes fallen, for to holde also their solempne festes. For this maner of doying ne stynteth no tyme, that here nys a feste ; neuer the later nought all y lyke ryall, but somme ben holden more solempne than some, after the merites of them for whome they ben ; but alweyes lytel feste sawe I neuer here, but alle grete, and ryall. And yet I seye the more, there is holden a ful ryall and solempne feest of Mychael the prouost, and alle his companye of angels, in

remembraunce how he chacid lucifer fro hens in to helle. And also in honoure of alle these orders, and Ierarchyes of these hooly Aungels, they doubleth these feste, and sheweth them seluen before oure lord god, preysynge and worshyppynge, with grete solempnyte. Also in the feste of al halowen, euery faynt in this cirkle taketh his owne place, as it is ordeyned them of god. There is the grete assemble of his honourable Court gadred to geders. A wonder thyng to tellen of the ioye and myrthe of the swete songes, and of the lusty Instrumentes, sounynge ful delyciously."

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CAPITULO VIII°.

How the Angels recordyd theyr songes ageynst the comyng of oure lord.

* * * * *

WHEN it was come to the tyme that this plaunte was woxen, and shewyd hym self openly to the world al clene aboute the erthe, the Angels that nought elles dyde no longe tyme hadden doo but abydynge this feste, recordynge theyr songes and theyr ioyeful armonye, and hadden longe tyme boren naked swerdes to warden the entre of paradys and forth do vengeance vppon wretchyd synners: anone they putten vp theyr wepen, Cherubyn forthmost of alle, and taken theyr Instrumentes, and bygonne to pleyen soo delyciously that heuen bygan to laughe of the newe ioye that there was begonne.*

* * * * *

CAPITULO XIII°.

The songe of Aungels on Eestern day.



HONOURED be thou, Jhesu saueoure,
That for mankynd were done vpon the rode!
And therto woldest done vs that honoure
To fede vs with thy fleshe, and blood.
Was neuer feste vnto vs half so good:
For wonderly oure ioyes doth renewe.
Euer heryed be thou, blyssfull lord Jhesu!

When thou were dede, to helle thou descendyd
And fette them oute that lyen there in peyne.
For by thy deth oure mys is amendyd;
The thyrd day thou roos to lyf ageyne
With hyhe tryumphe, and ioye souereyne,

* The intermediate chapters contain "The songe of the natyuyte of oure lady;" "the feste of the Annunciacion of oure lady;" "of the purification;" "the song on the twelue day;" and "the causes why the sonne entred the signe of Cancer."

As Champyon of wonder hye vertue.
Honoured be thou, blysfyl lord Jhefu !

On thurfday thou a noble foper made,
When thou ordeyned fyrft thy facrament ;
But moche more it dothe oure hertes glade
The dyner of this noble day prefent,
In whiche thou fhewed thy felf omnypotent,
Ryfing fro deth to lyf, it is full trewe.
Honoured be thou, blysfyl lord Jhefu !

The greuous iourney that thou toke on hand,
Hath clerely made to euery wyght appere
In fothfaftnes to fee, and vnderftande,
That only was thy talent, and thy chere.
So fuffyfaunt, loo, that oure raunfon were
Superhaboundaunt, ouer that was due.
Honoured be thou, blysfyll lord Jhefu !

Now for this fefte fhalle we feyen the graces,
As worthy is, with all oure dylygence,
And thanken the here, and in all places,
Of thy full bounteuous benyuolence,
Thy myght, thy grace, thy fouerayne excellence.
Thou art the welle, and ground of vertu.
Honoured be thou, blisfull lord Jhefu !

* * * * *

“ Thus moche haue I faid of the glorious fefte of refurection. But yet haue I for to fpeke of that other fefte, that alfo bylongeth to the fygne of Cancer, in whiche Criste retourned to his blyffe. At the days of holy Afcenfion the Angels of heuen befeyen them in theyre array, for to meten with this bleffid lord, and to conueyen hym vp in to his faders prefence. Of the Royalte of this fefte hit is ful hard to ony creature to maken declaracion. For, no doubte, the eyer was foo fulfilled with Aungels, and eueryche in hyr places, to abydyng the comyng of this glorious lord, with foo moche ioye, and huge melodye, that who fo had comen amonges them, he fhold fully haue trowed that there had ben none other heuene ; eyther els, that heuen had ben tranflated in to that fame place. No doute but many a legyon wenten to the foote of Olyuet, ordeynyng theyr proceffion to brynge hym therupon ; and there were afsembled ayenft hym, al that companye whiche that he had taken oute of helle ; and, amonges other, the theef that deyde, before hym come ful deuoutely, and thanked hym of his grete mercy. Thenne faid this glorious lord to them in this wyfe :— ‘ Cometh, dere chyldre, cometh on with me in to my ioye ! for tyme is that I prefent to my fader the proye that I haue toke oute of

the peyne of helle. Ful dere haue I bought yow, and yet I hold me content with my iourneye.' Soo goothe he forthe with his belouyd disciples, this companye sewyng hym, in to the mount of Olyuete. And there he took his leue of his moder, and of alle his other disciples, and wente his weye vp in to his blyffe, affignyng his company, euerych in to his place, after that they had duely deseruyd in erthe. So was he receyued in to the hyhe throne of his faders mageste, with hyhe solempnyte, and to a veray fulfilling of this ryall passage; yet many of these Angels abyden behynde. Yf ony man wol axe, what lord it myght be that went in fuche array, of soo moche multitude of peple, they myght answere and seye, as the foothe was. In witnes of whiche thyng two were sene openly clothed, in whiche that he seyde to the Apostles in herynge of other, 'ye people of galylee (that by interpretacion ben cleped people of passage,) why wonder ye so moche, lokinge in to heuene? For douteth it nought, ye shalle see hym come doune to the fynall Jugement, in as grete array of gretter than he goth hens now. And therfore, fyth that ye ben here but pylgrymes, and peple of passage, arrayeth yow ageynste that tyme, that ye may be redy when that he retourneth to his blyffe, to passen in his company.'

"Loo! this is the feste, and the hyhe solempnyte of Crystes ascension in the sygne of Cancer. But of the sygne of pysces yet haue I for to seyn; for after this the Apostles whiche many of them were fyfshers were fulfilled with the holy ghooft, these were the fyfshers whiche that Cryst found in this worldly see, and took them with the nette of his grace: whiche fishes he putte in the stewe of his loued Chirche, where they haue spawned and multiplyed soo hyely, that alle the wyde world is fulfilled with the fruyte of theyr good labour. The feste of these fishers is halden in this wyse:—ther was made in heuen a wonder sowne, and sodenly was sente doune the hooly ghooft in semblaunce of fyry tonges: these tonges were taken them as for their pryncipal Instrument for to fyfshen with. For Cryste found them as fyfshers, and made of them his fyfshers; and este made them fyfshers, and sente them for to fyfshen this wyde worldly see. In this feste al the holy Apostles comen vnder this Cercle, and ben presentyd forthe byfore the hooly trynityte, with huge songe and melodye, and hooly sayntes sewyn theyr assemble, syngyng, and seyeng in this wyse:—

"Honoured be thou, hooly ghooft on hye!
That vnto a people of soo poure estate
Hast yeuen that grace, to stande myghtely
Ageyne tyrauntes fyers, and obstynate;
For to subdue them to thy pryncipate,
To leue theyr errour, and theyr lyf amende.
Euer heryed be thou, lord, withouten ende!

Thou yafe them wytte, and connyng for to preche,
And courage, for to standen by the lawe,
Al maner folkes for to wyfse, and teche
Fro vyces alle theyr lustes to withdrawe,

And of theyre lord and god to stande in awen ;
To thy plesaunce theyr hertes to entende.
Honoured be thou, lord, withouten ende !

This fyfshers auoyded ben of flouthe ;
For blandyflyng, for manace, ne for drede
They spared not, but stoden by the trouthe.
Of peyne, and torment, took they none hede,
But fayn to see theyr hede and sides blede,
Ful myghtely thy lawes to defende.
Honoured be thou, lord, withouten ende !

* * * “In prefence of the hyhe Trynyte thou shalt for euer abyde ; therfor, when thou comest thyder, and art of his hye grace benygne receyued, thanke hym of all thy hert ! The prouost also, when I shall bitake the, thou must thanke with full lowely chere : for I shall anone goo to hym, and ordeyne for thy comyng. And oftymes wille I come and visite the, and shewe the diuerse sightes, wherof thou shalt ful hugely merueilen. And so shalt thou ioyefully abide the general refurection, when thou shalt eftsones receyue thy body, and ben to hym ayeneward conioined, and withouten ende ioyefully lede your lif to geders.” And euen with this word this Angel flewe his weye vp in to heuene ! And, as I loked after hym, a wonder huge light descendid fro the hye heuen, smyting on myn eyen, soo that it made me for to opene them, after that they hadde long tyme ben clofid in slepyng. Soo thenne I awoke, and found my self lyeng in my bedde, wherof I was ful fory that I was so soone departid fro so mochel ioye, as I was nyhe to ward, as me thought, after so moche peyne, and in heuineffe whiche I had lyued, so many thousand yeres, as me semed. And by this tyme the Horologe had fully performed half his nyghtes cours, shewynge that the sonne was comen to the Angle of the erthe, and hastyd hym vpward toward the east oryson, to brynge ageyne the day. And sodenly the belle gan sowne the hour of mydnyght. And I me remembryd that I had not yet slepte fully thre houres. Now, Jhesu, yeue me grace for to comen to the trouthe of this blyshe, wherof I haue dremed, soo that I may here deseruen for to haue it, porfytely withouten ende ! And soo he doo to alle tho that goodly, and benyngly expownen myn auenturous dreame, and goodly correcten, where that it nedeth oughte to adden, or withdrawen.

Here endeth the dreame of pylgremage of the soule, translatid oute of Frenshe in to Englyshe, with somewhat of addicions. The yere of our lord M. CCCC and thyrtten, and endeth in the Vigyle of seynt Bartholomew. [23 August.]

EMPRYNTED AT WESTMESTRE BY WILLIAM CAXTON AND FYNYSSED THE SIXTH
DAY OF JUYN THE YERE OF OUR LORD M. CCCC. LXXXIII AND
THE FIRST YERE OF THE REGNE OF KYNGE
EDWARD THE FYFTE.



T the end of the MS. Egerton, 615, which is likewise a translation of the "Pélerinage de l'Ame," and from which our coloured drawings are taken (but which is unfortunately imperfect at the beginning), the following curious passage is added to the text:—

"Now, Jhesu, gife me grace to come to the trowthe of this blisse, which as me thought I had be inne, be femyng of my dreem; so that I may here deserue to haue it parfightly wt owt ende; And so he do alle tho that benyngly expowne myn Auentures Dreem, and goodly correcte it, where that it nedith owght to amende, or withdrawe; For yere may no thing be approvid, ne affermed, but if it be founde in the feith be aduysment of kunnyng clerkes. Wherefore if owt in this proceffe be founde vntrewe, wite it my swevene, and so beseke I alle that shal rede it, or here. *Here endith the dreem of the pilgrymage of the soule translated owt of frensch in to Englysch the yeer of oure lord mcccc xiiij^{mo}.* Verba translatoris—and I, the symple and vnsuffisaunt translatore of this litel book pray and beseke, as lowely as as I kan, to the reder or herer of this proceffe to forgeue it me, yt I haue not translated worde for word, as it was in the frensche, somewhat because of ille wrytyng of myne exemplar, somewhat because of hard frensch, specially sith I am but litel expert in that langage; somewhat also, because of some thinges yt were diffuse and in som place ouerderk. Wherefore I haue in dyuers places added and withdrawe litel, what as me semed needful: no thing chaunging of the proceffe, ne substaunce of the matiere, but as myghte be most lusti to the reder or herer of the matiere.

"Also, I must excuse me to the reder or herer of the matiere, in som place thei it be over fantaftyk, nought grounded, nor foundable in holy Scripture, ne in Doctoures wordes; for I myghte not go fro myne auctore.

"Also in myn addicions, specially in pletyng of mercy, and in the sermon of Doctrine of nature, of the soule—and here at the ende in the matter of the Trinite, if I haue said owt other than Autentik, I beseche you all to amende it, which yt haue kunnyng in yt matiere, more than haue I; for myn is simple, and of litel value.

"This is the mark at the begynnyng of myn addicions A K and this at the ende, R. W."





Notes.

NOTE A, page 19.

SERPENT with a human head. Perhaps the most ancient representations of this figure are to be found in those papyri of the ancient Egyptians called the "Ritual of the Dead," in which are depicted the progress of the soul through the regions of the nether world (Hades) to a future state of existence. Facsimiles of the Ritual have been given in the great French work entitled "Description de l'Egypte," "Rossellini Monumenti dell' Egitto," Dr. Lepsius's "Todten Buch," Lord Belmore's "Hieroglyphic Monuments" (plates), and others. A similar form occurs in several of the woodcuts inserted in Antoine Verard's prose version of "Le Pélerinage de l'Ame" (specimens of which are given in the present volume). At the end of the pilgrimage represented in the Egyptian papyri, the soul is conducted by her guardian angel into the great Hall of Judgment, where the deeds done in the body are placed in the balance in the presence of Osiris, the judge of the assize, who passes sentence. A representation of the same scene became a favourite decoration in mediæval Christian Churches, of which many vestiges have been discovered of late years in this country; with this difference, that in these fresco paintings St. Michael was substituted as judge of the tribunal for Osiris. In the woodcuts above mentioned, published by Verard, the woman-headed serpent pursues the soul, like an accusing spirit, into the Hall of Judgment, seats herself in one of the scales of the balance to counterpoise the good deeds placed in the opposite scale, by the soul telling her at the same time that her name is "*Sinderefsis*," or the *Worm of Conscience*. This monastic legend of the fourteenth century may therefore help to explain the symbolic form given by the Egyptians to Remorse of Conscience, under the figure of the Cobra di Capella with a human head.

NOTE B, page 36.

Anone this lady Justice took this balance by the rynge, &c. In illustration of this, we may mention a fresco painting discovered in Preston Church, near Brighton, in 1830. The church was built towards the end of the reign of Henry III, and the date of the painting is presumed, from the costume, to be of the reign of Edward I. See *Archæologia*, vol. xxiii. p. 314.

The subject represented is the murder of Thomas à Becket; and beneath the principal figures is an angel in the act of weighing the souls of the departed, an office commonly appropriated to Michael. (See numerous authorities cited in Gough, *Introd. to Sep. Mon.* vol. ii. p. ccxxiv.) The devil is seen striving, by his weight and strength, to pull up the lower and successful scale, in which is a little figure whose fate is in deliberation in the posture of prayer; and beside it is another figure (probably the Virgin) applying her strength so as to counteract the efforts of the adversary.

Of the date and history of the adoption of this religious emblem into the Church we are not informed. The selection of the Archangel Michael from the celestial hierarchy for this office must have arisen from his being considered by the Rabbis in the Jewish Church as the officiating angel of justice, as Gabriel was of mercy; and he continued, probably for that reason, to be so represented in the Christian Church, "bearing the scales in his left hand and a sword in his right" (vid. Callot's *Figs. of Saints*), and he was, moreover, the especial guardian of souls after death;^a and in general, as the devil is the sworn enemy of good and holy men, so Michael is their especial protector against his assaults and accusations.^b There is an early tradition of a contest between Michael and Satan for the possession of the body of Moses (vid. St. Jude's *Epist.* v. 9); and hence it was handed down to the Christian Church, through the writings of the Rabbis, that a similar contention existed for the possession of every departed soul. But in itself the subject of the scales presents so simple and clear an image of the scrutiny to which our works are to be subject after death, that a very slight authority from Scripture (cf. Job xxxi. 6, Psalm lxii. 9, Daniel v. 27, *et alibi*), and the tradition of the early Church would be sufficient to establish its reception in the middle ages. The invention is indeed so natural, that we find it in Homer (*Iliad*, viii. v. 69, xxii. v. 209), in Virgil (*Æneid*, xii. v. 72), and in Milton (*P. L.* iv. v. 995); and Æschylus founded a tragedy upon the same idea, of which, however, only a few fragments remain; but from Plutarch's account of it, and the drawing from it on an Etruscan vase (see Lanzi, *Ling. Etrus.* v. ii. p. 224), it appears to have had the closest analogy with the subject of our present inquiry, for Achilles and Memnon are themselves placed in the scales of Jupiter, and their mothers, standing beside each scale, are praying to him for the success of their sons. In Homer, Virgil, and Æschylus, the scale ascending to heaven is the token of good; in the prophet Daniel, Milton, and in this painting, the metaphor is changed, and the ascending scale is made the sign of lightness and insufficiency.

In one part of the paintings in the Campo Santo at Pisa we see the souls of deceased men escaping from their mouths in the forms of youthful figures, for the possession of whom much contention takes place between the good and the evil angels. And this same idea is represented in many of the illustrations of the early Block-books, and it occurs also often in fresco paintings on the walls of churches, as, for instance, on the tomb of Henry VII. at Westminster Abbey,

^a "Cum anima ascendit ad portas Hierosolymæ celestis Michael Dux Magnus cum ipsâ ascendit, eamque salute excipit."—PIRKE, *Elemer*, c. 42. "Cum David mortuus est angeli superni noluerunt ipsi transitum per portas Hierosolymæ celestis concedere. Michaeli vero precepit Deus ut Davidem unctum introduceret per portas."—SCHEMOTZ RABBA.

^b "Michael et Sammael (Satanas) stant ante thronum Schekina, et Satanus accusat; Michael vero merita Israelitarum proponit."—JULKUT RUBINI, fol. 72, 73. See the interesting and learned Notes to the 4th Discourse of *Reginald Heber's Bampton Lectures*, where the character and office of Michael are treated of, and from whence the above quotations are copied.

and on the tower at Glastonbury, of which the following account is contained in Warner's "History of Glastonbury:"—

"St. Michael appears to have been chosen as the patron saint of all such places of Christian worship as were situated on lofty and commanding eminences. The faithful recognized him as the head of the hierarchy of heaven, the combatant and conqueror of the great dragon, and thought that the sense of his dignity and after value of his high achievements would be best expressed by consecrating to his celebrated name those ecclesiastical edifices which, from the loftiness of their site, would be visible at the greatest distance. Hence we may infer that the first structure on Glastonbury Tor would be dedicated to St. Michael; and upon the same principle it was that the Church, of which only the tower now remains, bore the name of the saint in former times, and continues to be called St. Michael's Tor or Tower at the present day. Over the door are two panels of singular sculptures: the one represents St. Michael holding in his hand a pair of scales, and weighing the Bible against Satan, while another devil vainly strives to make Satan's scale preponderate."

"St. Michel. L'archange St. Michel était considéré au moyen âge, comme le protecteur des tombeaux, et le messager envoyé de Dieu pour présider aux destinées du genre humain. Cette mission explique suffisamment le grand nombre de chapelles érigées sous son invocation dans les cimetières et les églises du moyen âge."—*Revue Archéologique*, v. ii. p. 548.

NOTE C, page 44.

It having been supposed by some that the Romish doctrine of Purgatory might have originated in Egypt through the medium of the Church of Alexandria, to those who are interested in tracing the origin the following notes may perhaps be of use in the course of their investigation. "If anywhere," suggests a distinguished divine of the present day, "the Doctrine of Purgatory ought to be found in notes upon Herodotus, Book ii. chapter 123, where the author states the Egyptian belief in the immortality and *transmigration of souls*." Larcher has no allusion to it. In Wheeler's "Geography of Herodotus," p. 439, there is a notice of the way in which students imagine that they shall find in the Egyptian rites some relics of true religious ideas derived from contact with the Israelites. Mr. Wheeler thinks such notions are all a fancy. My own idea would be, not that the Roman Catholic Purgatory was taken from a Pagan or Egyptian source, but that both the Roman Catholic doctrine and the Pagan doctrine have their root in the same instincts of the human mind. Under any system of religion (Christian and Pagan) men feel they have not that purity which God will accept. They also see that there is in suffering a certain chastening influence. These things put together lead them to *invent* (as what *appears agreeable to their reason*) the doctrine of a purification of the soul in a future state. The idea of *fire* being the purifying agent was, I should think, drawn from St. Paul's expression, "saved so as by fire," and our Lord's, "every one shall be salted with *fire*"—both very difficult passages.

"The old Egyptian doctrine of a future state," suggests another eminent divine, "has many resemblances to Christianity. But I do not believe that any of the doctrines were derived from hence. The Egyptian Purgatory, I believe, followed the Judgment, instead of preceding it, nor did the Roman Catholic doctrine of Purgatory originate in Egypt, but in Western Africa and in Rome. The two fathers in whose writings it first appears are (1.) Augustine and (2.) Gregory

the Great. Had it come from Egypt, we should have heard of it first in Alexandria, and it would have been adopted by the Eastern Church, which is not the case."

"Broughton has endeavoured to prove that this notion has been held by Pagans, Jews, and Mohammedans, as well as by Christians; and that in the days of the Maccabees the Jews believed that sin might be expiated by sacrifice after the death of the sinner."—Buck's *Theological Dictionary*, Article "Purgatory."

"Rolls of papyrus filled with pictures, and explanations of them in hieroglyphics, are not unfrequently found in the tombs and mummy-pits of Egypt. The contents are always repetitions or abbreviations of the same formula. This has been called the Great Ritual, or, more properly, the Book of the Dead, for the first part of it contains the adventures of the body, and the second those of the soul, after death. This last commences with a scene representing the bark of Athom, the setting sun, in the twelfth hour of the day, in which the soul has just embarked for the purpose of being conveyed in it to the nether world. The first character of the hieroglyphic name of Heliopolis appears near the boat, denoting that the scene is laid there. After this descent the soul met with many adventures in the regions of the dead. It had to contend with many enemies, and to appease many divinities, before it arrived at the great hall of truth or judgment, where all its actions while incarnate in the body were weighed in the balance, and its future destinies depended on the result of the ordeal. The presiding Judge at this assize is sometimes Osiris, and sometimes Athom, in the many repetitions of the judgment scene that occur on monuments of every description."—*Egypt: her Testimony to the Truth*, page 17.

"A belief in transmigration suggested to the Egyptians the possibility of the soul being condemned to inhabit the body of some unclean animal.

"It is true that the duration of this punishment was limited according to the extent of the crimes of which the accused had been guilty, and when the devotion of friends, aided by liberal donations in the service of religion, and the influential prayers of the priests, had sufficiently softened the inexorable nature of the gods, the period of this state of Purgatory was doubtless shortened, &c.

"Plutarch says that 'the Egyptians thought the souls of men, which still survive their bodies, returned into life again in animals;' and that 'they considered it right to prefer for sacrifice those in whose bodies the souls of wicked men were confined during the course of their transmigration;' while the precept in the Golden Verses of Pythagoras commands men to abstain from food connected with the purifications and solution of the soul.

"The reason of this purification of the soul I have already noticed, as well as the greater or less time required, according to the degree of sin by which it had been contaminated during its sojourn in the world. Herodotus fixes the period at three thousand years, when the soul returned to the human form; and Plato says, 'If any one's life has been virtuous, he shall obtain a better fate hereafter; if wicked a worse.'"—RAWLINSON'S *Ancient Egyptians*, vol. i. pp. 428-9.

"Une partie des païens, surtout les Platoniciens, ont cru que les âmes étaient purifiées par le feu après la destruction de leurs corps. Platon, dans un de ses dialogues, semble reconnaître un tribunal, où les morts qui n'ont commis que des péchés légers seront condamnés dans l'autre monde à des peines finies et proportionnées à leurs fautes. Les Egyptiens, les Hindous, les Bouddhistes et tous les autres peuples qui croient à la métempsychose, admettent par là même un purgatoire; car la transmigration des âmes n'est, suivant leur doctrine, qu'un moyen d'expiation et de purification, après lequel seulement les âmes peuvent jouir de la béatitude.

“Plusieurs peuples anciens avaient aussi et plusieurs religions modernes ont encore coutume de purifier par le feu ; pour cela on passe rapidement à travers des flammes, ou on expose la personne qui a des souillures à la chaleur plus ou moins intense du feu. Tels étaient les Ammonites, les Phéniciens, les Carthaginois ; tels sont encore les Parfis, les Siâmois, les Régonans, les Ostiabs, &c.”—*Encyclopédie Théologique*, par M. L'ABBE MIGNE.

NOTE D, page 70.

This nether sphere after the words of Ptolome. “The ‘Ptolemaick System’ (of the heavens) is that system which was invented by Ptolemy, the great Alexandrian astronomer, the illustrator and maintainer of it, though the invention was much older, having been held by Aristotle, Hipparchus, &c.

“This is an *hypothesis*, order, or disposition of the heavens and heavenly bodies, wherein the earth is supposed to be at rest and in the centre, and the heavens to revolve round it from east to west, carrying with them the sun, planets, and fixed stars, each in their respective spheres. Next above the earth is the Moon, then the planet *Mercury*, next *Venus*, above her the *Sun*, next above him *Mars*, and then *Jupiter* ; beyond him *Saturn*, over which are placed the two *Crystalline* spheres, and lastly the *primum mobile*, supposed to be the first heaven, that gives motion to all the spheres.

“This system was generally believed till the discovery of *America* disproved one part of it, and the consideration of the rapid motion of the Sun and the other planets put Nicholas Copernicus, a famous German mathematician, about two hundred years ago, upon forming a new system that might be more consistent with the celestial phenomena, and late improvements have put this *Ptolemaick system* quite out of countenance, and even demonstration is not wanting to confute it.”—BAILEY'S *Dictionary*.



Glossary.



ACCYON, action, suit at law.

Admenusyng, diminishing, lessening.

Adrede, to dread.

Agryse, to terrify, to disfigure, to be terrified.

Algate, always.

Alouteth, boweth down before.

Alowe, below, low down, beneath.

Amenusyng, **amenufe**, to diminish.

Ample, to embrace, seize, partake of.

Anentz (or **anempst**), against, concerning, with respect to.

Anoyed, turn away, avert.

Appelyn, to appeal, accuse.

Appeyre (more commonly **apayre**), to impair, to become or make less or worse, to decrease.

Arest, stopped, prevented from proceeding further.

Afozt (more commonly **affote**), to dote upon, to seek affectionately.

Affettyth, assaileth.

Aftaties, estates, dignities.

Auterer, a person who stands or ministers at an altar.

Ayngseing, denying, gainsaying.

Basene, clad, clothed, adorned.

Bilapped, wrapped up, enveloped.

Bywernyd, refused.

Bote, help, remedy, means of salvation.

Bowkid (commonly **bouked**, from **bouke**, to wash clothes; sub. a pail), purified by means of water.

Brecke, wild tract of country.

Bryse, to bruise.

Buskyth, to busk, to go; to array, prepare, make ready.

Bybete, promised, didst vow.

Bybote, to vow, promise.

Byleue (more commonly **bilive**), faith, belief.

Byreuen, bereaved.

Bysene, myself; look about me.

Bywernyd, forbidden, refused.

Careyn (oftener written **caraing**, from which **carrion**), a dead body, a carcase.

Caste, plot, devise.

Cautel, a cunning trick.

Cauyllacion, cavilling, dispute.

Cbere, countenance, behaviour, entertainment.

Cbese, to chose.

Clothes, claws, talons.

Commyner, a partaker, sharer, communicant.

Competister, calculator, reckoner.

Conne, to know; to be able.

Connyng, learning, knowledge.

Cofteyed, coasted, kept along side of, approached.

Cours, running, haste, eagerness.

Cryden, cried.

Dekene, deacon.

Dele, circumstance, time, way.

Derworthy, preciously, closely.

Doele, dole, grief, sorrow.

Dyapente, **dyapason**, **dyatesseron**, terms used to the stops in organ playing—a fifth, the whole swell and a fourth.

Dygbt, disposed, decked out, prepared.

Dykerly, thick.

Dysclaundrynge, slandering.

Dyte, ditty.

Efte, **est**, again; also soon, speedily.

Eftſone, very ſoon, immediately.

Encheſon, cauſe, occaſion.

Engyned, deceived.

Enioynte, duty, appointed taſk.

Entachyd, *entached*, *entatched*, spotted.

Entermete, to interpoſe.

Euerychone, every one.

Euerydele, upon every occaſion, at all times.

Eyer, air.

Fardel, a burthen.

Felaufhip, fellowſhip, companions.

Ferforth, far, forth, much.

Fletyn, float, fly.

Flobotomie, phlebotomy, ſection of the veins, bleeding.

Floyted, played on the flute.

Forbroken, broken in pieces, jagged.

Forecloſyd (*for-cloſe*), to ſhut up.

Forfaren, ruined, decayed.

Forkerue (*forkerve*), to cut at or through.

Forlete, to abandon, forſake.

Forſet, a little trunk or coffer.

Forſette, to ſhut, cloſe in.

For thy, for this reaſon, therefore.

Foruoyen, to wander out of the high road, to treſpaſs.

Forweryd, dilapidated, worn or ground down.

Foyſon, plenty, abundance, crowd.

Furcloſyd, forecloſed.

Furfet, forfeit.

Furfetyd, worked, been employed.

Gabbynges, gabbing, lying, jeſting fables.

Goſb, go.

Gredyng, *gretyng*, crying, proclaiming.

Grete, to cry or weep.

Grutchyng, *grutch*, to grudge, to grumble.

Haldyſb, to hale, to drag.

Haluendele, by half.

Herber, a lodging, ſhelter, or harbour, arbour or garden.

Herye, (1.) to plunder or ſport, to ravage; (2.) to honour or worſhip.

Heſte, a command, a promiſe.

Hote, promiſe, vow.

Hoſetb, *bote*, to ſhout, to make a noiſe.

Huge, great, large, high, vaſt.

Lauure (*lavour*), waſhing

Loken, to lock or ſhut up; alſo to look to, regard.

Loos, honour, praiſe.

Lothly, loathſome.

Lore, learning, ſkill; alſo direction, teaching, advice.

Luſtyness, pleaſure.

Lykelybede, likelihood.

Lyte, tarry, wait.

Manlybede, manhood, courage.

Marches, boundaries or traſts of country, as the *marches* of Wales.

Maugre, by wrong, in ſpite of.

Meſtier, need.

Meyne, *meny*, a company or crew.

Mote, *motys*, a mote, a mite; or as a verb, might or muſt.

Mowe, may.

Myſe, want of eaſe, trouble.

Myſgoyn, go wrong, wander, tranſgreſs.

Myzt, might, canſt.

Namecoutbe, aſcertained, known by name.

Neyben, draw near, approach.

Obitus, death.

Oritber, either.

Owe, to poſſeſs, to own.

Owen, own.

Paleis, a palace.

Parde, for *par Dieu*.

Peysed, weighed.

Placebo, to ſing placebo; i.e. to endeavour to curry favour.

Plete, to plead.

Pouce, the pulſe.

Pounce, thump, blow, pulſe, throb.

Powſe, pulſe.

Preſt, ready.

Queyntye, neatneſs, cunning.

Ratber, earlier, former.

Red, *rede*, counſel, advice; to adviſe.

Refute, refuge, an aſylum.

Rialayte, *rialte*, *royalte*, noble conduct.

Rounge, to gnaw.

Routbe, compaſſion, pity.

Rybaudes, low proſtitutes.

Ryote, company, fellowſhip.

Sad, ſerious, diſcreet.

Schyte, hinder, prevent.

Sekerly (or *fikerly*, *fykerly*), verily, certainly, truly.

Sekyrneſſe, ſecurity, ſureneſs, firmneſs.

Sely, wretched, fearful.
Serwyse, service.
Sewynge, following, ensuing.
Seyden, *seye*, to say.
Shendship, ruin, punishment.
Sitbe, time; to fight.
Skyle (or *skill*), reason.
Skypet, a wooden vessel for lading water.
Sleggbtes, contrivance; the knack of doing anything.
Sootbe, *sootb*, *sothe*, truth.
Soudyours, soldiers.
Stares, starlings.
Stynting, limiting, putting a stop to.
Surfet, fault, offence, or surfeit.
Surreptyon, a stealing upon one, a surprise.
Swette, perspired, dropped.
Syeges (more commonly *seges*), seat, throne, a stool.
Syib, since.
Sythe, fit.
Sytben, then, since.

Tabellyon, notary.
Taberd, playing on the tambourine or drum.
Targe, hinder.
Tedyng (*telde*), to build, construct.
Tbylke, the same.
Tby, they, therefore.
Tbrustles, small thrushes.
Tortey, candles, torches.

Transumen, translate, cover.
Trowyd, known, believed.
Tryste, *triste*, to trust.

Vnbuxum, disobedient.
Vnconyng, void of knowledge, ignorant.
Vnderfonge, (1.) to undertake, to receive, to catch; (2.) to guard from beneath.

Waltred, *walter*, *wolter*, to roll and twirl about on the ground; to be greatly fatigued.
Wanne, (1.) wan, pale; (2.) gained, obtained; (3.) arrived.
Wem, spot, blemish.
Werne, to deny, to refuse, to guard.
Weryels, insignificant attacks.
Weyne, lament, weep.
Wight, sub. a creature; adj. active, courageous.
Wisse, to teach, to suppose.
Wote, to know.
Wost, thou knowest.
Wretbe, revenge, wrath.
Wroke (pret. of *wreke*), avenged.
Wynuersite, universe.
Wyzt (id. qu. *wight*), person or creature.

Yafe (*yaf*), gave.
Yimp (generally spelt *imp*), the shoot of a tree; hence used also for young offspring, children, &c.

